Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
AUGUST 1986

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CASINOS: THE HOUSE RULES, OK?

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

PRODUCT:
Continental.

FUNCTION:
Aerobics, exercise and leisurewear.

DESIGN:
- Soft napa leather upper.
- Fully slip lasted sole with hob nail sole pattern.
- Heavily padded inlay.
- Removable inner soles.

COLOUR:
White with light grey-charcoal piping.

OTHER:
- LADY SPORTIF model available in all white napa leather.
- VARIETY model available in womens sizes in white napa leather with light blue and light grey piping.

WHERE:
Sporting goods stores and fine department stores.

MANUFACTURER:
adidas

adidas function or

ADI 002M / LHP / Y&R MEL

PRODUCT:
Continental.

FUNCTION:
Fashion, leisurewear, aerobics and exercise.

DESIGN:
- Soft napa leather upper.
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workouts fashion.

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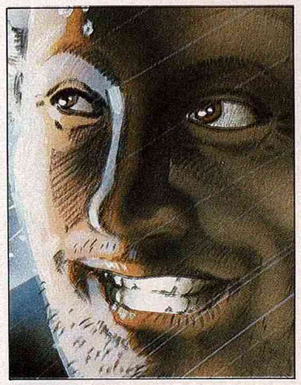
Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 8/August 1986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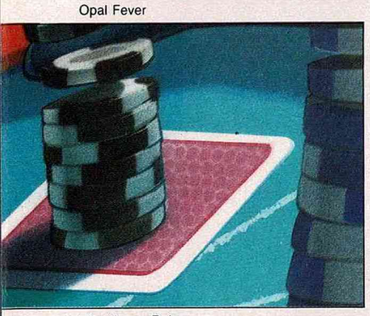
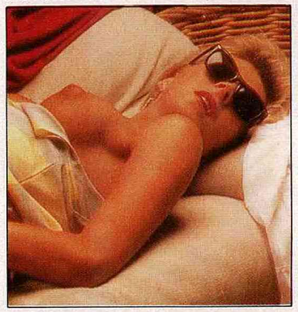
Opal Fever


The House Rules


Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

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PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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AUGUST

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GREG HUNTER

GRAEME DAVEY

NIGEL BUCHANAN

GLENN FORD

PETER CORRIS

HOUSECALL

THE HOUSE RULES
Australia's new breed of fledgling casino punters are rushing lemming-like into hock, hopelessly seduced by the glamor of the roulette wheel and blackjack table. They've yet to realise that in Australia's biggest Monopoly game, the bank always wins in the end. **Frank Lloyd** reveals how the granting of private monopolies has given casino operators a licence to print money and gamblers a very raw deal. Turn to **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration on page 38.

WHO DARES
Rangi Nicholls, a 95-kilo Maori who learned how to disarm, maim and kill in the select ranks of the New Zealand SAS, is now passing on his bag of dirty tricks to ordinary people who want to survive on the streets of Sydney. For a crash course in the art of staying alive, turn to **Tony Maguire's** action-packed profile of Nicholls on page 54. The accompanying photos were shot by **Brett Cochrane.**

OPAL FEVER
There are fantastic riches lying in wait on the opal fields of NSW — but there is also difficulty and despair. Few men are tough enough and stubborn enough to take on the immense challenge of opal mining. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** talked with some of the fascinating characters who've come from all corners of the globe to live and die for the precious black opal. Their stories encapsulate the rich drama of life in the Australian outback. Turn to page 74.

ROCK 'N' RAVE
If you haven't heard of Doug Mulray, you soon will. Sydney's most outrageous (and *funny*) radio jock is destined for national television — "but not until the concept is perfect." Obsessive perfectionism is what makes Mr Mulray the best in the land at what he does. Senior Editor **C.J. Mackay** braved the hottest curry in town in order to penetrate the delightfully twisted psyche of a man whose profession is insanity. Her profile accompanied by **Graeme Davey's** artwork, starts on page 124.

CLOUDBURST
Cliff Hardy, the low rent detective with integrity and cracked sneakers, is back in action. This time his target is a high-powered politician whose extracurricular activities end up landing everyone in hot water. Classic **Peter Corris** fiction, starting on page 82 with an illustration by **Glenn Ford.**

BISHOP TUTU INTERVIEW
Desmond Tutu, bishop of Johannesburg and 1984 Nobel Peace Prize winner, is a symbol to the world of the struggle of black people in South Africa. But Tutu is a controversial figure, as much ridiculed as he is lauded, and **Stovin Hayter** put the bishop's anti-apartheid strategies under the microscope is a searching interview beginning on page 98. **Mark Peters** produced the accompanying photo portrait.

CAPTIVATION
If you've ever wondered why there's a riot going on down in cell block number nine, get your clues from photographer **Alan Vertue's** captivating pictorial beginning on page 117. Those ladies at television's Wentworth Detention Centre have got nothing on Vertue's model prisoner.

PET OF THE MONTH
Julia Sommers comes riding out of the West to star in a raunchy pictorial shot by **Jeremy Taylor**, beginning on page 61. Look this sandgroper over and see if you agree that she's the type who can make waves when there's not a drop of water in sight.

FREEZE A FOOTBALL TEAM

At last there's a camera with a program designed specifically for sports action.
The Ricoh XR-20 SP.
SP stands for 'Speed Program.' You just dial it on the shutter speed control for high speed action or long lens work and your Ricoh XR-20 SP does the rest. Automatically varies the shutter speed between 1/250 and 1/2000 of a second, according to light levels. So every shot is pin sharp. Every action frozen.
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RICOH 50th Anniversary THE VISION CONTINUES

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Pull the other one

Come on, *Penthouse*! Enough people knock Forum as it is, thinking that it's 100 percent bullshit. Then you go and compound the situation by printing a letter like "Screw The Universe" (May '86). Such a move has injured the credibility of Forum.

If you think we believe that story you've got another thing coming. As if a guy would jerk himself off while lying naked in a park and imagine he was having sex with the universe. And then he sees a shooting star just as he comes and reckons that the universe has had an orgasm too? It's all too much. Next thing you'll be asking us to believe in the tooth fairy. — *J. Hunter, Lithgow, NSW*

Black Label buff

I believe congratulations are in order. I have just received my first edition of the Black Label *Penthouse* and I couldn't be more pleased. At last there is an Australian magazine that shows and tells it like it really is. It makes a welcome change from all the other cover-up jobs available in this counry.

On a different subject, I was surprised to read that Jana Wendt won the vote as Australia's sexiest woman (May '86). Now if it had been Sigrid Thornton I would have applauded heartily. That woman is sensual and sexual, not merely sexy. She left the other finalists chosen by Australian opinion makers out in the cold. — *R.D. Williams, Clarence Gardens, SA*

More sexy women

I should like to add to your list of sexy women by nominating two more Australian ladies who I consider to be among the best Australians can boast.

Maggie Tabberer and Delvene Delaney are both extremely sexy by virtue of their successful combination of career and motherhood, and, of course, because they have a great sense of humor and stunning good looks.

I thoroughly enjoy your magazine — for the articles, of course. My husband has been known to flick through the pages too! — *Janet L. Melius, Spring Hill, Qld*

Mucho macho

Just finished reading your Hans Tholstrup interview (April '86). Is that guy for real or full of shit? I think the latter. *PS* — The ladies are lovely. — *L. Smith, Medina, Perth*

Brisbane's Paula Sutton . . . a class act

Top class

If there was only one word to describe your May Pet Of The Month Paula Sutton, that word would be "classy." I'm a Sydney lad and I'd heard that Brisbane was a bit of a dead-end. However, one look at luscious Ms Sutton convinced me that the capital of Joh-land has at least one great thing going for it.

It might be a trifle early, but may I take this opportunity to register my vote for Paula Sutton as your next *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. Your May cover, by the way, was your best yet — a real eye-catcher. — *D. Walsh, Newtown, NSW*

Michelle, ma belle

Any chance of seeing more of the most delectable, sensual Michelle Walker? (May '86) In my opinion this gorgeous blonde runs rings around any of the Pets who have appeared in your mag for ages. Not to say that the calibre of your models is less than excellent, just that Ms Walker happens to conform to my vision of the ideal woman.

Top marks also to Roger E. Vogler and Wayne R. Bartz for their excellent and informative article "Thinking Drinking." Good to see you guys have a social conscience. — *Name withheld, WA*

What a beauty!

Blonde Michelle Walker is one of the most attractive women ever to have appeared in your magazine. Oh, what a beauty! Everything about her spelled "angel" for me. Thank you very much for presenting the girl of my dreams.

Also, in response to your Sexiest Woman Poll, my vote goes to Kerri-Anne Kennerly of *Good Morning Australia* fame. At that time of the morning she is indeed easy on the eyes. — *J.W., NSW*

Mixed drinks

I enjoy your magazine thoroughly but I wish to comment on the extent to which your contributors research their articles. I feel they should try a bit harder. I am not suggesting that all your articles are poorly researched, but may I point out a glaring error in "Bourbon — The Original Kentucky Woman" by Mike Lawrence (May '86).

Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey is not a bourbon! Mr Lawrence in his article stated that it is. For an American whiskey to be deemed bourbon it must be produced from mash of not less than 51 percent corn grain, as per USA government regulations.

Jack Daniel's is produced from a sour mash mixture of grains — corn, rye and barley malt in various proportions. Each new mash has a different proportion depending on the quality of the grain available for purchase at the time. Because this blending lacks any consistent pattern, there can be no assurance that the mash is at least 51 percent corn. Therefore it is not a bourbon. You will note that the word bourbon does not appear on any JD label.

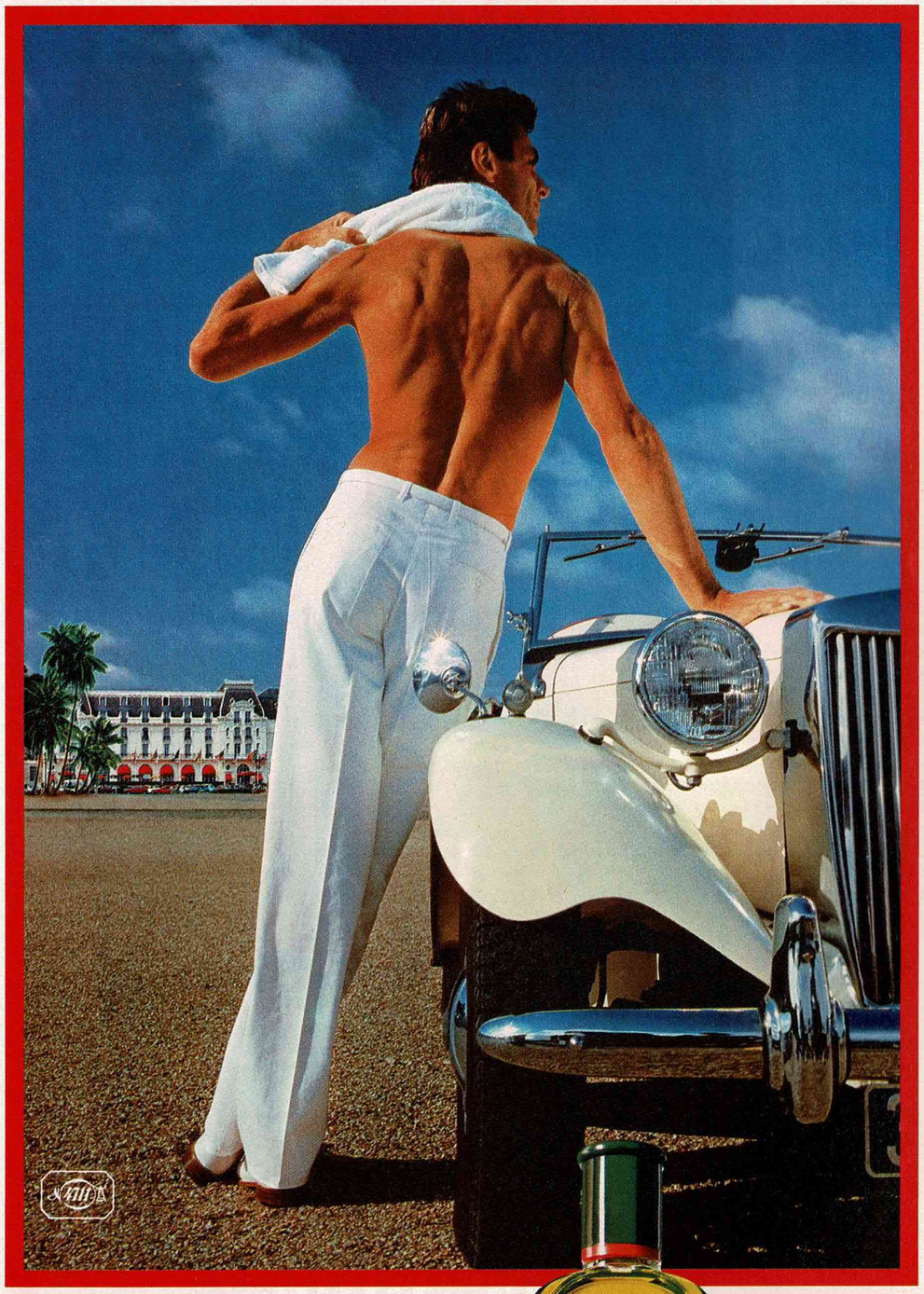
Notwithstanding an error such as this, I think the high quality of *Australian Penthouse* leaves competitors to eat its dust. — *John C. Schroder, Liverpool, NSW*

Another bashing

Well, I've just finished reading your March issue and the story Kiwis & Conscience Money. Author Frank Robson already wrote that we shouldn't write in, but somehow I've found myself doing it anyway. My wife and I ask why we should have to read Frank Robson's so-called View From The Top, which is more like a view from below the belt?

Apart from what he hears from his racist buddies or gleans from the odd newspaper clipping, here is the classic example of a mental midget out of his depth yet again. Yes Frank, you *are* as popular as P.W. Botha. Better keep them eyes peeled for 25 stone Maoris, "Bro." — *Mazzola, Sydney, NSW*

A PART OF HIS WORLD.



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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On the road

I would like to pass on a motoring experience I had recently. I was driving from Rockhampton to Brisbane, and just on the outskirts of Rocky I saw two girls hitch-hiking on the side of the road. I don't normally stop for hitch-hikers but it was raining and I felt sorry for them. Also, I reckoned I could do with a bit of company on the trip. When I stopped I wasn't sorry. The girls were both very attractive, with great suntans and big smiles of thanks at being rescued from the downpour. They were going to Brisbane too, so they were even happier that they wouldn't have to hitch another lift.

We got their bags into the boot, except for one small bag which one of the girls, Sue, carried with her when she climbed into the front seat. The other girl, Debbie, got in behind Sue in the rear passenger seat and away we went. We made small talk for a while and then Sue said she was hungry and reached into her bag. She took out an apple and a large hunting knife she used to peel the fruit. She then offered me a piece of the apple on the point of the knife. I took the apple and laughed that I had got the message about the knife. The girls laughed too, and Sue said that the first thing they always did when they hitched a lift was to take out the knife and slice or peel some fruit.

We talked some more about where they had been and where they were going. Both were students at a Brisbane college of advanced education and were returning after working at an island resort off North Queensland over the Christmas holidays. I complimented them on their suntans and they said they had spent plenty of time relaxing and sunbaking, only working around meal times.

They had become relaxed and confident that I didn't pose a threat. Debbie in the back seat said she felt very uncomfortable in her wet clothes and asked if I minded her taking them off to dry. I wasn't sure if I was hearing right but I assured her it didn't worry me as long as she didn't leave her knickers under the back seat for my wife to find. They both laughed at that and Debbie wasted no time in getting it all off — top, bra, shorts and panties. She had looked good before but she looked fantastic now, and that suntan went all over. I had been turning to look at each of them whenever I spoke so I kept the conversation going and kept turning to look.

Pretty soon Sue reached into the bag again and took out the knife. She grinned and pointed it at me and said to just remember, and she said she might as well give her clothes a chance to dry out too. Off they came — and her suntan was an all-over job like Debbie's. I had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

They draped their clothes around the car and I turned on the air conditioner and adjusted the heater to provide warm, dry air. I was driving at about 120 to 130 km/h and there wasn't much traffic on the road. We came up behind a truck and just as I was about to pass it Debbie said she was going to have fun with the truck driver. She was only about five-two, and by bending her legs and supporting herself on one arm she was able to lie on the parcel shelf behind the seat. As we passed the truck she presented her full frontal glory through the back window. She must have been the best-looking mascot that truckie had ever seen, as he flashed his lights and blew his horn until we were out of sight.

The girls were rolling around laughing and planning to play the same game with a few more truckies. Then Sue stretched her arms back and arched her back, saying that all this exhibitionism had made her horny. Her magnificent breasts were jutting out, just begging to be sucked. I suggested we find a secluded spot and take a break but they both reminded me about being able to look but not touch. As we were talking Debbie reached around the side of the front bucket seat and gently started to manipulate Sue's nipples. Sue closed her eyes and slid down a little as she sighed deeply, obviously enjoying it. She started to run her fingers lightly over her body and thighs and through her pubes.

Then, as Debbie continued to work on Sue's nipples, she spread her legs and began to run her fingers up and down the slit of her cunt. She sucked her fingers to make them wet and then parted her inner lips with one hand and slid two fingers of the other hand deep inside her luscious pussy. As she moved her fingers slowly in and out she worked on her clit with the other hand. She put her feet up on the dashboard and after a few minutes her breathing became very deep and then faster as she gave in to a shuddering orgasm.

All of this going on right next to me made it very difficult to concentrate on driving and also gave me a massive erection, which was very uncomfortable.

Sue then reached forward into her bag again. I said she didn't need the knife, as I hadn't forgotten. She just smiled a slow, sensual smile and said she wasn't getting the knife — she was after something better. She took out a huge, barely ripe banana about 25cm long and slowly peeled it. Then she resumed her position, sitting low in the seat with her feet on the dash. She parted the lips of her well lubricated cunt and gradually slipped most of the banana inside. As she did so Debbie leaned forward between the front seats and kissed Sue deeply and passionately. Then Debbie sat down again and reached around the far side of the seat to resume her nipple fondling. When her right hand didn't appear I looked around for it and saw she had it between her own legs, working it in and out of her own gorgeous vulva. My knuckles turned white.

FORUM

Sue slowly worked the banana in and out with one hand and kept the fingers of the other playing with her clit. She built up to an orgasm that seemed to go on and on. When she finally relaxed, she left the banana firmly in place. I told her I had never felt more like eating a banana, but she gently shook her head. Debbie was having her orgasm in the back and lay back with her feet up on the backs of the front seats. A quick adjustment of the rear vision mirror gave a magnificent view of frantic fingers working in her slippery cunt. Sue looked around at Debbie and, seeing her in ecstasy, slipped the banana from her pussy. She turned around so she was kneeling on her seat, then pushed Debbie's fingers softly out of the way and slipped the banana deep into Debbie's dripping slit. This brought a gasp of delight from Debbie and seemed to lift her orgasm to an even higher plane of intensity. She kept one hand working on her clitoris and the other was squeezing and pinching her nipples as Sue slipped the banana in and out.

When Debbie's orgasm finally subsided and she recovered her breath, she slipped the banana out of her pussy and beckoned Sue closer. Debbie took one end of the banana into her mouth and Sue took the other. They slowly ate their way to the middle, where their lips met in a sticky passionate kiss.

As Sue sat down again in the front seat and Debbie lay back behind her, Sue said that as I had not tried to interfere with their pleasure and I was obviously in great discomfort, I deserved a reward — and anyway, she felt like eating some of the real thing. She leaned over to me and released my seat belt and my trouser belt. As she unzipped me, she said all I had to do was keep my hands on the wheel, keep driving and enjoy it. I raised myself slightly to help her slip my trousers down and my throbbing cock sprang free. Debbie leaned forward between the seats and wrapped her hand around my shaft. Then she took her hand back and rubbed it into her dripping cunt, and grabbed my shaft again. As she slowly worked her well lubricated hand up and down Sue went down on me, taking the swollen head of my cock into her mouth.

The orgasm I had was pure heaven after watching these two girls and then having them expertly pull and suck me off. Sue sucked me dry and when she finally raised her head she leaned back to Debbie and kissed her deeply again, sharing the juice of my balls.

Debbie then lay down full length across the back seat and softly called Sue to join her. Sue slid back between the two seats to bury her face between Debbie's legs as she wrapped her own thighs around her friend's head. It didn't take long for the sighs and moans to start as they sucked and tongued each other. I was watching what I could in the rear vision mirror and turning around as often as I could to take in the glorious sight of these two intertwined magnificent bodies. We drove right through the small town of Gin Gin like that and fortunately didn't have to stop for traffic.

Watching the two girls got me horny again and by the time they sat up I was ready for a return bout. Debbie said that it was her turn this time and climbed through to take the head of my cock into her hot mouth. While Debbie ran her tongue around my purple cockhead Sue ran long lubricated fingers up and down my shaft. My pleasure went for much longer this time and just as I was about to explode we arrived on the outskirts of Childers. I asked them to stop their pulling and sucking while we passed through the town so they sat low in their seats and joked about giving the locals a thrill. As soon as we were on the open highway again they took up where they'd left off and in no time I shot my load into Debbie's mouth. The pair kissed again and Debbie climbed into the back seat to lie back with Sue, their arms around each other, gently fondling.

We stopped for petrol in Maryborough, having first climbed back into our clothes.

Back in the car they were very quiet, taking turns sleeping, and when we eventually pulled into Brisbane they asked if I would drop them at Central Station. I offered to drop them anywhere they wanted but they insisted on the railway, and as I'd already seen, these were girls who were sure of what they wanted.

When I dropped them off I thanked them for the trip of a lifetime, for the pleasure and the rewards. They thanked me for the ride and said the pleasure had been all theirs. Then they laughed and walked arm in arm into the station. — *Name and address withheld*

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LIAISON CONDOMS

How sweet it is

My fiance and I are avid readers of Forum. It gives us creative ideas. We've always enjoyed reading the stories that other people have written to you, but we never dreamed that we would have one to share.

Last Christmas was full of surprises, but this surprise was just as sweet as it felt. My fiance, Donald, has come up with some pretty terrific ideas for enhancing our lovemaking, and this time we hit a new height.

We started off with a hot game of strip poker, but we ended up rushing the game because our passion was growing. I especially was getting hot because he told me that he had a really sweet surprise for me. Well, he ended up losing and I was already down to my bra and jeans. I could see the bulge in his shorts when I laid out my winning hand. He stood up to strip off his shorts and moved closer to me. I decided to do the honors of stripping him out of his last remaining threads. As I slipped them over his arse, his full, hard cock stood up so proud and dignified, as if it were saying, "Suck me." So I obliged. I took his firm but velvety soft head in my mouth and began drinking some of the hot precome that foreshadowed what would be coming after that.

He slowly knelt down in front of me and began unfastening the front closure on my bra. Kissing my neck and ears, he exposed my breasts. My nipples were almost as erect as his hot rod was. Sucking, kissing, and nibbling, he reminded me of a little boy, fulfilling his desires on a playground of ecstasy. He then stood up and told me to wriggle out of my jeans and panties and get comfortable on the sofa.

While I was sliding out of my jeans he walked over to the Christmas tree and pulled off a rather large piece of candy shaped like a walking cane. I then realised what new fantasy he was going to fulfill. He began first with a long, deep, passionate kiss, and then moved down to my tits. He started rubbing the tip of the candy cane on the inside of my thigh. Then slowly and gently Don started rubbing the sweet candy on my clit. This drove me wild. The love juices from my pussy started lapping up the sweetness of the sugar and then he plunged into me, driving me into convulsions. He pumped it into me several times, then pulled it out just before I orgasmed. He rubbed it up and down my slit, completely drenching it in hot juices and peppermint sugar. He sucked on the candy cane a couple of times and then asked me if I wanted to taste myself with sugar.

I opened my mouth and took it in like I do with his shaft. I couldn't keep it there for long because what he did next took my breath away. He started lapping at my pussy like he hadn't eaten for weeks. He ate me like I've never been eaten before. He sucked and bit and kissed and nibbled at my vulva and at my clit until I orgasmed in breathtaking spasms.

Just as I was at the ultimate climax, he slid into me and began driving me into new dimensions of orgasm. He pumped and pumped until I thought I was going to faint in ecstasy. Our bodies were molding together with sweat and lust when he came in me, filling me with his white magic. His breathing was hot and heavy in my ear as he shot the last remaining drop of life from his shaft into my hot, wet tunnel. We both lay there totally drained, with our hearts pounding out a familiar beat. We ended the evening still in each other's arms, thinking about how sweet Christmas time can be. — *Name and address withheld*

Hotrod summer

I'm a 24-year-old staff sergeant currently stationed at an Air Force base. I'd like to share an experience I had late last summer that will always stand out in my memory.

I was living with a lady whom I'll call Louise. She's an extremely cute blonde. To augment her good looks, she packs a killer smile and speaks in a truly sexy voice. We had just taken ownership of a new sports car and had talked about "breaking it in" in the most classic way a new car should be broken in. Well one warm weekend night after a few drinks at the officers' club, we decided to go through with the "break-in" ceremony.

We originally had intended to check out the band at a local heavy-metal pub, but I guess the rum in her and the whiskey in me wouldn't let us wait. The moistness between her legs and the stiffness between mine required immediate attention of a pleasant sort.

Louise and I didn't have a set plan, so a few minor details caused some delay. We didn't have a designated place picked out and I was running low on petrol. Driving around an air base at two in the morning in search of a secluded spot is one of those things that's funny to look back on but was at the time as tense as an Ashes test match. Especially since my sweet girlfriend and I were heavily under the spell of one of man's strongest instincts.

Finally we decided on a parking lot near the base. I parked the new car between two trucks. It was dark except for the faint moonlight coming through the windows.

By this time my arousal was at the zipper-busting level. Obviously Louise didn't want

"But what about the people's *right to* know. . . *?"*

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to waste any more time either. She just flashed me that angelic smile of hers as she reclined her seat all the way back. I didn't even feel any pain as I bashed my knee on the gearshift when I moved to get on top of her. All of my awareness was focused on the meeting of our lips. When they finally did meet, our tongues wrestled and explored each other's mouths. My hands squeezed her nice tight arse, and Louise hugged me tighter yet as we engaged in this passionate kiss. Eventually we had to pause and catch our breath, and I sat back in my own seat.

Slowly, I took off my shirt. As I did so, she reached over to gently caress my chest and started to kiss my neck, then my shoulders, then my chest. Slowly but surely she reached greener pastures.

She started to undo my belt and lowered the zipper. Half of my cock was already exposed above the elastic waist band of my briefs. As she lowered them I saw her blink as my impatient cock brushed her cheek. I looked at that young innocent face of hers smothering my main piston with tender slurping licks and kisses, and I thought I was going to explode as I lay back squirming, wondering what else a guy could ask for. Stretched out in my new sports car with an angelic blonde deftly working over my dick—this was a dream come true. Not wanting to come quite yet, I managed to pull Louise away and moved her back to the passenger seat. Was she ever a sight to behold under the moonlight!

She wore a pink blouse embroidered with dainty flowers, white cotton pants, and the sweetest, most sensuous expression on her face. This image has been etched into my brain forever.

It was pure joy to undress her. I slid her pink blouse smoothly over her milky white skin to reveal her well-shaped breasts with nipples standing proudly. I was fervently sucking on one and rolling the other between my fingers as I proceeded to take off her sandals and pants with one hand. Meanwhile I was feeling tingles all over my body as she massaged my back and arse.

As Louise kicked off her pants, her delightfully musky scent filled the car. I lightly moved my hands down from her breast to her thigh as she lifted her arse to take off her drenched panties. The sight of her glistening lips and bush really drove me nuts. Almost instantly, I had two fingers probing her pussy as my thumb rubbed her clit. Her breathing got quicker, and her hips followed my fingers' rhythm. I was barely aware of the synchronicity of our movements as I moved to her side and spread her legs. I found myself kneeling in front of her, hands on her smooth shoulders, as her head swayed from side to side, occasionally nibbling on one of my fingers as I gave her pussy a thorough tongue-lashing. Again, through her sweet moans and the rock 'n' roll on the stereo, I somehow collected my thoughts and revelled in the fact that things can't get much better than this.

Louise shuddered as I buried my face in her crotch. As she orgasmed, the tense muscles of her body slowly relaxed. I moved up, and she met my mouth with a deep, appreciative kiss while the tip of my cock rubbed against her cunt lips. I felt her hands move downward. Louise spread her legs open as the head of my cock entered her smoothly.

Slowly at first, her hips started squirming as I went in and out until I started plunging harder, momentarily grinding her clit on the downstrokes. Soon we were in a real frenzy. I finally came with such intensity that we were both pushed up on the seat about a foot; her head was off the front headrest and on the backseat. I lay on top of her, but her still-moving hips maintained my erection. At this point, my whole universe was the car floating through space. Louise and I were the only creatures in existence. I looked at her sweet face, and when our eyes met, I knew that she felt exactly the same way I did.

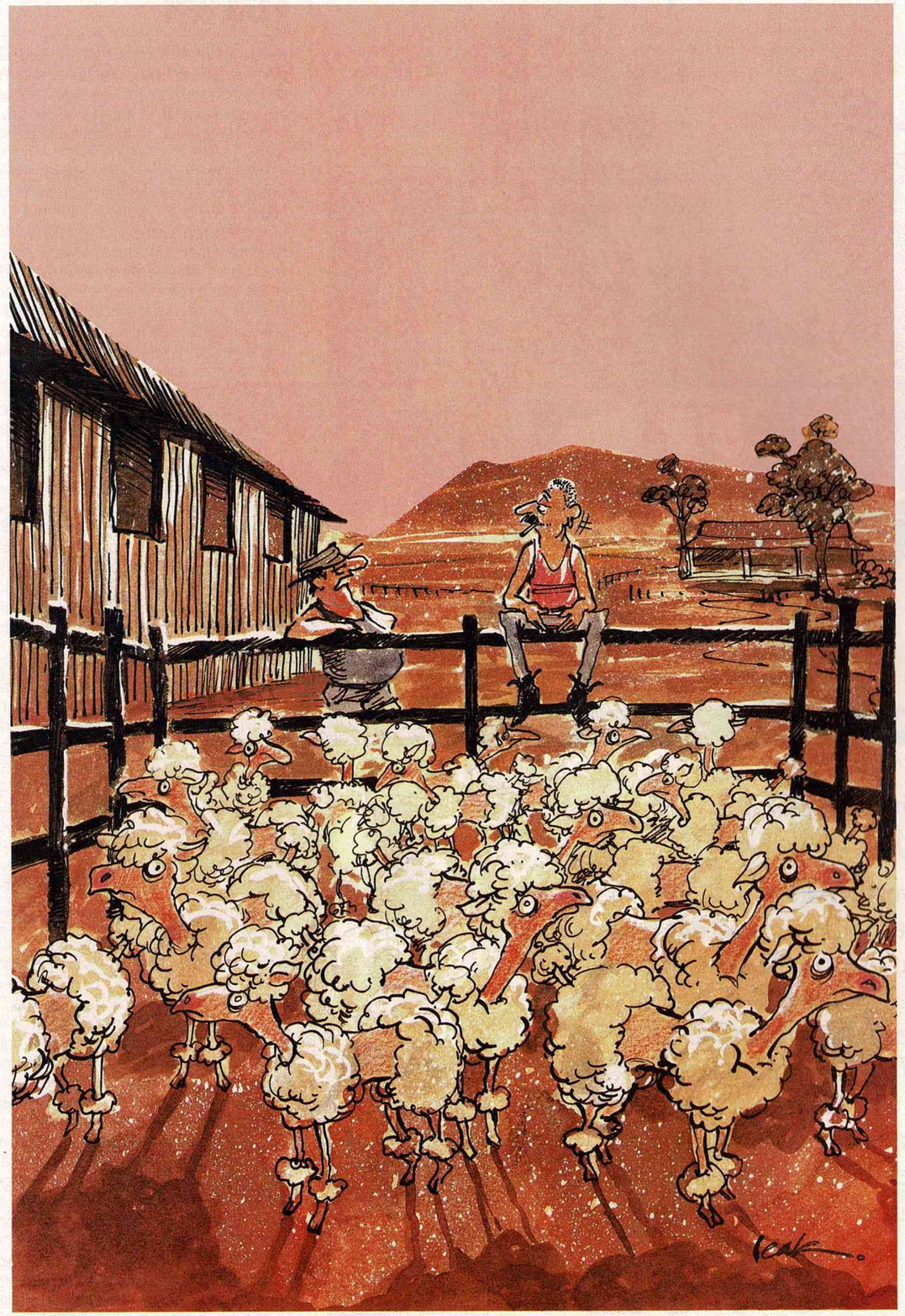
I came two more times without ever pulling out of her, and if it weren't for the deejay blurting out, "Good morning! It's 5.25 in the am!" Louise and I would probably still be there, entwined in our own universe. During those few hours, Louise and I were like teenagers again, sharing the excitement of making love in an unconventional setting. And since then I've wondered how often a person can tell himself, "This is it . . . it doesn't get any better than this!" and really mean it. — *Name and address withheld*

"Another bad day at the dog races, dear?"

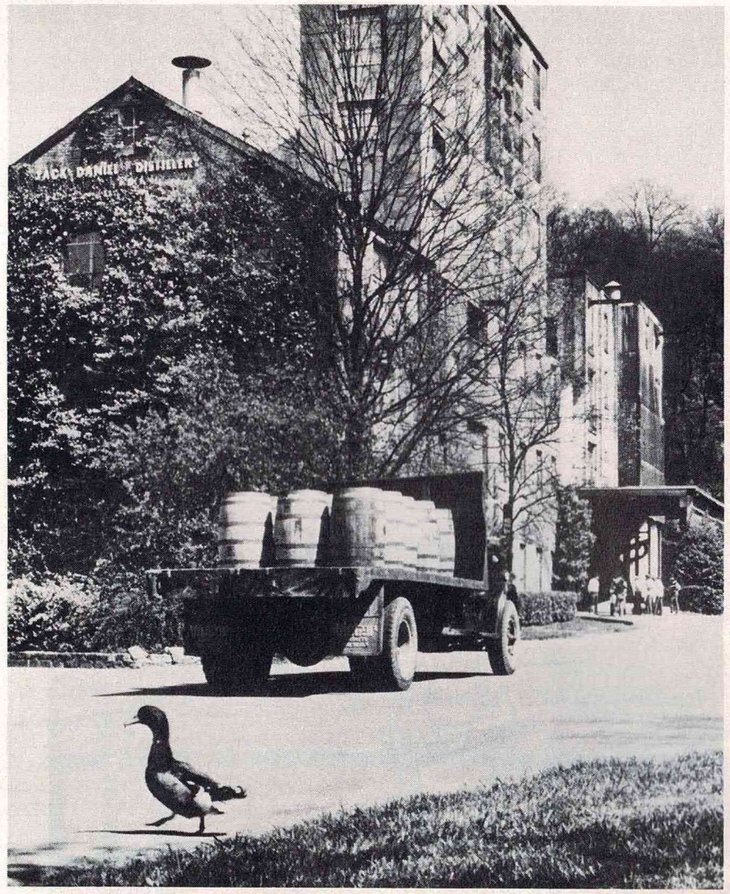
Quite a night

I am a 22-year-old married student who looks forward to receiving *Penthouse* every month because it helps take my mind off the pressures. My wife also enjoys your entire magazine and she especially loves the letters, which we usually read together. Karen and I have a fantastic sex life and keep each other completely satisfied. She is a beautiful 21-year-old, with long blonde hair and a gorgeous body. Her best assets are her large breasts, which are the most beautiful I have ever set eyes on. She loves sex and will do anything to please me when we're in bed, and I will do the same for her. Up until now we have had sex only with each other. A few weeks ago this changed for both of us.

Karen and I were just sitting in our apartment on Saturday night with no plans. She was lying on the sofa, reading the new issue of *Penthouse* while I put the stereo on, made us a couple of drinks and sat down to relax. A short time later a knock at the door got me up, and I opened the door to greet Karen's friend Lynne. She said that she had nothing to do that night and had stopped in to see what we were up to.



"Look, ah, Cyril, the boss wants to have a word with you . . ."



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FORUM

Karen informed Lynne that we had just planned a quiet evening at home and that she was welcome to join us. Lynne accepted, I got her a drink and we all sat down to talk and relax as the music filled the room.

Lynne mentioned that she was getting warm and wondered whether we could open a window. Karen said that she preferred not to let the cold night air in. She suggested that Lynne take her top off if she was warm. This really shocked me, because Karen sometimes gets upset if I look at other women too much. Lynne didn't seem shocked at all at Karen's suggestion, and a very sexy, eager look came over her face as she stood up and slowly peeled off her clinging blouse. Her tits were firm indeed, and they stood right up while she walked over to turn up the stereo. I couldn't keep my eyes off this beautiful creature as she strolled over to my chair. Her swollen nipples looked erect with excitement. She stood next to me and slowly pulled off her jeans and panties. Tossing them aside, she sat on the arm of my chair and said, "Now I feel much better," then stretched and ran her hands all over her silken body. I glanced at Karen and saw that she, too, was totally mesmerised by Lynne's goddess-like nude body.

Lynne turned to me and asked me whether I thought her tits were too small. I replied that I thought they were absolutely perfect for her body. She smiled sexily as she gently pulled my head toward her and guided my nervous lips to her juicy breasts. By then my cock was harder than ever before, and I slid my hand to her soft pussy, which was soaked with her sweet-smelling juices. I was afraid of what Karen might do; but when I looked up, she was standing right next to me, peeling off her clothes!

My attentions quickly returned to Lynne as she started stroking my hard prick through my jeans. Karen was now magnificently naked, sitting on the other side of me. She took my free hand and guided it to her drenched, swollen pussy while she massaged her gorgeous tits right in front of my face. Lynne said that it wasn't fair that I was keeping my clothes on, so they stood me up and stripped me down slowly. Lynne sat me down in the chair again and turned around to look at Karen, who was now on the carpet in front of us, her long legs spread wide open and her fingers stroking her twat. Lynne, still facing away from me, said, "Sit on the edge of the chair and spread your legs apart." I did as she ordered, and she reached behind her, grabbed my cock and, slowly lowering herself, worked it into her hot soaked pussy. I was finally fucking this extremely tight slit that I'd only dreamed about before.

Moving on my stiff rod with impressive expertise, Lynne was now looking at and talking to Karen, who was gently fingering her moist snatch with one hand and kneading her tits with the other. "I've wanted to fuck your husband for a long time," Lynne told her, "and now I'm doing it right in front of your eyes. He's hung just like I imagined, long and thick, and I'm going to ride him as long and as hard as I want!" This statement made Karen finger her pussy furiously and groan with pleasure. I was trying desperately to keep Lynne's hot snatch from milking my swollen dick too fast as I positioned myself to watch Karen play with herself on the thick carpet. I noticed that her eyes were fixed on my cock as it moved in and out of Lynne's pussy. I felt Lynne's hand on my cock and saw that she was covering her hand with her own juices. She offered her hand to Karen, who eagerly lifted her head and licked Lynne's fingers clean.

This gesture drove Lynne crazy, and she told me to keep my prick buried inside her and to stay right with her. She was soon on her hands and knees while her pussy still gripped me deep inside her. She then slowly lowered her head between Karen's legs and began licking and sucking. Karen cried out: "Put that sweet tongue inside me! Don't ever stop! Lick my clit and drink my juices!" This in turn drove Lynne and me wild as we all started bucking, gyrating and moaning with pleasure. Karen came several times, as did Lynne. Finally I couldn't hold back any longer and I spilled my hot, creamy load deep inside Lynne's pussy.

We collapsed into one another's arms and lay there entangled for what seemed like hours. Karen broke the silence when she looked at me and said she had always wanted to eat a pussy while she was being fucked. Lynne and I didn't have to be asked twice, and in moments I was easing Karen on her back and was sliding my hard prick into her moist slit. Lynne moved over to straddle Karen's face and slowly lowered her pussy to Karen's eager mouth. I was fucking Karen gently as I propped myself up on my arms so that I could nibble Lynne's tender tits. Karen soon had Lynne coming all over her face, and Karen and I came together shortly after that.

Lynne slept with us that night, and the next morning we started right where we had left off. Karen later told me that it was the best sex that she had ever had. Our sex together now is better than ever. Lynne has invited us over to her place next weekend, and Karen and I can't wait. We've been walking around the apartment naked all week, telling each other what we are going to do to each other and to Lynne. So the next time your'e planning just a quiet evening at home reading *Penthouse* don't be surprised at the outcome. — *Name and address withheld*

Loco motion

Earlier in the day we both joked about making love on the train — but we never dreamed our sexual fantasy would soon become a passionate reality.

We boarded the train at one thirty, in the small hours of Sunday morning, tired yet restless. Most of the passengers were by this time asleep in their seats, or at least appeared to be. The conductor soon came to collect our tickets and to wish us a good night's sleep. Fat chance!

As he unbuttoned my blouse I became uncomfortable with the situation and atmosphere that surrounded us. What if we were caught? Then he began gently sucking and caressing my breasts. My nipples soon became swollen and hard, and I could feel a surge of wetness in my vagina. Under the blanket, I could feel his hands push my skirt aside as he freely stroked my trembling thighs. Higher and higher he teased until he reached my throbbing clit, tenderly rubbing it with the same rhythmic motion as the train on the tracks. I was so hot I wanted to make love to him right there in front of everyone — I didn't care. I wanted to make him feel as good as he made me feel. Safely resting my head on the covers across his lap, I began unzipping his pants. I could feel his moistened cock bulging with desire. My lips soon surrounded him, stroking him and blowing cool air upon his heated, erect organ. All I wanted was to satisfy him completely.

The bathroom was barely big enough for

"Those don't seem to be working. I'm going to have to give you a real *Oriental prick."*

DIRECT INJECTION TURBO: WHAT A CHARGE!

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DIRECT INJECTION: WHAT A CHARGE!

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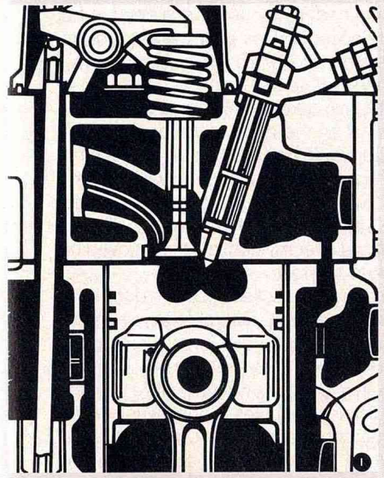

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TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

one person to stand. How obvious it would be if we both walked in at the same time, although we could always claim that one of us had motion sickness and was about to faint. And yet the possibility of getting caught added to the excitement.

We embraced for a minute or two as our minds worked out the position. There wasn't quite enough room for the two of us to stand, so sitting was the only solution. We were alone at last!

When he lowered his pants to the floor, I could see the lust that filled his eyes. I lifted my skirt and removed my soaked panties. I mounted him and was filled with sheer ecstasy as his hard, wet penis filled my moist, heated box. Again we pulsated to the rhythm of the train, and we gyrated to complete orgasm.

I guess some people might think we were loco, but as far as practising sex goes that's my kind of training! — *Name and address withheld*

Getting down to business

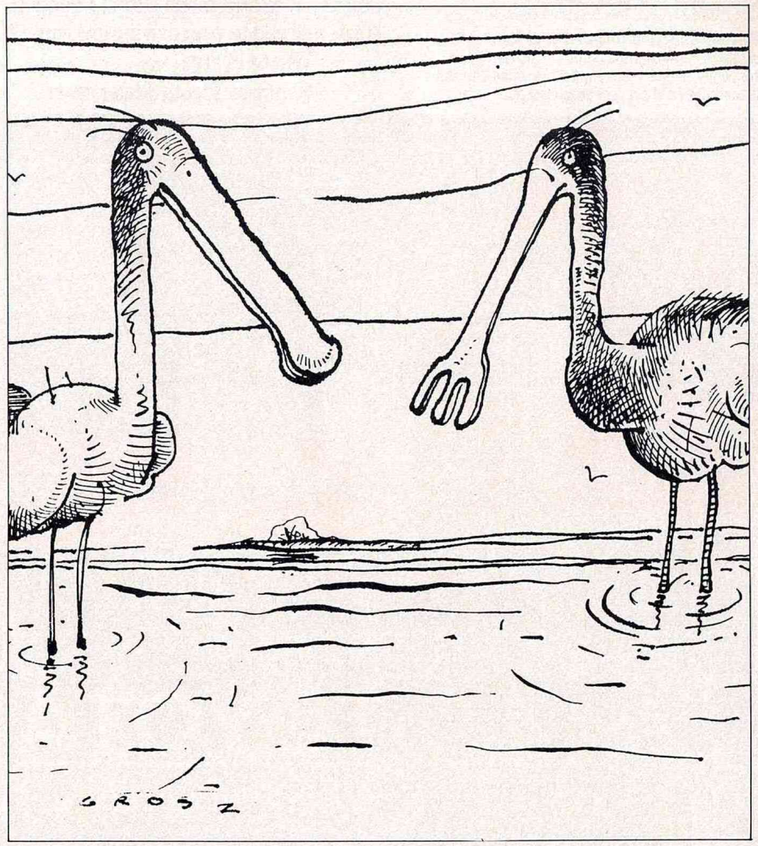
A year ago I could have been voted as the woman least likely to ever send a letter in to you. I am happily married and the mother of three children. I lead a quiet and satisfactory sex life, or at least I *did*.

Six months ago I was selected to go to Melbourne as a delegate on a youth council. It wasn't the first time, and I knew quite a few of the men and women who would be attending the five days of meetings. I arrived early and had time to mix and talk for an hour before the first meeting started. I found myself off to one side with Bob, a fellow I had met several times before. As we talked he placed his hand on my arm. A moment later I felt his fingertips grazing my tits.

It wasn't obvious what was going on and I was enjoying it, so I made no attempt to stop him. He had asked me for a date a few times before. I enjoyed his company and conversation, but until then I had no intention of getting involved. I could feel my nipples stiffening and I found myself wondering what he would be like in bed.

We took a mid-morning break, and once again I found myself paired off with Bob. I positioned myself so that he could play with my tits again and not be seen. Bob asked if he could see me after the meetings and asked if I had a private room. I did, and gave him my room number. We agreed he would stop by to see me around 8pm.

During the lunch break I wandered around some of the shops, but my mind was on Bob. I knew I was going to let him screw me and I got hot just thinking about it. I wanted to make it something very special. I wandered into a shop and bought a suspender belt, stockings, bikini panties and a very low cut black brassiere.



After the evening meal I went back to my room and took a long hot bath, then dressed in my new garments for Bob. Over them I wore a simple skirt and blouse. He arrived just after eight. Once in the room he took me into his arms and kissed me. I could feel him getting a hard-on, his cock raising between my legs until I was grinding my pussy against it. His hands roamed down to the cheeks of my arse, drawing me closer to him.

We sat on the edge of the bed and had a drink. I realised Bob was more nervous than me. After a few minutes I stood before him, took his hands in mine and drew them to my tits. While he fondled my tits I unbuttoned my blouse and slipped out of it. He eased my tits over the cups of my brassiere and while he sucked them I guided his hands under my skirt.

I let him take my skirt and panties off, then sat on the edge of the bed while he pulled his clothes off. He stood before me and I reached for his cock. It was very long and thick; I would guess about nine inches. Bob stroked his cock over my tits, flicking the head over my nipples, then moved his prick to my face.

I had never sucked a cock before but it seemed perfectly natural to take him into my mouth. Once I did, it really turned me on! Bob stood before me, slowly sliding his cock in and out of my mouth while I sucked and licked it. Minutes later he was coming in my mouth and I drank his cream.

When Bob pulled his cock out of my mouth he still had a hard-on. He laid me back on the bed, spread my legs and mounted me. I started coming as soon as he shoved that beautiful cock up my pussy, and it was the wildest orgasm of my life.

Bob held still in me until my orgasm passed, then he rolled us over and had me sit up straight. He didn't fuck me, I just held him all the way in me while we talked. Bob guided my hands to my tits, then lay back watching me play with myself. I unhooked my brassiere and cupped a tit in each hand. While playing with myself I asked Bob if he would sleep with me. He told me he intended to fuck me all night, and I believed him!

Much later Bob eased me off him and went down on me, another first! I loved his tongue lapping my clitoris. I put my legs over his shoulders and played with my tits. When I was on the verge of coming he moved up between my legs and put it to me. I put my legs around him, and this time he really fucked me, driving his cock in me as hard as he could. My pussy was coming up to meet every thrust. I went into a series of short, violent orgasms. I had never made it more than once during intercourse, but with Bob I couldn't stop. Much later when it was over I sucked him off again, but didn't let him come in my mouth this time.

The next time he screwed me was with me top-riding him. It was a long, slow fucking that almost drove me out of my mind. When it was over I finished undressing and we took a shower together, then went to bed. I awoke first the next morning. I moved down in bed and took his limp cock in my mouth. I sucked him very gently, not waking him up until he had a full hard-on in my mouth. He fucked me again before we went down to breakfast.

By mid-morning it was obvious from the looks I was getting that several people knew Bob had fucked me, and that several of the men wanted to try me out. I made up my mind to make the most of it. I took Jim to my room and put out to him during the lunch break.

That afternoon one of the women approached me and invited me to have a drink with her and her husband after the evening meal. Norma is a very attractive woman. I know and like her. That evening when I stopped by their room Norma and Ralph were wearing bathrobes. They fixed drinks, then sat me on the couch with Norma. I didn't realise what they had in mind until Norma began caressing my legs. She let her robe fall open and she was naked beneath it.

I offered no resistance when she started kissing me, or when she drew my face to her lovely tits. A few minutes later when I went down on her, Ralph moved in behind me and drove his cock up my pussy. I enjoyed eating her as much as I did sucking a cock. When it was over Norma went back to my room and slept with me.

I put out to nine men and one woman during my five days and four nights, and had someone to sleep with me each night. I missed several meetings because of more pressing needs. Three of the men were from Sydney and have been fucking me on a regular basis since then. I have also put out to five other men and indulged in two lesbian affairs since then.

My husband is not aware of what is going on, but our own sex life is changing. I gave him his first blow job a couple weeks after I returned from Melbourne. He is now fucking me instead of just "making love" to me, and I think it's great! But I still find intercourse with other men vastly more exciting than with my husband. — *Anne H., Penshurst, NSW*

No hitches

I've been reading *Penthouse* for some time now, and I thought I would share this experience with your readers.

Last summer I couldn't think of anything better to do for a holiday than to hitch-hike around the country. I was on a freeway and had been waiting only a short time when a van pulled up. I opened the door, and to my surprise the driver was a really nice-looking blonde.

After we'd gone a few miles, we started talking and she told me she sold water beds, had a few accounts to call on in the morning and would be stopping in the next town for the night. She smiled, looked at me out of the corner of her blue eyes and said, "You can either stay at the motel with me tonight or move on." I told her that I was out to have fun, so I would definitely stop with her. Well, we got a small motel room by the beach. She told me to go ahead and take a shower if I wanted, since she had a few phone calls to make. I'd been in the shower for only a few minutes when she opened the door. She was standing there nude and asked me if I'd mind sharing the water. I don't need to tell you what I said!

She stepped in and took the soap from me and then started washing me all over. When she got to my cock and balls, I thought I would come right then, but I restrained myself. After I'd rinsed off, she started kissing her way down to my stiff cock. She'd been sucking me for only a minute when I came in her mouth. She told me to go lie down and said she'd be out in a minute. When she came out, I was stretched on the bed, and she just stood in the doorway looking at me, dripping wet. For the first time, I took a really good look at her: she was beautiful!

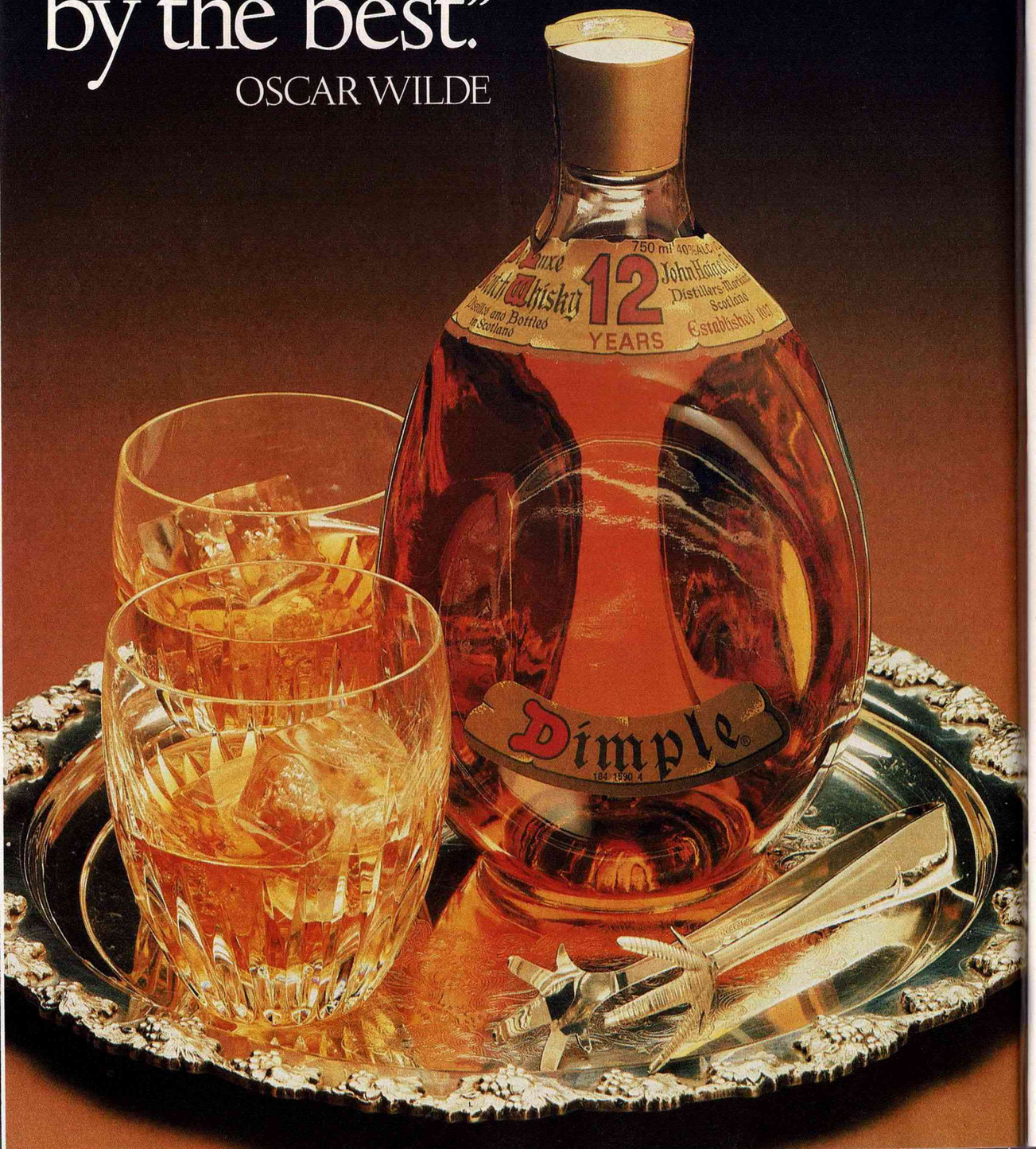
She came over to the bed and bent over me, and we kissed long and hard. She started to kiss me all over, doing things with her mouth that I didn't think were possible. I got her turned around so that I could make her feel what she was doing to me. But when I started to lick her beautiful little blonde pussy, she told me that she had never got off from someone going down on her, and that she didn't even like it.

I wasn't going to let that remark stop me, though, because I've always prided myself on being able to eat pussy pretty well. I really enjoy it. So I got her to put a couple of pillows under her arse and let me give it a try. I started really slow, running my tongue along the inside of her thighs and then moving very slowly up to her pussy. Just from licking the lips of her cunt I could tell that she was starting to like it. When I got hold of her clit, she went crazy. She was moaning and bucking so much that I couldn't hold her down. She grabbed the back of my head and tried to force my tongue all the way inside of her. Right then she got off, and none too soon: she had such a tight grip on me that I couldn't breathe! I had to come up for air, so I kissed my way up to her mouth. I tried to put my cock into her, but even as wet as she was, I had some trouble. Just as I got the head in, she arched her back, threw her legs around my hips and started screaming that I should fuck her hard, fast and deep. Well, it didn't take long for us to come, and after we did we just snuggled for a while and went to sleep

When I woke up in the morning, she said she had to get up and call on her accounts, so we took another shower, said goodbye and went our separate ways.

I never did learn her name, but I definitely believe every good thing I ever heard about one-night stands! — *Name and address withheld*

"My tastes are simple, I am always satisfied by the best."
OSCAR WILDE



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

AUSTRALIA'S WORST DRIVER

I'm pounding this out on my clanky old IBM portable in a one-room coastal motel far enough from town to be almost forgotten. The room is sweaty and dotted with mosquitoes. Built in the Sixties, it was terribly chic then but now it just looks slummy. I think it's called *Seaspray* or *Seaweed*. If you stood on the roof you might glimpse some water, but it'd only be the treatment works.

I'd better work fast. The whole thing looks like it could collapse any second. I've got a sinkful of grapefruit, a sixpack of Bond 7 and a day-old pizza that's had the life microwaved out of it . . . and I'm feeling like a mean old savage after what happened last night.

As weird as it sounds, someone tried to kill me.

They didn't try it in a dirty alleyway at the back of some cheap trick bar. Nor at the track after a big win on a long shot in the last. It wasn't through suggesting anything improper to a Hell's Angel. I was simply driving along, minding my own business, when out of nowhere this troop of whooping women came gunning, tyres screaming, laughing with liquor and heading straight my way. I swerved in panic.

The fat guy who ran Norman's Chicken Extravaganza wasn't pleased to see me. He had very nearly succeeded in stopping my runaway car with his stomach, the crazy lovable guy . . . I was parked in the second booth down on the left. I surveyed the damage. Norman had turned nasty to the point of asking me to leave. I ordered a chickenburger to go.

One day, as they say, it will happen to you.

Why are we killing each other on the roads? We hear of this mindless death in the suburbs every day. It clips our bumpers almost daily. Yet, until it strips the duco from the door, we ignore it.

For weeks we've been asked, "Are You Australia's Worst Driver?" Has anyone owned up? Did you? I sure haven't. Frankly, I can't see anyone loudly declaring in the middle of a swish party, "Yup, that's me all right. Can't drive for turkey shit."

Still, every day, AWD crosses your path and makes you mad. He doesn't look. He doesn't indicate. He just barges. Nothing will stop him or her or you from pulling the same thoughtless manoeuvre next Sunday coming back from the football. And you won't see the truck till its emblem drives through your forehead.

Enough of the macabre. An enlightened chap in Britain has suggested a reason for the rising road toll: strict seatbelt laws. You're telling *me* it sounds weird. He reckons the safer the driver feels, the more likely he is to risk it. Humans need risk. Risk is good for the soul. But risk it is, and sometimes you lose. What we need to do is control that risk.

Have you ever been to Europe? Have you ever unleashed a BMW along the Autobahn? (Have you ever had sex with twins?) An Australian, by his very irreverence, could cause havoc on the Autobahn by simply disregarding its most basic law: *Get out of the road, arsehole.*

Extremely easy to remember. If you aren't travelling at the required lane speed, in your rear vision will be a Mercedes bonnet mascot the size of a tank at 200km/h. Honking. You soon move. The risk is there, and no-one takes it.

Below are a few fundamental questions to make us all better drivers. These are the sort of questions any faithful motor registry clerk will ask when raising your hopes about getting your licence prior to knocking you back.

1. When approaching a tight mountain bend in blinding rain, do you:
(a) Turn around and go home?
(b) Gun it?
(c) Light a joint and crank up the radio?
2. The day you receive your licence, do you:
(a) Drive home semi-paralysed with fear?
(b) Give it to your mother?
(c) Buy a V8?
3. Ladies, if you blow a tyre, do you:
(a) Pound the steering wheel saying, "Oh poo, oh poo?"
(b) Sell the car?
(c) Stand beside it waving your panties in the air?

When driving, don't do anything stupid. The guy you run into could be me.

Sarge on *Hill Street Blues* often said, "Let's be careful out there." It's too obvious that many are following the new Sarge's instructions: "Do it to them before they do it to you." — *S.R. Gibbs*

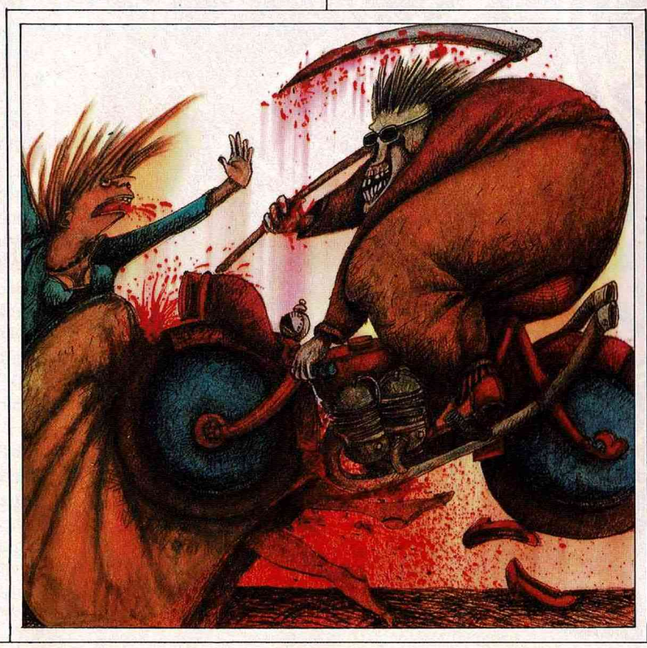


Illustration by Drahoš Zak

LUST

LUST IN SPACE

The Mile High Club dates from the glorious pioneering days of aviation. The Wright Brothers had barely got mankind off the ground before adventurous types were endeavoring to get it up and away with some willing aviatrix — wind in the hair, lead in the pencil. Ahh, it was heady stuff, and a lifetime away from today's preferred initiation ceremony of a quick game of standup sardines in an airborne dunny.

But since the first manned space flight in 1959, and the first womanned flight in 1963, no progress has been made towards the Zero G Club, a title suggested by the President of the US National Space Institute, Mr Ben Bova. Bova, an acclaimed writer of science fiction, first raised the issue of sex in space in one of his short stories 15 years ago. Today, he points out that nothing has changed. Life in orbit has been about as sexy as an episode of *Lost In Space*.

"Considerable research has been devoted to eating in space, and even to toilets in space," says Bova, underlining the failure to research that other of most natural human functions. "Several American women have flown in space, and two Russian women have been in orbit, but no-one has made love in zero gravity — yet."

With a considerable knowledge of the effects of zero gravity on humans, Bova hypothesises that the sex act would be extremely pleasurable up there among those age-old accompaniments to romance, the stars. "Floating weightlessly would be much better than making love on a water bed. Most of the astronauts who've been in zero gravity for any length of time find the experience euphoric — even without sex. There is a little problem of what NASA calls 'Space Adaptation Syndrome' — or space sickness — to overcome, but after your stomach settles down, the possibilities of lovemaking are fascinating."

The consenting members of the Zero G Club would even look more attractive in space, according to Bova.

"When weightless, both males and females tend to look taller and slimmer, especially in the waist and legs. Body fluid shifts and the spine unbends when gravity is no longer pulling it. Astronauts and cosmonauts grow about 4cm taller while in zero g."

Turn-on time would also be minimalised. "It's easier for the heart to pump weightless blood through the cardiovascular system, so it would be easier in space for a man to attain and maintain an erection. The same is true, of course, for the blood-engorging process of women's erectile tissue."

When gravity isn't tying you to the ground, any surface — the wall, the ceiling — or none at all can be used during sexual congress. "Imagine floating free, coupled with your partner in a softly padded enclosure, without the need for a surface to lie on," Bova enthuses. "There'd be no need to support your partner's weight, nor your own. No more cramped limbs or awkward positions."

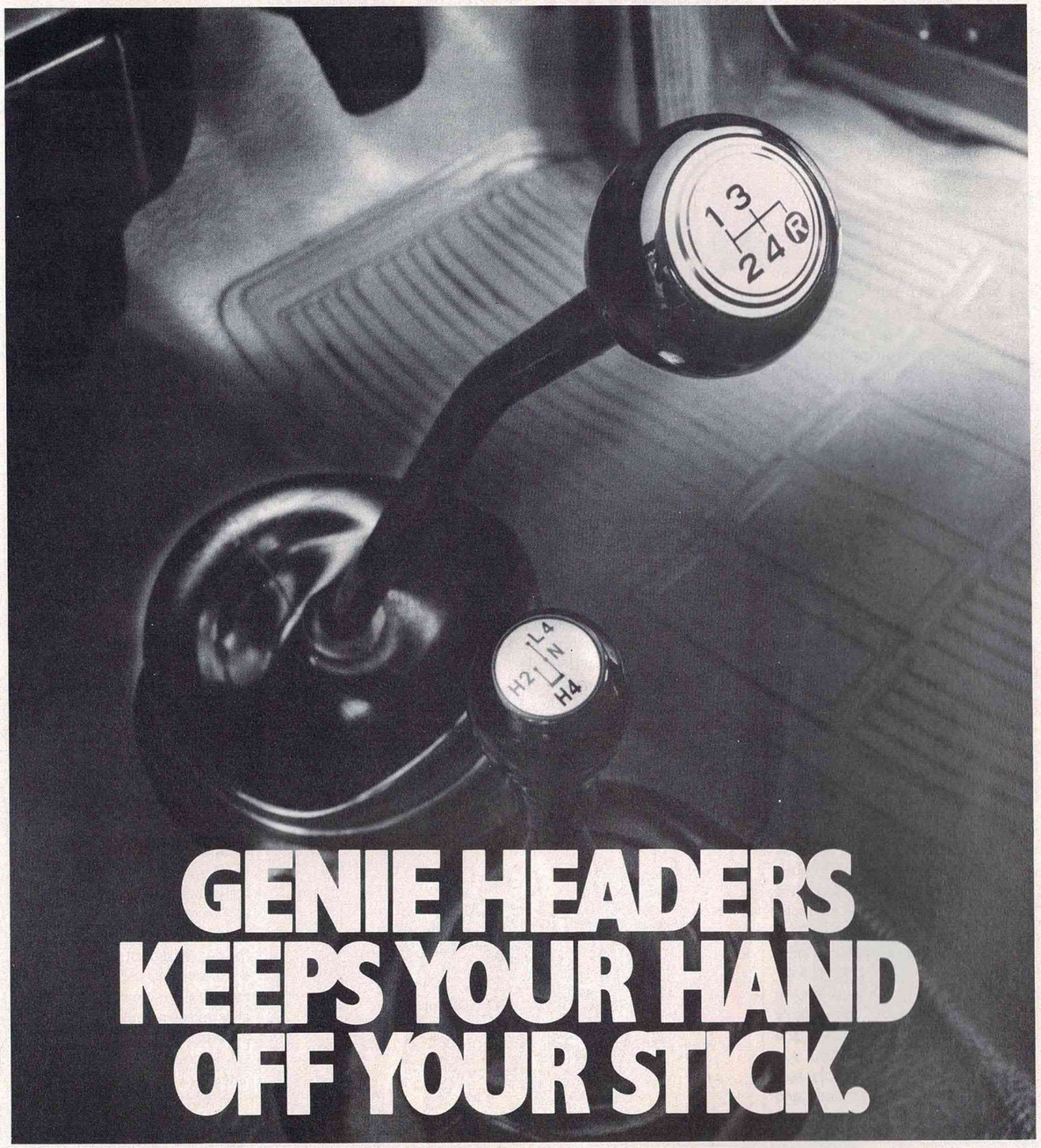
Despite the rosy picture so far painted, there can be difficulties in playing hide the sausage in a space shuttle, Bova concedes. "Penetration may present problems. Under weightless conditions a body in motion tends to remain in motion, and the slightest touch can produce movement."

This conjures up the image of an excited spaceman chasing his intended around the capsule at the end of a blood-engorged prod. Bova is more technical on the situation: "To borrow a term from NASA, this becomes a 'rendezvous and docking problem.' But if astronauts can mate massive spacecraft in orbit, men and women should be able to consummate their lovemaking successfully."

So the final frontier would appear to be even more exciting than they've been telling us all these years. And as the shuttle flights to date have been thoroughly documented on television, it is surely our right to be there when those intrepid guys and gals push the boundaries of human endeavor even further — about six inches further. What I'm really getting at is, can we watch? — *C.J. Mackay*.

Ben Bova is a former Vice President/Editorial Director of *Penthouse* sister publication *Omni*.

Illustration by Mark Tremlett



GENIE HEADERS KEEPS YOUR HAND OFF YOUR STICK.

Most 4WD vehicles hate hills. Mainly due to inefficient, restrictive exhaust manifolds.

And having to constantly change gears can be a pain in the arm as well as the pocket.

The answer is to fit a set of Genie headers.

You'll increase horsepower by up to 25%, improve performance, fuel economy, and your engine runs cooler and more efficiently.

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Genie high performance headers are available for nearly all 4WD vehicles. Fit a Genie. You'll flatten hills. And flatten bills.

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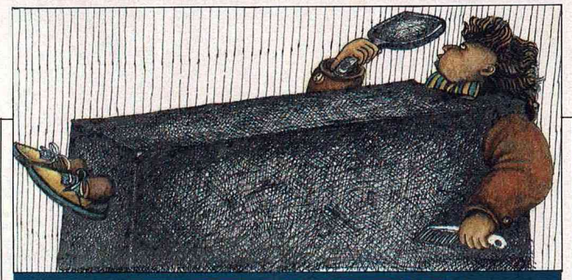
VANITY



MEN FOR ALL SEASONS

When it comes to vanity, people divide neatly into two groups: those who admit to it — and the rest of us. Yet some of us readily admit we are tone-deafs when it comes to clothing color schemes. Perhaps we don't miss what we can't see, but some people out there — perhaps clients or companions — don't miss a beat. When enough of them infer to you, one way or another, that all too often you look like a piece of shit — *literally* — and you actually hoick those chocolate-brown trousers, it's a landmark decision. You've taken advice and acted on it.

We can't all afford valets or personal tailors, but we *can* heed advice. And now, before visiting an analyst to help you feel better about yourself, you can visit a professional color consultant/analyst who is making much the same promise.

"Dressed in the right colors, every man looks healthier, more attractive; dressed in colors that work against him, he will fade away," reads the dust-jacket of a recent book, *Colar For Men* (Little Hills Press). Its author is American Carole Jackson, also the founder of Color Me Beautiful Inc: an international network of color consultants. You'll find them in phonebooks across the country (apart from Tasmania and the Northern Territory). For $65, you can attend a small class color session, have your colors "read", and walk away with sample fabric "swatches" in colors that suit you for future reference — as well as picking up other dress hints.

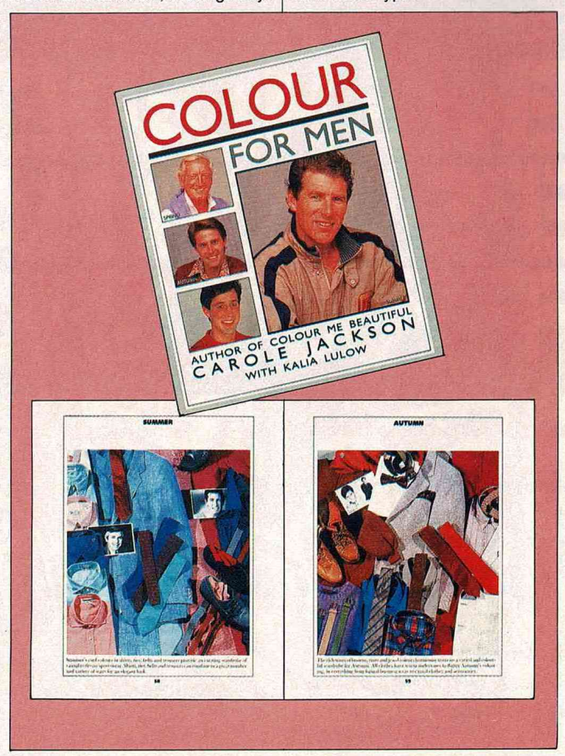
There's more: for other fees, you can have your consultant go through your wardrobe and chuck (out clothes); or perhaps you'd like her (consultants are predominantly women) to go shopping with you to avoid "expensive mistakes."

Perhaps it's a bit depressing that some of us have to *pay* for a woman's touch these days; indeed, the women consultants are evidently subject to all kinds of crushes and adulation, what with all the positive reinforcement they dish out. The idea of having your colors read also sounds vaguely similar to an astrological forecast, but sceptics get a chance to assess Ms Jackson's system by first checking out her book.

Initially you'll decide which of four categories of coloring you fit into, based on your skin tone and the color of your eyes and hair. Each category is loosely based on the seasons' color "feelings."

Winter: Their skin has a subtle blue undertone — often grey-beige, usually with no pink. Most olive-skinned, black and Asian men fit in here. Many are sallow. Usually have medium to dark brown or black hair, often glossy. Eyes can be black-brown, red-brown, green, blue or hazel — usually deep tones. They look best in vivid, dark colors or light, icy shades: navy, black, charcoal grey, burgundy, royal blue, red or pure white. Burt Reynolds, Omar Sharif, Dustin Hoffman and Imran Khan are winters.

Summer: Often have visible pink in their skin, some very fair and pale. Hair can be blond (easily sun-bleached), light to dark brown, or very dark (if skin is very light). Eyes are usually blue, green, grey or hazel. Look best in greyish navy, blue grey, sky blue, rose brown, burgundy, pink or soft white. A Paul Newman, Jimmy Stewart or Alan Alda type.



Autumn: Their skin has a golden undertone: either ivory or creamy peach skin, true redheads (often freckled), or golden beige men with darker, coppery skin. Many are pale. Hair is usually touched with red or gold highlights. Eyes are usually golden brown or green (only a few blue). Look best in dark brown, rust, khaki, forest green, olive green, dark peach or oyster white. They are the Robert Redford, Charlton Heston, Woody Allen types.

Spring: Skin also has golden undertone, often with rosy cheeks and a blush. Often ruddy. Freckles (golden tan) come naturally. Hair is flaxen or yellow blond, honey, strawberry or golden brown, with eyes most often blue, green or aqua — but can be brown or hazel. They look best in camel, golden brown, light clear blue, bright blue, turquoise, peach or ivory. They are the Michael Caine and David Bowie types.

These are, of course, the very basic indicators; you'll find more in the book. Note they're not general colors that suit you, but quite specific shades: there are about 30 shades per palette. Once you've decided your season, the book will help you individualise them, suggest a survival wardrobe, and give advice on the standards for co-ordination. You also decide whether your style is dramatic, romantic, natural or classic. (Funny how there's no "tacky" category.)

Of course, every decision on color isn't black and white. An episode of the ABC program *The Investigators* earlier this year exposed direct contradictions in the opinions of some consultants about the one woman reporter. But it's reasonable that color analysts could help some of us more than they could help the highly stylised image of a TV on-camera presenter.

And take heart, fellas. Even if you have made someone's Tacky Hit List, we're told by the experts that Australian men have *more* color sense than most of our women. — *Graeme Sims*

Hey gringo.

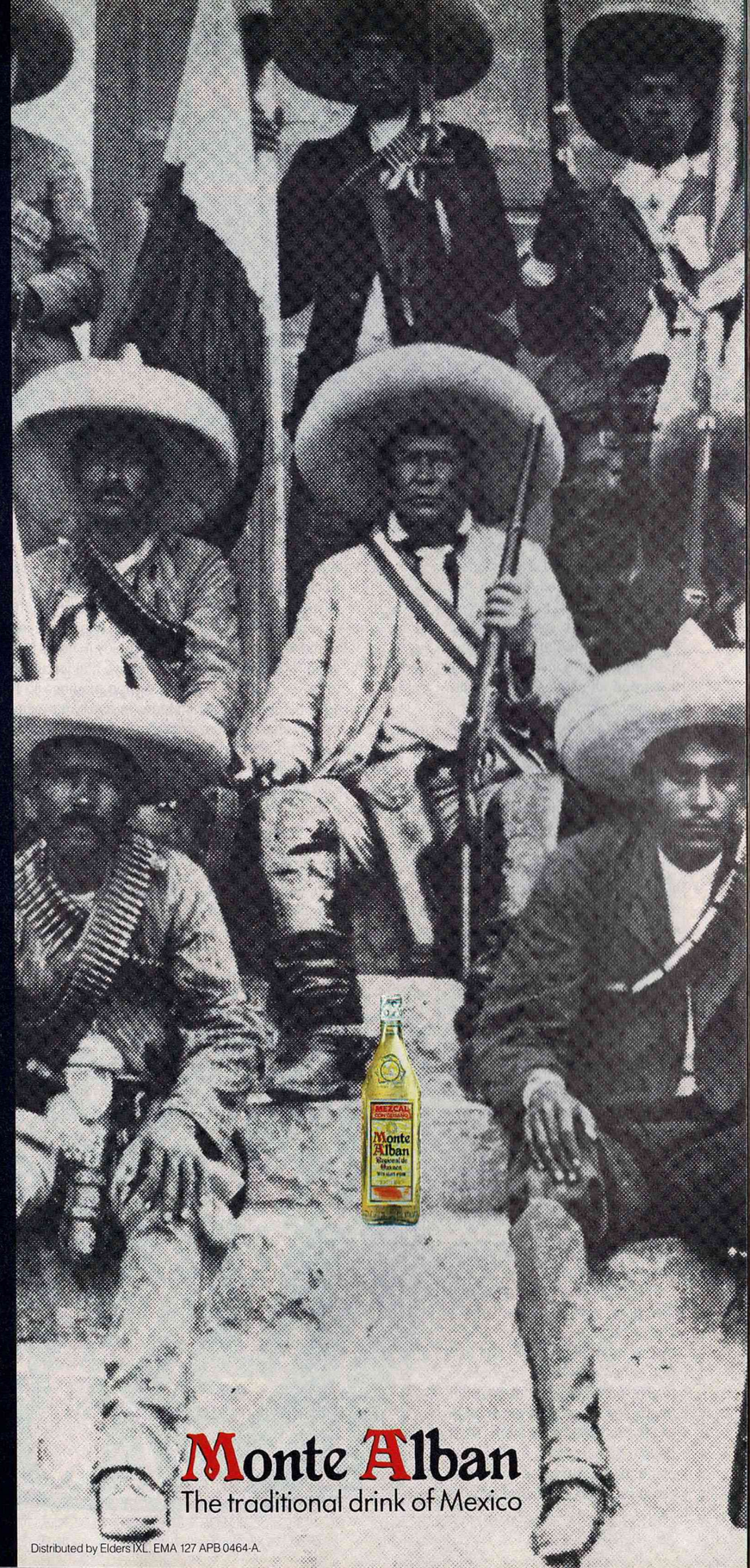
Are you game enough to try Monte Alban?

Say adios to tequila. Give Monte Alban Mezcal a shot. Like every bottle of true Mezcal made in Oaxaca Province Monte Alban contains an agave worm. And since the agave worm only inhabits the species of cactus that Mezcal is made from, the worm is proof of authenticity.

The worm isn't there for looks. It is meant to be eaten.

Some say it unlocks the door to a world of wondrous experience. Others say it sets free a spirit of celebration. One thing is certain, it has been the traditional drink of Mexico since the Spanish Conquistadores.

Are you game enough to try it?



Monte Alban
The traditional drink of Mexico

Distributed by Elders IXL. EMA 127 APB 0464-A.

ENVY

COPING WITH SUCCESS

The assumption that success —material, worldly success — makes people happy is a comparatively recent one. In the past, the prevailing belief was that success in this world generally *precluded* real happiness, and almost guaranteed a bad time in the next one. Across the centuries, in every culture, the message was the same: you had to give up your worldly goods and ambitions to find real happiness.

It did not escape Dickens' attention, when he visited America, that the inhabitants of the New World subscribed to a different belief. There, in the land of unlimited opportunity, the poor were generally regarded as shiftless, idle, guilty of their own misfortunes. The fledgling republic was already in the hands of success-mongers, who preached not only that success and wealth were within the reach of every man, but also that they were the key to happiness and self-fulfilment.

This new and quintessentially American strain of thought runs straight from Benjamin Franklin through Napoleon Hill, Dale Carnegie, Norman Vincent Peale, Clement Stone, Robert Ringer, and the latest crop of self-help gurus, ranging from those who teach mental tricks to prepare for the climb up the corporate ladder to those who preach that "Jesus wants you to be rich" and throw dollar bills at the audience to emphasise their point. Now all these financial holy rollers are making their influence felt on Australian shores. What's more, in the dress-for-success Eighties, we're lapping it up.

So why are so many successful people miserable?

The truth is that success (and all that goes with it) *doesn't* make people happy — which isn't to say, by the way, that failure is all that hot, either. What success does is to give increased *opportunities* for happiness, if you're smart enough to take advantage of them. Most people give up such a big chunk of themselves and their lives to become successful, or to remain successful (which is more difficult), that they don't have anything left when they're at the top — which explains the number of successful, high-level corporate power players who aren't getting anything much out of their success except more work, more responsibility, more stress, more money they don't have time to spend, and more perks they don't know how to enjoy.

The biggest mistake people make in a success-oriented culture is to suppose you can work yourself like a donkey for 20 years, then when you've hit the executive floor and have your high six-figure salary and all the perks, sit back and be happy. Happiness is a habit, like anything else. Nobody is going to ring a bell the day you're made a corporate vice-president and say, "Okay, now be happy!"

Work for success because it's fun, because it's worth having, because it's a challenge; but don't expect it to make you happy, and don't wait for it to begin enjoying yourself. Happiness postponed is usually happiness lost. The guy who doesn't take a vacation for years, then celebrates his promotion to high executive office by (at last) taking one, is unlikely to know how to enjoy it, nor is his wife likely to forgive him for all those years of keeping his nose to the grindstone. In short, it's okay to want success, but it's not okay to let your happiness depend on the whims of your career.

Here, therefore, in no particular order, are a few antidotes to career burnout, for those of you who are aiming for the top:

1. *Never* forego vacations or give up vacation days you're entitled to. You may think you're impressing the boss by your zeal, but he's more likely to come to the conclusion that you're a schmuk, and an easily exploited one at that. Most people at the upper levels of management believe in vacations, escape to a flat in Surfers or a ski resort whenever they can, and feel threatened by younger employees who don't have the same respect for leisure time. They will not thank you for showing them up by excessive zeal.

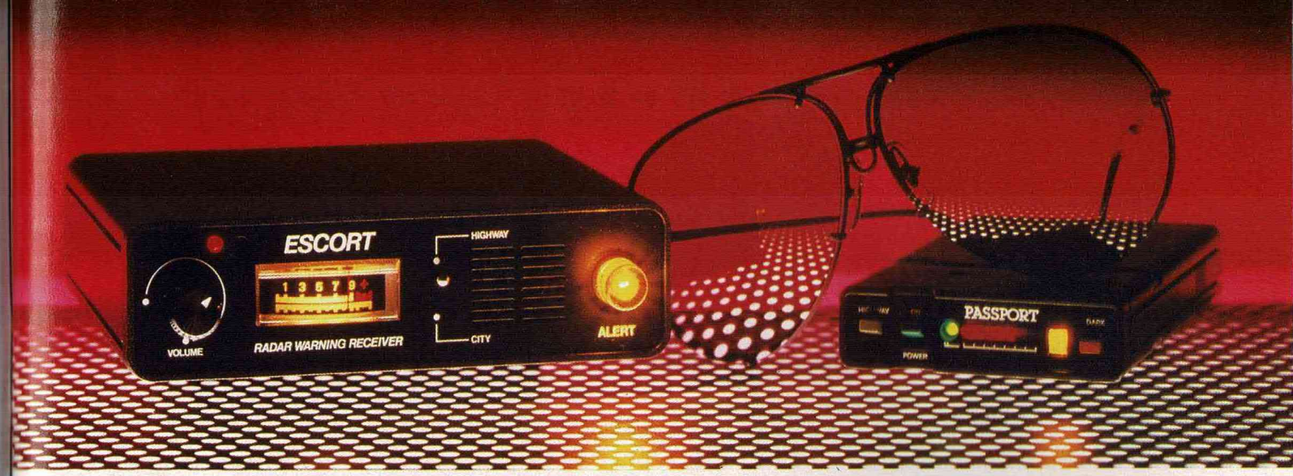
2. It's okay to work hard, but don't stint yourself in the pleasures of life. People who get, or *say* they get, their greatest pleasure out of work are usually fooling themselves, unless they are "creative" in a very gifted sense — musicians, painters, dancers, etc. Even then, work has to be seen in perspective — it does not replace sex, adventure, good food, wine, a week on a sunny beach in midwinter, or a new car. Too many people suppose that work is *all* they need to make them happy, and most of them only discover they're wrong when it's too late.

3. Paradoxically, never stay in a job that makes you truly miserable, either because you don't like what you're doing or because you hate the people you're doing it *for*. Misery at work eventually touches every other part of your life, and soon nothing will make you happy, which is why many quite successful people are nevertheless so bitter in their forties and fifties — their job has given them no satisfaction, and that lack of satisfaction has polluted their lives and stunted their happiness in other areas.

4. While it is okay (maybe) to lie about some things, you should never lie to yourself about what makes you happy. Hypocrisy about your pleasures is the most self-destructive of lies. Think of the number of worthy corporate types who play golf because they think they *have* to, not because they like the game, or who pretend to take an interest in football to be "part of the group."

If you don't accomplish anything else in life, at least find out what makes you happy, and *do* it. The odd thing is, it won't stop you from becoming a success. It might, just possibly, help. — *Michael Korda*

Illustration by Mark Tremlett



The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

ESCORT®
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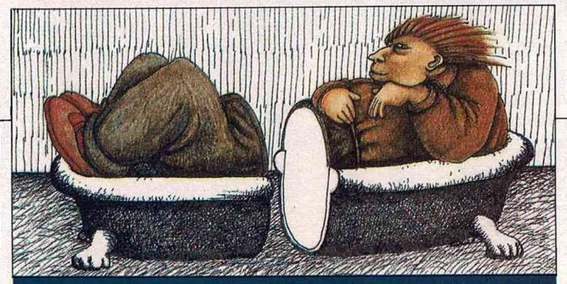


TRUE BLUE HOLIDAYS

I had intended this to be one of those hard-nosed, no-nonsense, figures-on-the-board pieces comparing prices between Australian and overseas holidays. Sadly, the dead hand of sloth fell upon it. In the time between my writing this and your reading it — Halley's Comet will be well on the way back home by then — almost anything could have happened to the limping Australian dollar.

Right now it's relatively stable, but the doomsters who edit the financial press say there's a chill wind blowing up their kilts; price comparisons based on Bob Hawke's dirty float (whatever that prize piece of Prime Ministerial jargon means) could be at best misleading.

One thing is certain. The price of an overseas holiday has risen to the point where many Australians are looking for holidays at home, having realised that if they always were good value, they're real bargains now.

Confirmation of this is already appearing. Faced with falling passenger numbers, international airlines have started another round of discounting, this time competing with the travel agent by chopping into his commission and offering you free stopovers on longer hauls. Along with this, you can expect to see the bigger travel agency groups doing some heavy advertising on their ability to find you the cheapest outbound fare.

Ultimately there will be a limit to this kind of discounting, which will be dictated by the condition of our currency and whatever happens to the price of oil.

On the home front, more than $10 billion is being invested in new hotels, resorts and other holiday developments. This means that competition for the available traffic will be intense, and we can look forward to some really superb offers — especially from Queensland, where much of this investment is concentrated.

Australian packages, you'll find, include the majority of activities and use of equipment; many include all meals as well, and entertainment is usually thrown in. The rest of your spending, which for most people will be on drinks and dining out, will be at prices you've learned to expect.

Overseas, even in the near Pacific, a bar or restaurant bill can often be a rude shock. A colleague just back from Tahiti is still whingeing about paying $16 for a packet of smokes and a gin fizz.

It's unwise to compare holidays merely on price. There's a lot of smallish print in brochures on what you get for your holiday dollar, and it's here that the real value differences lie. Most overseas packages do seem cheap, but the brochure very rarely gives you any guide as to what you'll pay in the bar, in the restaurant or in the taxi.

When you're doing your shopping, it pays to sit down for an hour or two and make your own comparison table. Set up your options across the top of the table: say, Aussie Holiday; Fiji, Bali or Pacific Resort; Pacific Cruise ex Sydney; Hawaii or US West Coast Package. Now, run a column down the left-hand side of the page, including: Fares; Meals; Transfers; Entertainment; Sightseeing; Activities; Extras; Spending Per Day (ask the agent about prices); Local Taxes; Service Charges; Insurance. Now you're in a position to accurately compare the value of each option. Divide the cost of the holiday by the number of actual days away (which means you subtract travelling days), and then compare the price per day in each case with what you actually get.

It's fairly certain that most Australian holidays will work out to be as good or better value than the Pacific cruise, which is probably still the best dollar-per-day overseas holiday value going, even if it isn't everyone's cup of tea.

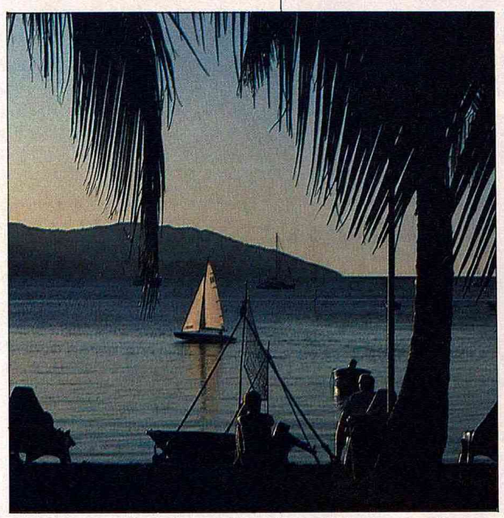
It's often contended, too, that domestic air fares are too high. Yet, for some strange reason, Ansett and TAA keep pretty quiet about discounts as high as 45 percent. The only drawback to such heavily discounted fares is that you can only choose the day on which you fly; the airline nominates the actual flight, depending on available space. But since you're on holiday, it's far less important to arrive at any particular time.

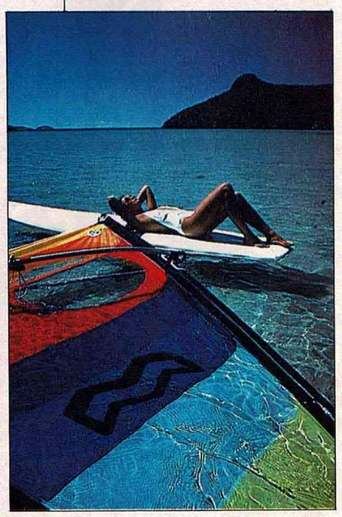
Shopping around is something I keep harping on about. For Australian holidays, the best place to shop is the office of the state tourist authority in your own city. They usually have the entire range of products available in their state, and most state authorities offer packages of their own which can be outstandingly good value.

The coming season will see better bargaining than we've been offered in many years, and the longer-term indications are that holiday prices will rise at a rate lower than the average growth in incomes, making them progressively cheaper.

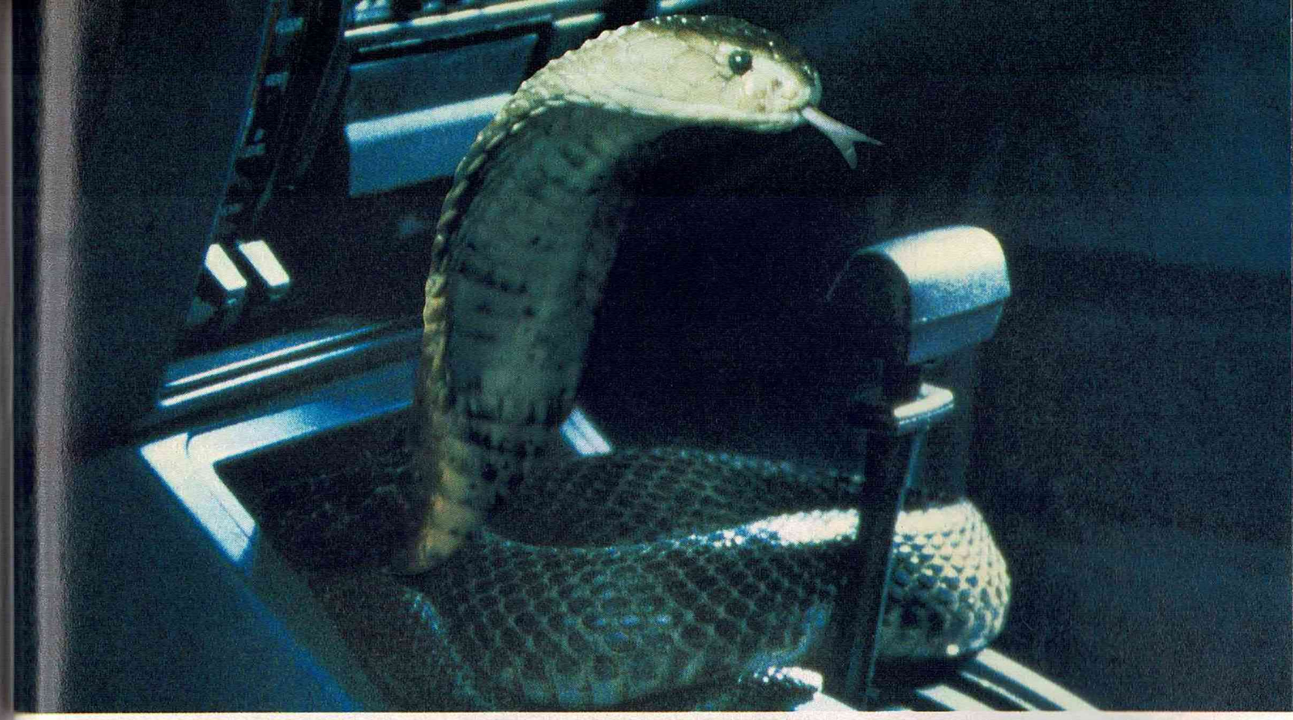
The finance wizards say, too, that overseas travel is our biggest invisible import. If a lot of us take holidays at home, they say, it could have a significant effect on everything from the balance of payments to the size of Paul Keating's clock collection.

So quite apart from doing your wallet a bit of good, it's your patriotic duty to holiday at home this year. — *Fred Baker*





Australian holiday ideas look even better when the sums are done



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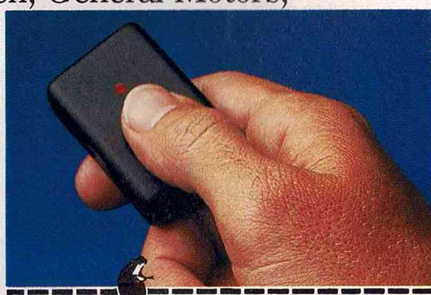

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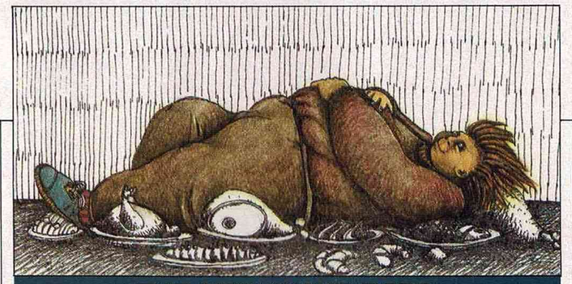

THE NEW WAVE REDS

The fact that white wine seems to have engulfed the market like a tidal wave has obscured a very important point: a lot of people still like to drink red wine. Until recently, however, the predilection could only be satisfied with big, rich wines, high in tannin and heady with flavor. When wine was a once-a-week treat, you could shrug off vinous drowsiness as an occasional hazard, but a blow-your-brains-out bulldozer of a red is hardly ideal for everyday drinking. So what's the solution?

The expansion of white wine's share of the market will stop. After all, Australians are still predominantly a nation of meat eaters. Red wine is bound to make a comeback, but in a different guise. Cabernet Sauvignon has paved part of the way, and a new breed of lighter, fresher reds is waiting in the wings to complete the job. Winemakers learned a bitter lesson in the mid-Seventies when they prematurely tried to introduce wines under the light red banner without really applying new techniques of winemaking. Today their efforts are more carefully thought out, free from the shoddy desperation tactics caused by a huge red grape surplus.

The watchword of the new light reds is *drinkability*. In short, they are as appealing to the new generation of wine lovers who cut their teeth on cold whites with a touch of sweetness as they are to more mature red wine drinkers who want a snappy, less astringent wine, more suited to casual Monday-to-Friday drinking. "Soft and youthful", "fruity and seductive" are the adjectival goals.

The term "light red" casts a wide net. Pinot Noir is generally regarded as the top of the heap in the category, followed by the lighter, more delicate Cabernet Sauvignons. Merlot and Malbec grapes are not widely grown in Australia, but the varietals and blends now being released should ensure more plantings. Even some Shiraz bottlings slip in under the net. The most successful light red? Beaujolais, of course.

The trouble with identifying light reds is that there is no generic name to look for. If you see the words "carbonic maceration" or "*maceration carbonique*" on the label, a light red is generally found inside. Red wines made by the carbonic maceration process are still rather rare in Australia. However, more and more winemakers are pioneering what could turn out to be an important Australian red wine style.

Mellow "drinkable" wines are leading the red revival

Essentially, carbonic maceration involves fermentation with initially undamaged bunches of berries. It's not a conventional yeast fermentation, but rather an unusual transformation which involves the berries' own enzymes. The process is not fully understood, but pundits claim it's probably the original wine-making technique.

Carbonic maceration produces wines that mature earlier, have a softer flavor and contain a slightly higher percentage of alcohol. The main advantage of the technique is retention of fruit character via a slower rate of fermentation and a lower fermentation temperature. Look out for Roseworthy Maceration Carbonique 1984, Hickinbotham Anakie Cab Mac or Montrose Shiraz Nouveau (Carbonic Maceration).

Pinot Noir is the great grape of Burgundy, and few other red varieties match its warmth, floral character, richness and, most importantly, finesse. The Pinot Noir plantings in Australia are still small but growing (no pun intended) all the time. They're concentrated, not surprisingly, in South Australia, but the most famous Pinot Noir wines have hailed from the Hunter, and the future indicates Victoria's Yarra Valley.

Merlot is just getting underway in Australia. Used mostly for blending with Cabernet Sauvignon and Cabernet Franc, Merlot wines are the leaders in the red wine miniboom in California. Mellow, soft, rich and low in tannic acid, Merlots mature more quickly and are drinkable younger than most Cabernets. Good choices are Renmano Chairman's Selection Bin 540 Merlot 1983, Tollana Merlot 1983 and Taltarni Merlot 1983.

Malbec, like Merlot, is usually found in blends, principally with Shiraz and Cabernet, or both. Plantings are limited in Australia. Malbec wines are generously flavored, berry-like and herbaceous. For straight Malbecs, take a look at Rouge Homme Malbec 1982, Morris Malbec, Bleasdale Malbec, and Mildara Coonawarra Malbec.

Cabernet Sauvignons are generally higher in tannin and acid, and mature slowly. However, some lighter bottlings do shelter under the fresh-and-lively umbrella. Trial and error is the major route, but bear in mind that Cabernets from the Clare, Barossa and Southern Vales tend to be full-bodied but soft on the finish, and Coonawarra are more fruity.

Still at a loss? There's always the safety net of Beaujolais Noveau and Villages. — *Elisabeth King*

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AVARICE

LESSONS IN LUCRE

I once spent three hours in Bangkok looking for the best price on a Singha Beer T-shirt. In the end it cost me 50 Australian cents less than the original price I was offered.

If you work it out, my bargain-hunting netted me about 16 cents an hour. Given that I was then working for a branch of the ABC and being paid about 18 cents per hour, I would have been marginally better off had I bought the first shirt I'd seen and spent the rest of the time working.

Which brings us to all the Australian purveyors of the cheap and nasty and the just not good enough.

I'm no different from you guys. I love those big air-conditioned barns full of bargains. I love to get the colored brochures and pore over them to see if I shouldn't buy a 39-piece metric/SA socket set for $7.99, or would I be better off getting the 53-piece set for $13.99? To this day I still don't know which is the better buy, but I do know this: they're both pretty crappy.

A basic law of economics: you only get what you pay for. You'll pay a minor European noble's ransom for a good set of Sidchrome tools that'll pull ten thousand motor cars to pieces before they even lose their shine.

Another basic economic precept: horses for courses. If you plan to spend the rest of your days working with the tools, buy Sidchrome. But if it's just the odd motor you have to pull down once in a while, stick with the supermarket rubbish. Even if they break, you'll still be better off buying a new set for ten bucks.

I once pulled an MG to bits with a cheap tool set. Just when I went to put it all back together again, the ratchet arm broke. But it only broke in one direction — in the unloosening-the-nuts direction. I could still tighten things. So I did. I still have that ratchet arm. I'm waiting for the new one to break in the opposite direction and I'll still be able to undo and do up again without spending a fortune.

Of course, the fact that half the little sockets either don't fit the nuts they're supposed to or only have a quarter-drive, which won't take the torque required, goes without saying.

I broke my $3 Waiter's Friend corkscrew the other day after eight years of not infrequent use. Then I saw one in the supermarket for 89 cents. It broke on the second cork.

Bargains? Schmargains.

Credit is a wonderful thing. I mean, what would you rather be: square with the books or a million dollars in debt? I'd be the latter if I could, because to be in debt for so much one must have had, at some time, that much money.

Quite possibly, to be in debt for a million dollars *and* in Paraguay at the same time is an even better proposition, but . . .

Of course, there's credit and then there's credit. Bank finance is usually the best. (That is, after your Dad. You can always stiff your Dad.) Which is why most of us continue to save with the banks despite the vast array of superior financial services available from the non-bank financial institutions (NBFIs to those in the know, building societies etc to the hoi-polloi). The NBFIs may pay more on savings and have prettier girls, but when you have to borrow you can't beat a bank.

For many of us an overdraft may seem out of the question, but this can sometimes be the best way of borrowing. This is because overdrafts are unstructured loans: they allow you to repay them when and how you like. You're not tied down to boring old monthly payments — compulsory and inescapable. You can borrow when you like and, up to your limit, as much as you like.

The overdraft can often be cheaper than, say, a personal loan, despite the horrendous rates the banks are charging for overdrafts these days. The trick is to either be on a fair screw or be a good saver.

Even if the bastards put you on what they call a fully drawn advance (FDA) — an overdraft paid out to the limit straight away and upon which you pay not only interest but the establishment fee and quarterly line fee — you could still be better off than if you took out a personal loan, which often has an establishment fee as well.

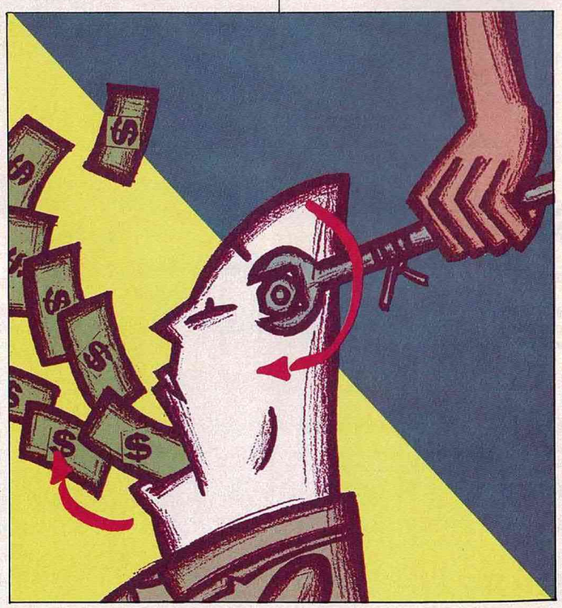
It's just a matter of doing the sums before you sign up.

A monthly personal loan repayment is determined by adding the amount borrowed to the interest charges over the entire period of the loan, and then dividing by the number of months in the period. If you want to pay it off early, the dreaded rule of '78 comes into play — which, to cut a long story short, means you end up paying more than what I reckon is a fair thing (me being a net borrower; I may think otherwise if I were a lender). Oh yes, and add any establishment fees or compulsory insurances and stamp duties and so on to calculate the total cost of the loan.

Then work out the sums on the FDA. Work out how long you reckon you'll need to pay it off, calculate the interest payments for that period, include establishment, loan administration and line fees and any other imposts, and compare with the cost of the personal loan.

The last time I worked it out, if you wanted to borrow, say, $2000 or less and could repay it quickly, the FDA was the better bet — or was it the other way around? I suppose you'll have to work that one out for yourself.

But remember, when you ask the bank manager about it and he answers you, the odds are he's lying. That's the lesson of the month. (The lesson of the decade is how to screw your bank manager — and that, dear reader, is a lifetime occupation.) — *David Quicksilver*



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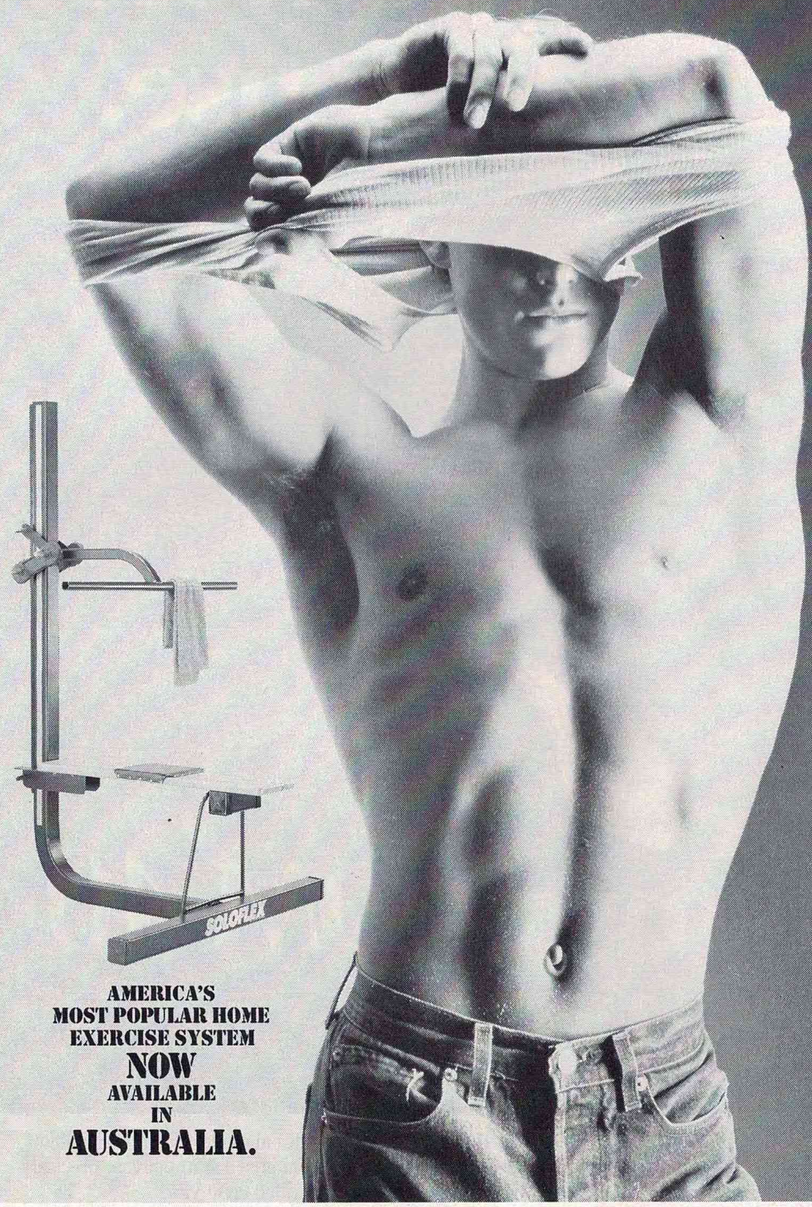

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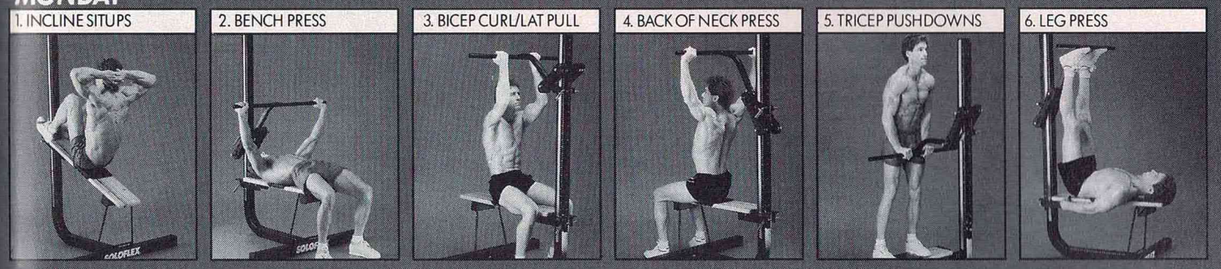

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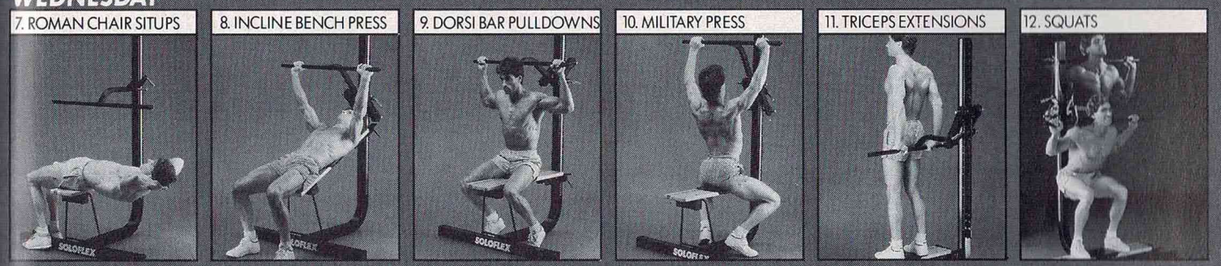

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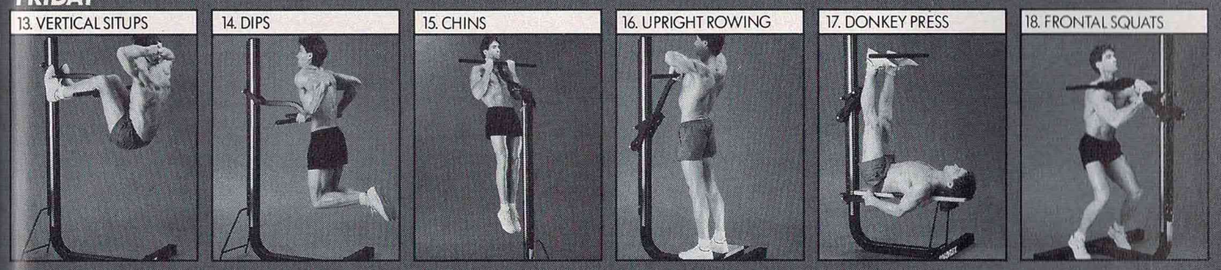

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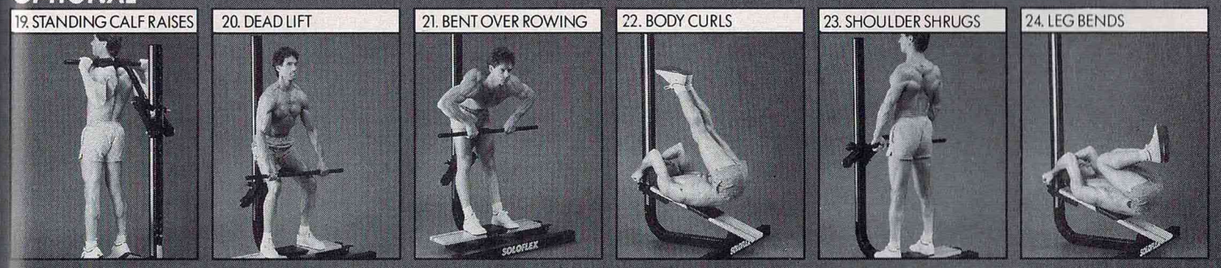

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THE HOUSE RULES

BY FRANK LLOYD

He's a fresh-faced, friendly, cheerful young man — the antithesis of the cold-eyed, steel-nerved stereotype usually associated with professional gamblers. Yet Zeljko R. is one of the world's best blackjack players. The name reflects a Yugoslav background, but Zeljko is an all-Australian boy who learned his highly specialised trade at the Wrest Point and Launceston casinos in Tasmania.

His system was developed by American mathematicians using sophisticated computers, but was so little-known in Hobart that Zeljko's university statistics lecturer ridiculed him publicly for wasting his time and money on it. Eventually, however, the casino operators came to fear the appearance of the young maestro of the blackjack table. They were much relieved when Zeljko found he could afford to head off for greener pastures overseas, where he joined the tiny, semi-underground society the world's elite blackjack players.

But now the monstrous Jupiters Casino,

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

HOUSE RULES

on Queensland's Gold Coast, has opened for business. On the first day of serious play, November 24, 1985, Zeljko strides on to the casino floor. There are 74 blackjack tables in all, with eager players occupying almost every seat. Only the high minimum tables (where players have to bet at least $25) are surrounded by empty seats, so Zeljko sits at one of them and throws a few $100 bills on the table. The dealer begins to change them into chips.

"Just a minute," says the inspector, eyeing the young man narrowly. Zeljko doesn't recognise him, but he recognises Zeljko. (Later it emerges that the former chief of security from the Launceston casino is at this stage working for Jupiters, and the story is that he had "acquired" from there a set of photographs of the handful of Tasmania's expert blackjack players.)

"Don't change his money," says the inspector to the dealer. Then to Zeljko: "We don't want your action. You can play any other game in here, but not blackjack."

"But why?"

"*Casino Control Act* — Section 92," replies the inspector coldly.

And that's that. This casino can, if it so chooses, refuse to deal to a law-abiding member of the public, while the Queensland Government officially sanctions this action by virtue of its *Casino Control Act*.

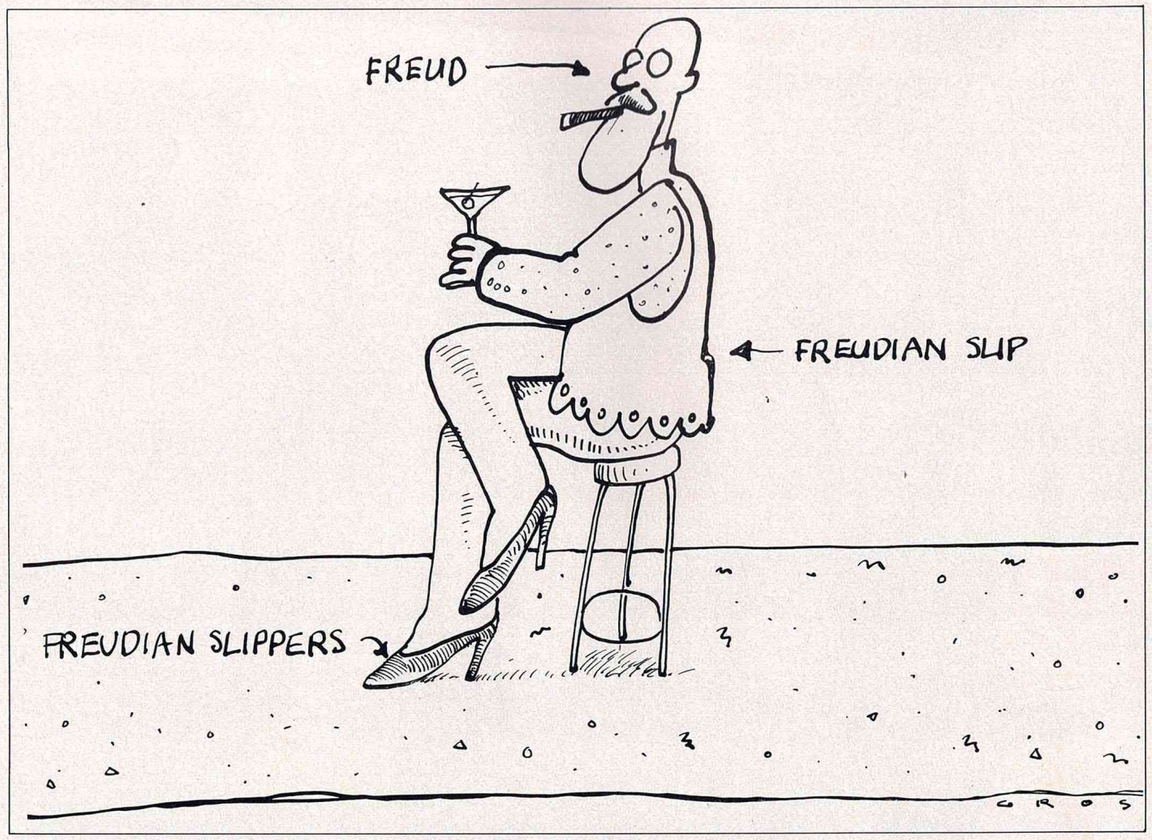
That's where a major problem for Australia's newest industry lies: the apparent policy of the various states of granting *private monopolies* to casino owners. It's all happened quite suddenly. At the same time as Jupiters was opening in a blaze of publicity, NSW Premier Wran announced the closure of the many small gambling houses in that state and their eventual replacement by one giant casino in Sydney. The Adelaide casino opened in early December last year, and the huge one in Perth followed soon after. There are now casinos existing or planned in every state and territory except Victoria and the ACT. And because of the monopoly situation, the future looks as rosy for the giant casino operators as it is grim for the paying customers. Those monopolies mean a complete absence of choice for the gambler and an inevitable tendency toward bad service and arrogant attitudes — the features of a monopoly in any industry.

It's happened before in another part of the world, but only by accident. In 1976 the voters in the US state of New Jersey approved a referendum which sought to allow gambling, but only in Atlantic City. Only a company named Resorts was optimistic about the success of the referendum, and only Resorts was prepared to start the complex licensing procedure immediately. Consequently, when the company opened its casino in May 1978, for about eight months it had a monopoly position.

The New Jersey Casino Control Commission intended no such thing. With the American ethos of free competition, the eventual establishment of many casinos was simply assumed. But it took time for other companies to make the commercial decisions involved, and in the meantime, Resorts started to make astounding profits, beating the gamblers out of half a million US dollars per day.

The Resorts casino was a remarkable sight, with lines of gamblers waiting for the doors to open in the morning and wall-to-wall players in the casino all day and night. Prices in the restaurants were sky high, and "comps" — the free meals handed out routinely in Las Vegas to high-stakes gamblers — were almost unobtainable, as were seats at the blackjack tables.

The scene at Jupiters on its ritzy opening weekend was very similar. The gamblers were crammed into the place, especially around the Two Up game, and presumably when the first profit figures are announced, we will be as stunned as the American public was by the Atlantic City figures. In its tone, its procedures, and even its architecture, the Gold Coast casino is eerily similar to the more recent ones to open in Atlantic City. That's no accident, because Hilton, the Jupiters casino operator, was about to open the newest casino in Atlantic City in May, 1985. But at the last minute its licence was refused by the New Jersey Casino Control Commission.



The big difference is that the Jupiters monopoly situation is a long-term one. Somehow, the Queensland Government has been persuaded, like the Tasmanian and West Australian Governments, that it's so difficult for a casino to make a profit it must be granted a 15-year monopoly. Indeed, in Tasmania there has been much congratulation of Federal Hotels for its amazing ability to make a profit from such a complex and difficult industry . . .

This is all ludicrous. The casino industry has its special difficulties, just as any industry does, but the overall degree of management skills required is no higher, and in some cases much lower, than in other industries. Yet the mystique surrounding casinos is so strong that even the Australian companies brave enough to bid on the succession of state-licensed monopoly locations have felt so insecure they have called in *foreign* companies to actually run the casinos. Thus Jennings Industries called in an American operator, Hilton, for the Gold Coast, and an Asian company will be involved in the Adelaide and Perth operations.

In its American operations Hilton is a tough, cold-hearted company, as we'll see in a while, but at least it knows the casino business well. However, the operator for Adelaide and Perth is Genting Australia, an associate of Genting Berhad, the company that runs the monopoly casino in Malaysia at Genting Highlands. That casino's operations are affected by rather quaint local customs. For example, the blackjack tables are regularly closed down when the casino has lost too much money. The blackjack "shoe" — the wooden dealing box — is supposed to have become "unlucky", and so the game is suspended for several hours while the shoe "cools off." This in the middle of a crowded casino floor where gamblers are waiting for empty seats!

It's the kind of management that in a normal competitive situation is punished by the loss of business to more fair-minded operators. This is exactly what was happening in Sydney until the casinos there were abruptly closed in December last year. A few of the city's card rooms were run by people who knew the games well and were not superstitious. Therefore they did very well, while a host of more primitive operators scratched out a living. However, with a guaranteed monopoly in Malaysia, Genting Berhad doesn't have to consider such factors. And it has now hopped into another nice monopoly in Adelaide, and an equally juicy monopoly guaranteed by the compliant West Australian Government.

By contrast, the temporary monopoly situation in Atlantic City has long since disappeared. There are now no less than 11 huge casinos in this once-faded resort, and the whole atmosphere is better.

The standard response to this argument is that without the monopoly situation organised crime couldn't be kept at bay. This is a litany devoid of logic. Organised crime has no involvement in any British casino; the inspection system, which regulates the 110 casinos there, works very well. The British casinos are private clubs, but that has no particular bearing on the inspection problem.

Queensland could have set up five or six small to medium-sized casinos along the Gold Coast; NSW could have set up a decentralised network of casinos all over the state. Gambling operations in both states could have been policed by a system of state inspectors. The gamblers' interests would have been well served, the tightly controlled casinos could have been heavily taxed (as they are in Britain), and the respective governments' revenues would have been much higher than either can hope to gain from the single monopolies they've fostered.

Typically, the public doesn't notice that it's getting a lousy deal when a casino opens in a new area. So fascinated are people by these glittering edifices, they overlook the crowded conditions and general absence of choice — for a while, at least. And for some gamblers, like blackjack master Zeljko, that absence of choice is complete.

A close reading of Queensland's *Casino Control Act 1982* confirms that the Jupiters inspector was perfectly entitled to eject Zeljko. Section 92 does *not* list the categories of people who may be excluded (cheats and drunks, for example). It simply says the casino can exclude *anybody it wants*. The ejection order has to be put in writing if the customer so demands, and after that the gambler's only avenue of redress is a written appeal to the responsible minister. The minister's decision "shall be final and conclusive and shall not be appealed against, reviewed, quashed or in any way called in question in any court on any account whatsoever." And who is the responsible minister in this case? None other than the Premier, Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen, a man who has never distinguished himself by his concern for civil liberties and the rights of the individual.

It's an ironic situation when you consider that the Queensland Government has been roundly ridiculed for its novel legislation obligating publicans to refuse service to known "sexual deviants, perverts and child molesters." But at least that legislation spells out the categories of people who are to be excluded, unlike the *Casino Control Act*.

You might imagine that a law-abiding citizen ought to be able to use his skill and judgement in order to win money from a gigantic monopoly company. In the highly competitive gambling environment of Atlantic City, the question of exclusion of gamblers merely because of their skill was settled years ago on Common Law grounds by the New Jersey Supreme

HOUSE RULES

Court. The result: Atlantic City casinos have to deal to everybody.

Annoyed by his abrupt exclusion, Zeljko called in the first available reporters, who happened to be from the Brisbane *Sun*. He told them the story.

"You're joking," they responded.

Zeljko turned to his fellow expert George, also from Tasmania, also young and inoffensive-looking — but also one of only five or six players feared in that state. "Do me a favor, George: see if they'll deal to you, and take one of the reporters with you to watch."

When George threw down his batch of $100 bills, with the reporter lurking incognito at the side of the table, the casino immediately refused to deal to him. George and Zeljko left, disgusted, but the reporter was pleased. He had a good story.

It appeared two days later and was picked up by the wire service and widely reprinted. But it contained depressing evidence of uncritically pro-casino attitudes. The lead paragraph referred to Zeljko as a "card sharp." The definition of that word is a little hazy, but it has strong connotations of *cheating*.

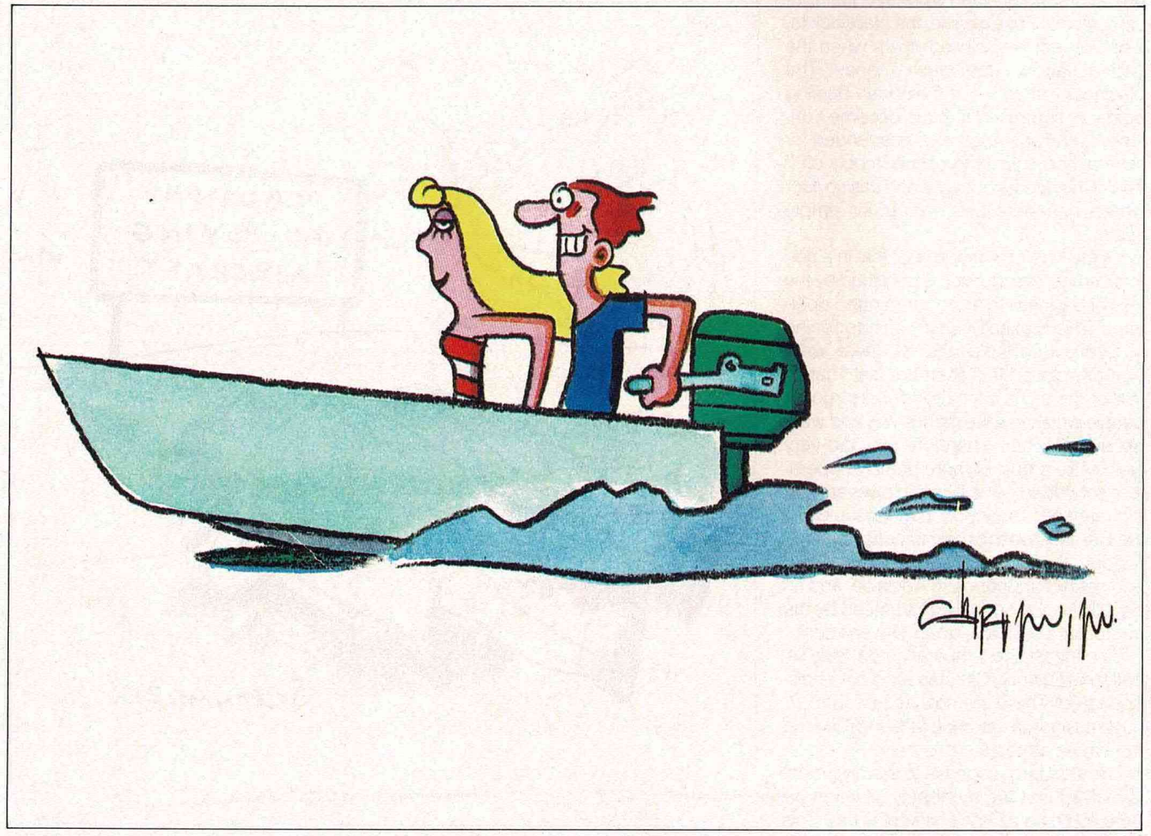
Zeljko could have tried to creep back into Jupiters by using a heavy disguise. But he was reminded of what happened to Mark Estes. Estes was an expert blackjack player who in 1976 was barred from playing in the Hilton casino in Las Vegas. This was possible because Las Vegas is in Nevada, a state which is as barbaric about such matters as New Jersey is civilised. Because this desert state has virtually only one industry — gambling — its legislature is completely dominated by casino interests. It's simpler to ascertain what the Nevada Gaming Control Board *doesn't* regulate than what it does. The rules of the games? It's up to the casinos. Hours of opening? Same thing. Who to throw out? Anybody they like.

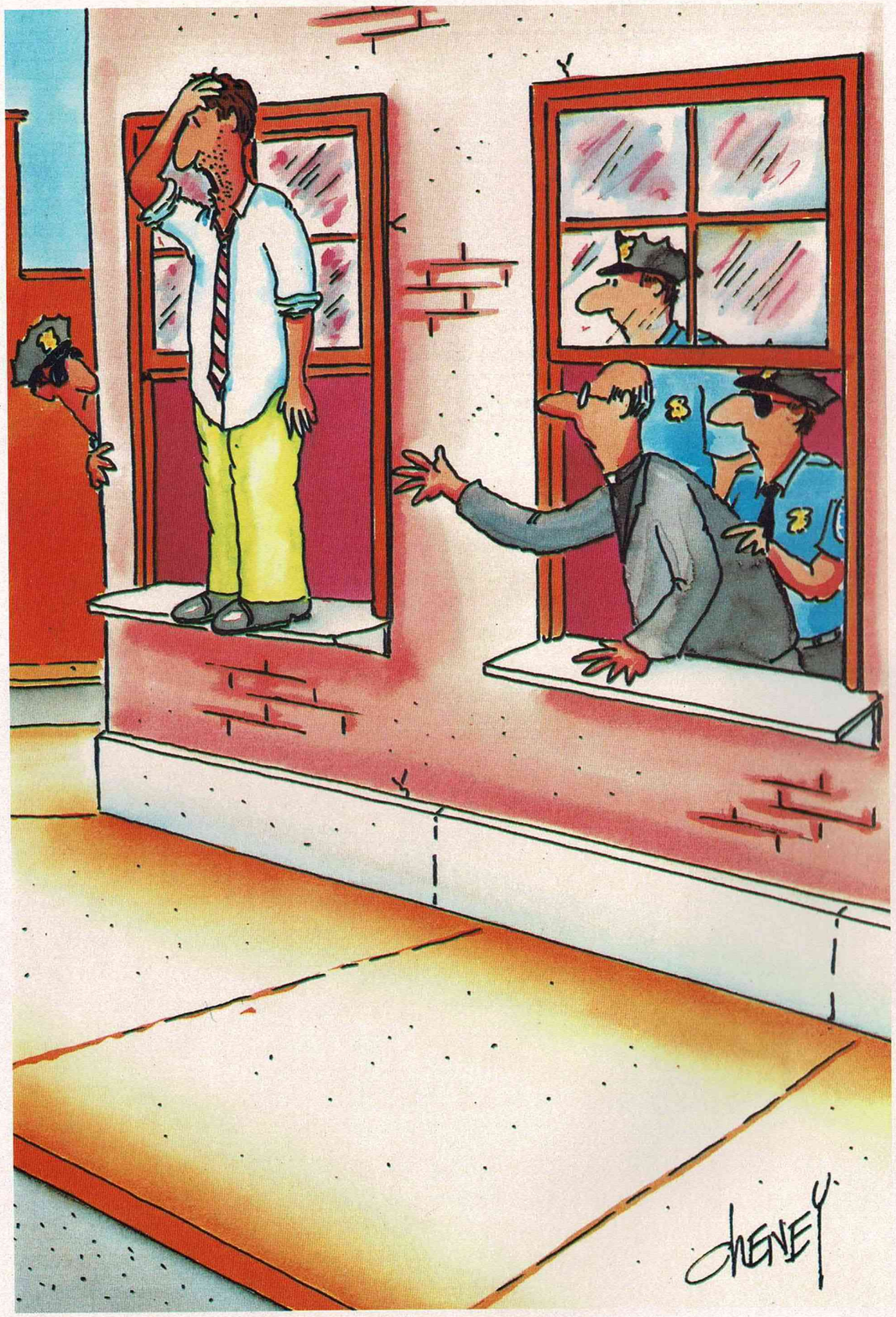
Mark Estes went back. The Hilton got angry. The inspectors called in three security guards. In Nevada, these gentlemen are not merely tough; they also carry large handguns. Not content with forcibly evicting Estes, they carried him into a back room and beat him up. That allegation is contained in a suit filed by the American Civil Liberties Union on behalf of Estes and other skilled players. The complaint says that he was "assaulted and battered, and warned that he would 'wind up in the desert with a hole in his head' if he returned." Estes backed up his claims with a bunch of photos of himself that were taken in the hospital emergency room immediately after his ejection from the Hilton casino. They clearly showed his contusions and bruises.

He commenced legal action, but it was a long and wearying battle. Many people would have given up, but Estes had the advantage of a father in the legal profession who backed him to the hilt. Even so, it took him almost five years to win the case, and he did so only by managing to get it transferred from the hopeless Nevada courts to a federal court. In 1981, a jury awarded Estes $US100,000. But the federal court judge, who was a long-time resident of Las Vegas, demonstrated the automatic sympathy towards casinos so prevalent in Nevada by seizing on a technicality and reducing the award to $US68,000.

It might be argued that the Estes case was not really indicative of Hilton's attitude because it involved the unauthorised actions of the giant company's lowest-level employees. Unfortunately, that argument doesn't hold up. The casino, far from disavowing the actions of its security guards and quietly settling out of court, chose to pursue the case with dogged determination. According to Walter Tyminski, editor of the respected gambling newsletter *Rouge Et Noir*, at one point years into the suit it was anticipated that the Hilton people were going to claim that the photos of Estes' injuries should be ignored because he inflicted them on himself deliberately by throwing his body against the walls of the room in which he was being illegally detained.

Zeljko did not try to sneak back into the Hilton-operated Jupiters casino on the fabulous Gold Coast. Perhaps he made a wise decision. OH





"During my entire life, all I ever heard was 'stupid, stupid, stupid . . .' I just want to end it."

PRIVATE DANCER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIETER SCHMIDT

Luckily for us, Susan Gabrielson was able to decide very early on in life that dancing was her future, and since then she's been dancing her way to the bank via a succession of exotic locations. Her electrifying performances have excited her audiences to fever pitch — but she insists that she saves her best routine for when she is alone.

"They're the moments I cherish most," she says. "In fact, I'm at my absolute peak tuning in those dreamy moments just when I'm waking up."

But Susan doesn't believe she'll be on the stage forever. "There's more to living, more to the world," she sighs. "Dance should reflect life, not consume it."

She hasn't ruled out a transition to acting: "All I need is a decent script to inspire me; something between *The Blues Brothers* and *9½ Weeks* will do nicely . . ."

But at the moment she's content just to sit back and let whatever happens come her way — in between sessions strutting her stuff for big bucks.

BY TONY MAGUIRE

WHO DARES

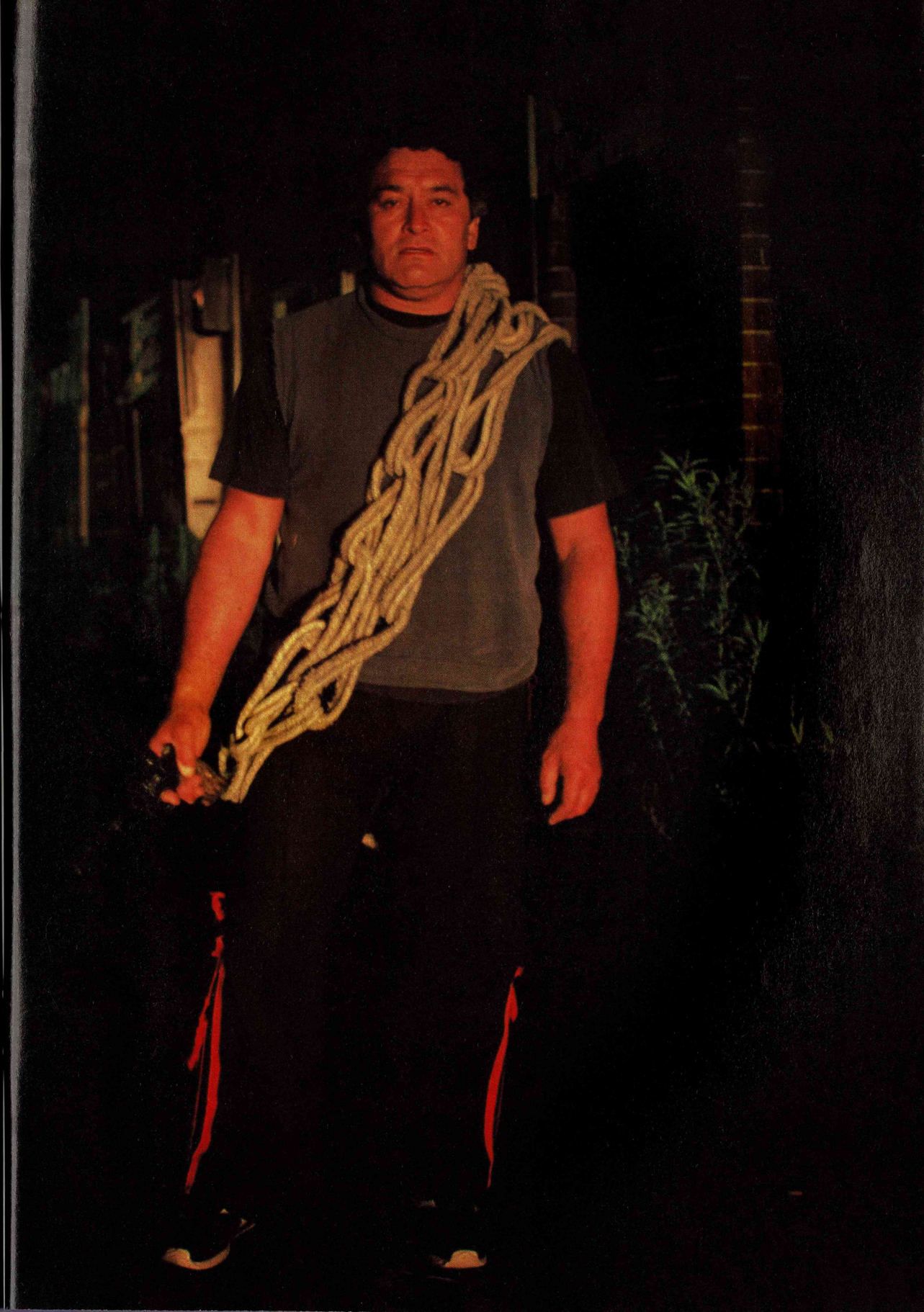
Pupils earn a diploma in dirty tricks at Rangi Nicholls' school of self defence

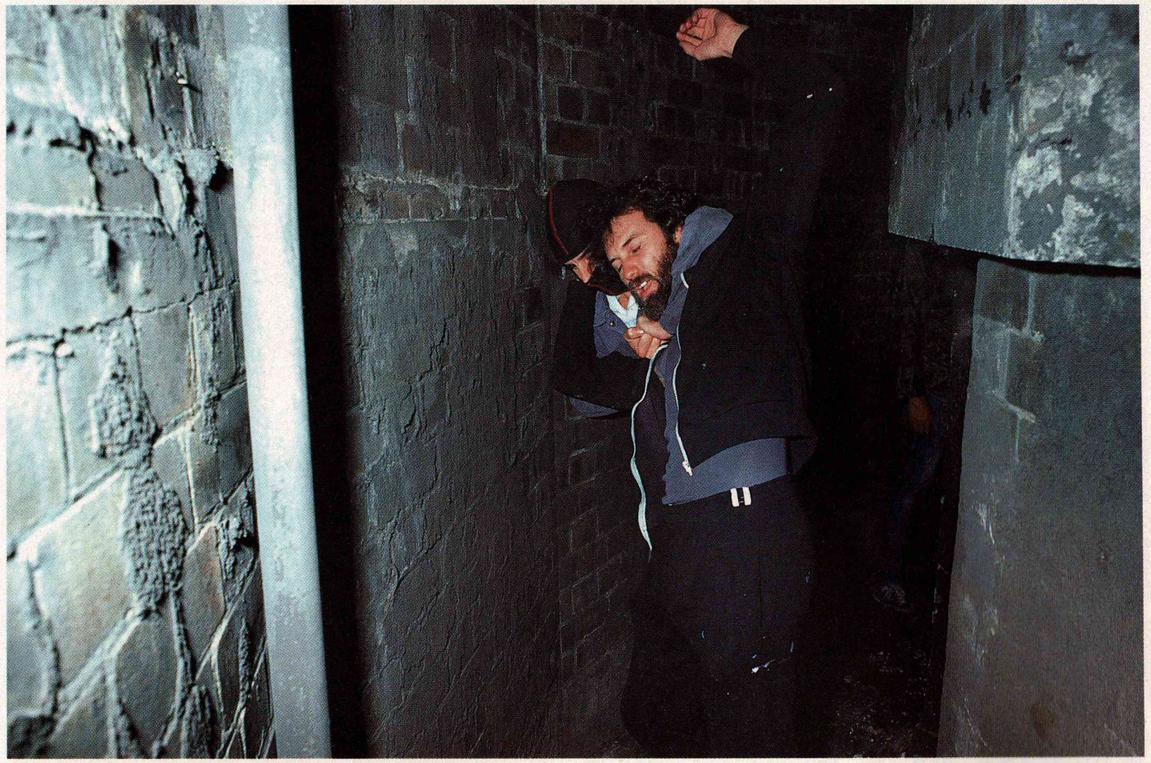
Rangi Nicholls is a 95kg Maori who was trained how to kill, maim and disarm in the select ranks of the New Zealand SAS. These days, he's passing on his skills to ordinary citizens who want to survive on the streets of Sydney. And the things Rangi teaches go beyond martial arts and into the realm of very dirty tricks.

Consider his advice on what to do if you're hopelessly outnumbered by a group of thugs, with nowhere to go but oblivion. Rangi's answer is to shit yourself — literally. "I can shit on command now," he reveals during a night training session in an inner-city park. "It's easy to shit if you're surrounded by eight people. What you do is put your hand in your pants, get a handful of crap and throw it at them. They will vomit, run for water or faint."

There's nothing scatological about the other techniques Nicholls teaches pupils at his unique combat school, called Who Dares after the Special Air Service Motto. Veterans of his course emerge as lethally honed survivors, able to defend themselves in a variety of situations from pitch blackness to underwater with a variety of weapons, including knives and guns.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRETT COCHRANE





WHO DARES

For the average urbanite who doesn't pack a gun, knife or specially trained bowel, a useful part of Nicholls' course is the one dealing with improvisational weapons training. He teaches how to flick a soap-covered toothbrush into an assailant's eyes, blinding him for a crucial few seconds. And there's the old squashed onion in the face trick, which has similar effects, or how to turn a can of hair spray into a blowtorch.

Of course, these particular tactics rely on having a toothbrush, onion or can of hairspray handy. But Nicholls says while that's true, it underscores the fact that all manner of things can be turned into weapons. A bunch of keys, for instance, can be very handy if you're walking through a dangerous area. Hold your key ring or case in your palm and slip one key between each knuckle. Your bunched fist becomes a nasty slashing weapon. Rangi advises pupils to go for the fleshy area between the cheekbone and nose. If you haven't got keys, a credit card can also cut very nicely.

The rule drummed home constantly in Rangi's classes, however, is to run away rather than fight. He also discourages gung ho, would-be Rambo types from taking the Who Dares course, although *Penthouse* did talk to one pupil who always carried a commando knife. There's no doubt that there's a strong element of Cowboys and Indians complementing Nicholls' instructions on how to maim and disarm. Nicholls and his predominantly male band clamber through tunnels and over barbed wire, and stalk each other in disused houses with many pupils turning up for classes in camouflage gear. As insurance broker Alan Davies said: "It's like going back to your second childhood. Where else can a 35-year-old bloke go and play silly buggers like this?"

As Davies spoke, a bunch of his fellow trainees were being taught how to twist a prisoner's body around a pole, trapping him there with nothing more than his own legs. A little further away, Nicholls is supervising another group who are abseiling down the side of a building. It's all systems go at Rangi Nicholls' survival academy.

Most places where the groups train are spots where actual attacks and murders have taken place. One favored area is an inner-city park which adjoins a row of abandoned houses. In the blackness of these derelict buildings Rangi orchestrates mock rapes, with a female pupil the unwitting victim. First he tells two or three men to go inside the house and lie in wait. To make the attack as real as possible, he urges them to actually rip some of the woman's clothes off. Then he ushers the girl through the front door. Before closing it he gives her vague instructions about running through the house without being caught.

Louise Jean, 24, was the victim in one such exercise, being set upon and pinned down by three men. My colleague Brett Cochrane stood on a benchtop to photograph the attack, his flash gun providing an eerie strobe-like effect to Louise's helpless struggle as her jeans were pulled down to reveal white pants and a pair of suntanned legs.

After the event Louise, an actress, burst into tears, but recovered as Rangi comforted her, explaining that it was only to demonstrate how helpless she could be in that kind of situation. A bit later, when she was more composed, Louise told me: "I felt humiliated and angry. I sort of knew they were going to attack me when I went in, but I had no idea they'd go that far."

She did concede, however, that the experience could be useful in the future. "I think it's essential to be able to defend yourself, to be aware and get out of situations before they happen," she said. "It seems to be part of living in the Eighties. Also, I want to learn how to fire a gun — you never know, I might have to use one at some time."

We'll look at the firearms training in the Who Dares course later, but first let's take in a bit of background on Rangi Nicholls, this unusual character who stages mock rapes and teaches people how to break kneecaps. Born 40 years ago in a little place called Jerusalem on NZ's South Island, he claims to have descended from a particularly fierce Maori tribe called the Ngati-Rankawa. He led an athletic childhood on his parents' farm, and from the age of ten was learning martial arts — from an aunt. At school, he excelled at boxing and most other sports, so much so that he went on to take a diploma in physical education.

From barbed wire to bowel movements. Nicholls' students of self defence run the gamut.

WHO DARES

After working for a time as a PE teacher, Nicholls got the call of the wild and found himself enlisting in the army, his aim being to get into the SAS. He soon achieved this, and after completing his training in all types of combat — plus picking up such skills as counter-revolutionary espionage, camouflage techniques and torture resistance — Rangi headed for the jungles of Vietnam and put much of it into practice. He won't say how many people he killed during his Vietnam War service, and he's not proud of it. "These days I don't even like killing an ant," he says. He did, however, give an indication of what a tough foe the Viet Cong were: "They used to cut open a cat or dog and stitch it back up with a time bomb inside. Then they'd send it into your camp. They used to do it with kids as well."

He was in the NZ SAS — which he says compares very favorably with the British parent corps — for seven years. Then, says Nicholls, he went on to do a bit of mercenary and bodyguard work, during which time he also got involved in the movie stunt business. These days he makes most of his money out of film stunt work, one of his recent assignments being to throw a knife for Paul Hogan in *Crocodile Dundee*. He also rode motorbikes and did various other things in *Mad Max III: Beyond Thunderdome* and in all has worked on 52 feature films. In the movie industry he goes by the name of Rangi Nikkora.

Nicholls lives in a quiet street in Sydney's inner-western suburbs with his wife Catherine, two young children, a blue-tongued lizard and a couple of Dobermanns. Both kids, even the three-year-old daughter, know how to attack key body pressure points in order to lay out an assailant. As they get older, Rangi will pass on other pieces of knowledge, and maybe teach them to use the M16 submachine gun that he has stashed safely out of their reach.

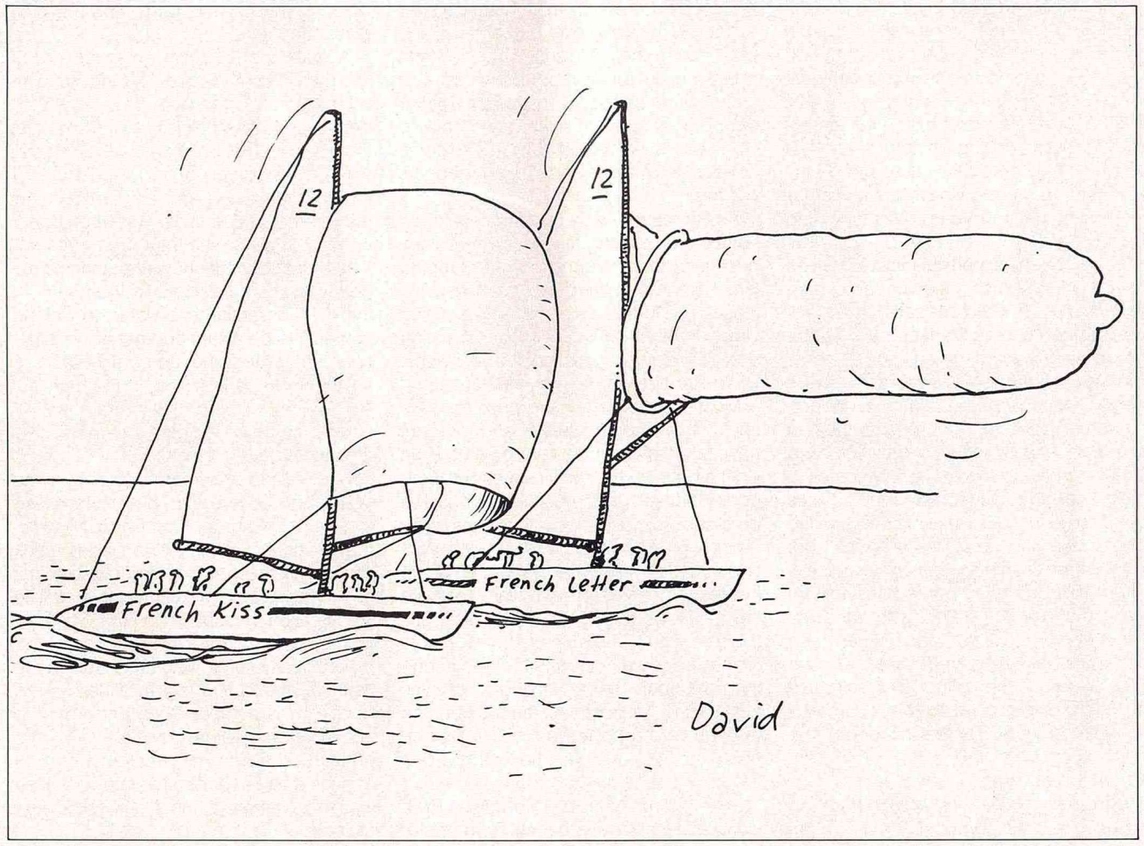
While he doesn't rate the M16 too highly, Nicholls uses it in his course to show students what they might encounter in a terrorist attack. In the seclusion of a bush location, Rangi demonstrates how the bullets from an M16 have a tendency to deflect off anything in their path, even a leaf. When he was in Vietnam, he says, the enemy would just stand there when M16s were being fired at them at long range because they knew how useless they could be in the jungle. Rangi also has access to an Israeli-made Uzi automatic weapon, which, like the M16, is favored by terrorists. The useful thing to know about the Uzi is its tendency to fire to the right of the target.

In addition, Nicholls' groups train with handguns and learn such neat tricks as how to turn a pistol into a grenade. But the firearms side of the Who Dares course is of lesser importance than the other things it covers. We've already seen a lot of the specifics that Rangi teaches, but to get a good general grasp of the whole affair you should know that he has black belts in two forms of martial art — judo and shotokan. While martial arts are all very well, Nicholls says they just don't necessarily apply to real-life combat situations where you might have to fight in confined spaces in constrictive clothing. While a karate pupil practises his art in a gym, Nicholls leads his trainees to the alleys, parks and tunnels of Sydney.

"If you're attacked by a martial arts expert, all you do is stand behind a telegraph pole or get in a telephone box so he can't use it against you," Nicholls instructs. "We teach hand-to-hand unarmed combat the way it really happens, rather than the way it should be."

According to Nicholls, "balance, momentum and leverage are the three basic principles of unarmed combat. We teach not to injure someone unless it's absolutely necessary. But when you have to, we show how to break or dislocate that part of the body which looks like doing you harm. For instance, if someone's coming at you with a baseball bat, you'd go for the arm or shoulder."

As evidence of the effectiveness of the training, one Who Dares pupil recently had an arm pulled out of its socket by an overenthusiastic comrade. That's the first real injury, aside from cuts and bruises, that anyone on the course has sustained in the



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WHO DARES

five years Nicholls has been conducting it, but in case someone has a really nasty accident he gets pupils to sign an indemnity form before they start.

I watch Nicholls and his junior instructor Mark Burden put a group of pupils through a series of drills, starting with an exercise where one person grabs another from behind. The idea here is to get your assailant to relax his grip by shoving your buttocks into his groin, then step to one side and jab him in the testicles. "I want you to really go for those balls," Nicholls shouts at the 19 men and three women.

Then he goes on to another set of moves where, once again, you're being assaulted from behind. This time your attacker has his hands around your neck. Nicholls shows how you should move your head to one side to relieve the pressure, back yourself into your attacker and grab his hands, straightening his arms with the palms upwards. "Then you break his arms like this," demonstrates Rangi, using his own arms as a fulcrum against those of a pupil who'd been playing his attacker.

In another exercise, you're taught how to disarm someone who has a pistol barrel resting against your head. You simply flick your head to the side. Your combat partner, who's holding his finger against your forehead in place of a real gun, has to say "Bang!" the moment you make your move. Invariably the "gun" is pointed off-target when that occurs, giving you the chance to knock the weapon out of his hand.

Few of Nicholls' exercises involve punching. He says: "Whenever we do something, it's only done once. We don't stand there and shape up and we teach pupils never to punch anybody in the face, because the bones in the head are very strong and can injure your hand. We teach how to use the elbows and knees rather than fists. For example, the knee bends in one direction only, and if you kick it in any of the other three directions — from the front or sides — it can be broken."

The foot is another good target, containing some 30 bones, most of which are eminently breakable. Just as effective as a well-directed boot are your teeth. "Biting is very effective," says Nicholls. "The molars can handle almost 100kg per square centimetre. So when you bite, it's best to use the side of the mouth because that's where the strength is. Bite the ears, nose, chin and mouth."

If you've been wondering how much Nicholls's course costs, the price is $320. That allows you to stay in the group indefinitely. At the moment there are around 50 people participating and he's put through a similar number. Training sessions are held on two nights during the week, plus each weekend.

Nicholls claims the subscription fees barely cover the expenses of Who Dares. There's the wages of his junior instructor, then the purchase of things like ropes, crampons, batons and guns.

If his motives for conducting the course aren't pecuniary, what are they?

"Society has degenerated to the stage where you must be able to protect yourself," states Nicholls flatly. "Every day, people are being murdered and robbed. In Sydney there's a burglary every eight minutes and a car stolen every ten.

"There are pickpockets operating in Sydney who will push people waiting to cross the street in front of an oncoming car. Just before they do it they snatch their victim's wallet or purse. Others get you in an alleyway and force you on to your stomach with your head in the gutter and smash your face against the edge of the footpath. Even children of 11 and 12 are attacking people in the streets. It's got out of hand and there aren't enough police to do anything about it. If we're not careful, the whole fabric of society will collapse."

And so Rangi Nicholls has come to lead and instruct a group of like-minded people who don't want to walk the streets in fear.

Some people might say they've watched one *Rambo* movie too many, but their chances of becoming victims of a serious crime are a few notches lower than the average man's.

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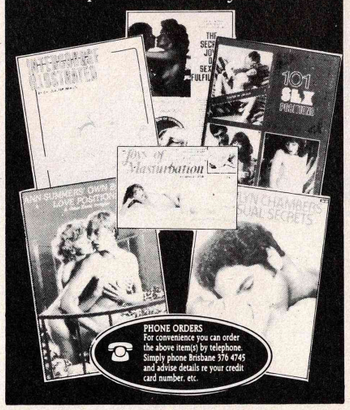
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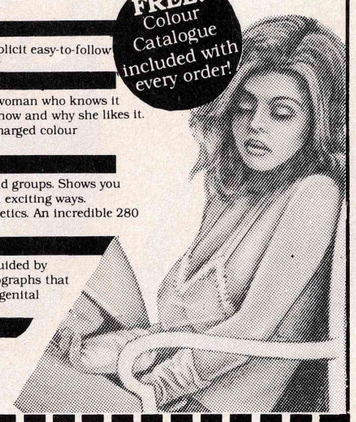

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JULIA

Furniture from Tech-Style; Garments from L'uomo; Underwear from Raymond Castles; Jewellery from Four Winds Gallery; Shoes from The Department Store Annexe; Sunglasses by Jonathon Sceats.

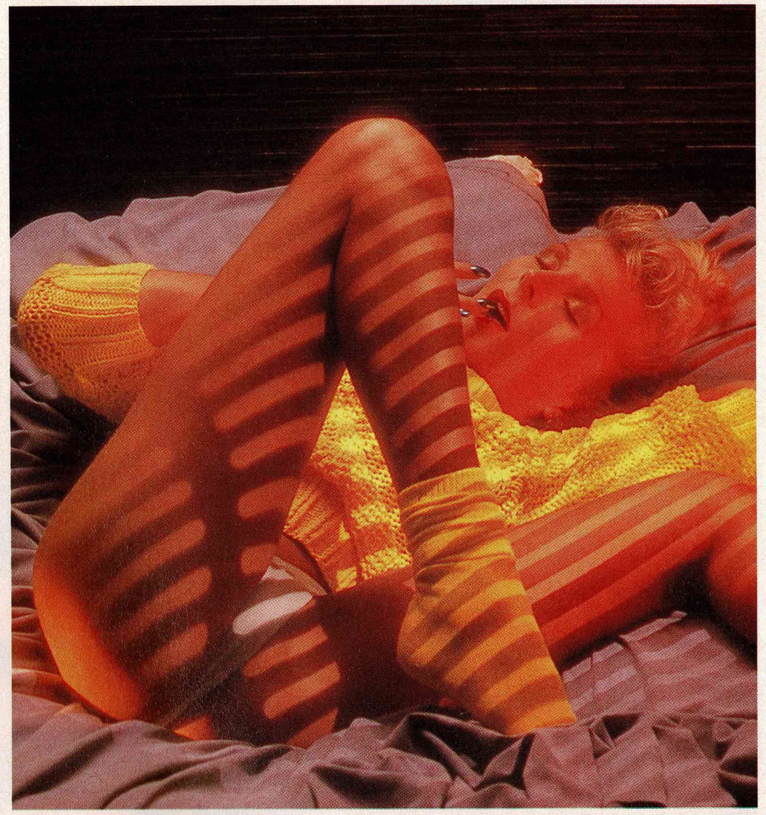
Atop a piano in a Cairns bar there sits a photo of Julia Sommers in all her glory. In it the tall slim blonde lies langorously across the pinao, champagne glass in hand, wearing nothing but an enticing smile. The photo is replaced with alarming regularity — not for the sake of variety, but for the fact the locals keep pinching it.

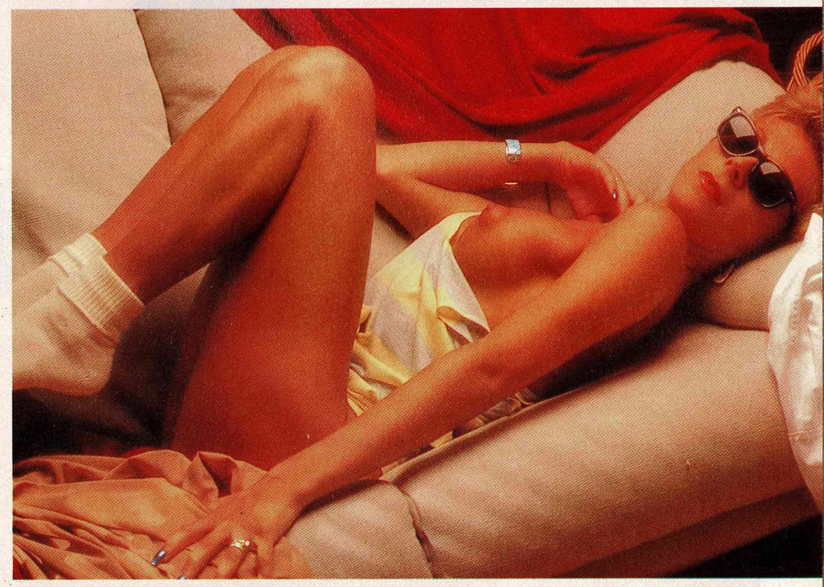
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEREMY TAYLOR

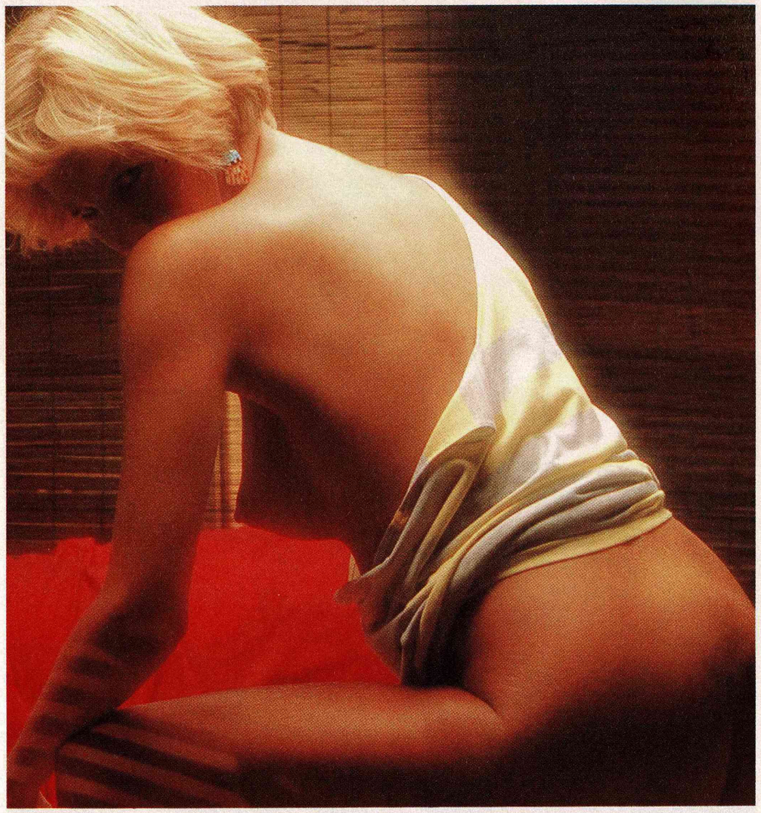
STATE OF EXCITEMENT

Julia found herself working on Australia's Carnal Coast as a waitress and part-time model during an extended working holiday from her home city of Perth. Before leaving the State Of Excitement she worked as a chef. These days dancing pays her bills.

She now lives in Sydney, holding down a steady position as a dancer. Julia wants to settle down for good on the east coast and her dearest wish is to find a man, marry and — as they say in the fairytales — live happily ever after.







But not before having her fun. She's determined to fulfil a fantasy of making love in a paddy wagon, but is unsure whether to commit a crime or employ alternate means to get inside one. "In my fantasy the doors are open so everyone can see," says Julia, "so maybe I should stick to the straight and narrow." So much less antisocial that way, but an arresting sight to be sure.

JULIA SOMMERS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

BY GREG HUNTER

OPAL FEVER

Australia's quintessential gemstone makes glorious fools of the men who mine it

"You've been down digging and you've put your pick into a bit of opal and you see that color in the wall, and it's like the bloody lights of London turned on . . . and for the next week you wake up in the middle of the night and you can see these bloody great opals flashing at you — colors as vivid as lightning, and so *real*. When you've seen this, when you've actually put your pick into it — well, that's it. You'll forever go on looking for more."

The speaker of those words is suffering from opal fever. You've heard that term before — but it's not a trite throw-away line, nor an inadequate way of encapsulating what happens when men, whatever their antecedents, come into contact with precious opal. In the northern NSW town of Lightning Ridge and in the fields surround-

PHOTO BY MILTON WORDLEY/HORIZON

Photo by Gunther Deichmann/Weldon Trannies

Seam Opal can be mined with little more than a pick and a hoist or, as here, a drill.

OPAL FEVER

ing it, which supply almost all of the world's black opal, the condition is as commonplace and as easily diagnosed as toothache. There are two symptoms: an overwhelming love of the gem itself and an irrational conviction that after years of near-fruitless endeavor, tomorrow is the day.

A couple of years ago I landed in the Ridge to research a story about the wide-combed shearing dispute. The editor of the *Lightning Flash* told me: "Forget about shearers. We don't care about them. We only care about opal. We are possessed by opal, *besotted* by opal." There's no doubt that's true, but the reason for it is far from obvious. Although black opal is the most precious of all varieties, opal fever in the Ridge has very little to do with money.

In his book *Australian Precious Opal*, Archie Kalokerinos writes: "At Lightning Ridge it is the beauty of the opal that controls most of everything. At Coober Pedy it is money and the men who come to get it." There's not a miner in these parts who won't agree with that statement, nor one who hasn't gone hungry for months — even years — rather than part with a treasured stone. Greed isn't what opal fever is all about. There are some — mainly the wives of miners who've sacrificed everything in their quest for the perfect opal — who say the gem has a supernatural power to promote this "evil" obsession; others have tried to explain it by linking the miner's tender appreciation of the stone with his attitude to the harsh, uncompromising but uniquely beautiful outback country that spawns it — for opal is quintessentially the gemstone of the real Australia. Ultimately, though, the mystery of opal fever can only be penetrated by recording the stories of the individuals who come to these fields from all corners of the globe to live and die for black opal. They are men who've turned their backs on a more mundane existence to be their own bosses, to live as far as possible without rules, and above all to pursue a romantic dream. Those who don't share that dream call them "glorious fools."

There is a law that governs all conversation on the opal fields: "No names, no pack drill." Everyone has a reason for concealing his identity; for some it's the simple imperative of avoiding tax on hard-won income, while others have more pressing concerns: gambling debts, alimony payments, or worse. Around dusk in the Glengarry Hilton pub you might find men like Handle Bar Harry, Long Pat, Castro, Chequebook Billy, Super Len and Freddie The Fox — and if there's a John Smith among them, he isn't an opal miner.

LES — THE FULL-TIMER

Les is a miner's miner. Near-toothless, bedraggled, with a lifetime of hardship etched into his thin face, he scorns the comforts of Lightning Ridge ("It's not a frontier town anymore"), preferring the traditional austerity of a humpy at Carter's Rush, about 70 kilometres to the southwest. The rugged exterior belies a sensitivity in his voice and manner, especially when the subject turns to opal.

The fever struck Les in the usual way. An itinerant worker, he and his wife arrived at Lightning Ridge in '74 to have a look around. Les had no previous interest in opal, but when the town was cut off by floods for three months he couldn't avoid hearing the sort of tales on which the Ridge was built. "We couldn't register a claim because of the flood, so we just poked around in shallow ground about four feet deep — an abandoned shaft — and that's where I found it: a red on black [the most precious variety] about two inches square." Les's piece cut a stone of five carats for which he got $2500. It would have been worth ten times that much today. "From then on I was hooked; it *seemed so simple*. I stayed there for 18 months and never found another one."

Les left the Ridge for The Grawin, a field near Carter's Rush, in '77. Somewhere along the line his wife dropped out of the team, leaving him to pursue his fortune alone. "She just got jack of it — living on kangaroo meat, emu meat, whatever — and she didn't share my dream. She just didn't believe in it. I told her I wasn't leaving until I got back what I came with — a car, a caravan, and a quid."

Now Les makes "about 50 bucks a week if I'm lucky; sometimes you don't get nothing." He hasn't got the money to set himself up in the Ridge, where the odds on striking a jackpot are marginally better. Black opal occurs there in "nobbies" and the modern method of extraction involves a "wet puddler", a truck, a hoist and a compressor. But seam opal can be mined with nothing more than a pick and a hoist, and there's always the chance — the remote chance — of getting a "big quid." Les is convinced he'll do just that. "It's all right to say: 'Why don't you give it away?' — but you keep gettin' trace, see? In seam country, if you get a good consistent color, it's just gotta come in. Well, that's what you keep thinkin' . . . and it doesn't happen. That claim of mine is carrying good trace, predominantly red . . . well, you *gotta* keep lookin', haven't you."

It isn't that Les is blind to reality. He realises that very, very few miners get that big quid. Secrecy governs all conversation about opal strikes and no-one expects a genuine answer to the question: "Found any opal lately?" But locals reckon that of all the men mining seam opal in these outlying fields — Glengarry, The Grawin and Carter's Rush — there wouldn't be more than one who'd make a strike of $30,000 in any given year. Even then, according to Les, "The hardest part of opal mining is getting rid of it for a reasonable price. If you find a big one, buyers will say: 'Put a hammer through it, mate, and I'll buy the bits off you.' The buyers do a lot better than miners do; some say they make 200 percent profit."

Well then, why be an opal miner? "I just couldn't imagine anyone going back to work for a boss after living this life. Everyone around here thinks the same way. The life for me has been rewarding — fantastic — even though my wife's gone and all my money and things. It's still worth it. I don't care about money, as long as I've got the chance of finding a beautiful stone." Les looks at the ground for a moment, pensive, then announces: "I might go up to Queensland and have a crack at that boulder opal. Beautiful stones up there — real pretty red opal."

The firelight picks up a glimmer of hope in his tired old eyes. He knows, though, that he'll probably die on these opal fields, penniless and alone. He's a happy man.

BILLY — THE OLD-TIMER

Billy is the kind of prospector that camera-toting tourists dream of. With his magnificent white beard, flowing locks and toothless grin, he looks and is every inch an opal miner of the old school. Having emigrated from Liverpool, England in the Fifties, he performed on the stand-up comedy circuit with the likes of George Wallace and Joe Martin, pulling in up to 300 pounds a week before heading off to live a more independent life, first as a gold miner, then in search of sapphire. He found none of either. What was next? "We decided to spend a weekend at Lightning Ridge — this was 19 years ago — and reckoned if we didn't do any good we'd scrap it. I went down a vacant claim and got a red on black worth $1000 on the first day. That did it."

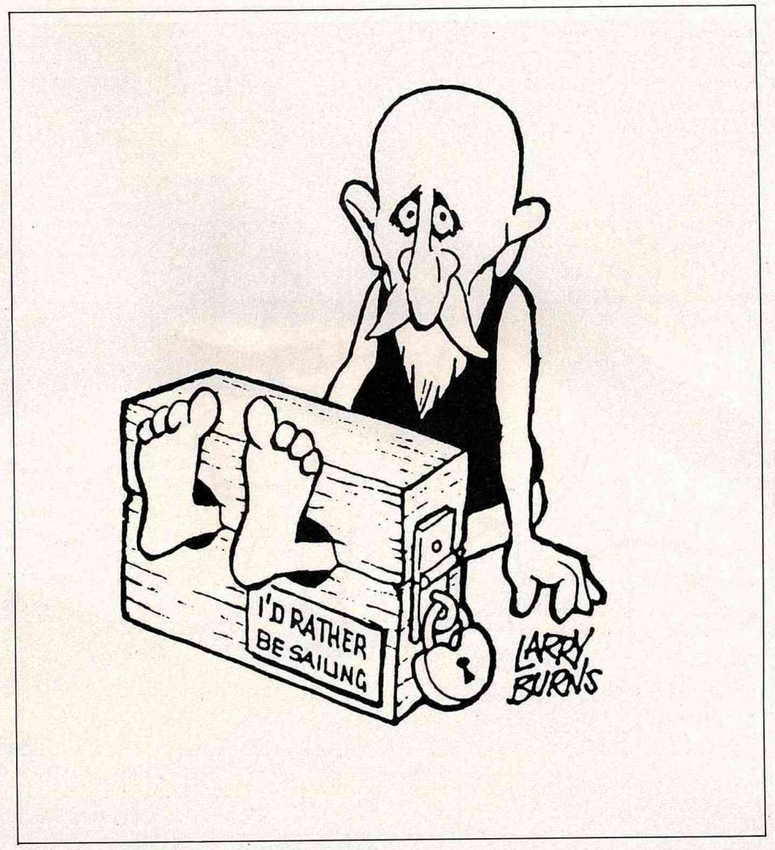
Billy doesn't know how much opal he's gouged out of the Ridge in the past two decades, but he remembers some big strikes and some high times amid all the hardship — and for the opal mining fraternity that's a good enough return. "I had a partner who I used to get quite drunk with at times. One weekend we dug $75,000 out of our claim so we went down to Sydney. We had a wonderful fortnight . . . I had $10 left when I got back to the Ridge. I don't know why I blew my share so fast. Maybe I didn't really want it. It was just money, and at the time we thought, well, there's plenty more where that came from."

There wasn't, in fact, but that attitude is commonplace among opal miners and prevails even when times are tough. Billy remembers a group of three mining partners who made a strike worth $9 million, "maybe 16 or 17 years ago. They came back here three years ago, flat broke. Nobody knows how they got rid of it all. They just spent it. Another time we had a Kiwi here who struck it pretty big, so he drove his car to Sydney and came back with this great big American thing — a red convertible. He rolled it on the way back down to the city and just left it on the side of the road. Most of it's still there."

Billy never met a lady who was prepared to live the frontier life, and besides, he's more interested in booze than women. But he's seen a lot of men — mates — lose their wives and kids while in the grip of opal fever, "and it never occurred to them not to go on mining." That's a symptom, but what's the cause? "A lot of people," he responds, "come through here and say opal does nothing for them. Well, they haven't *seen* a really good stone. The best stones never seem to show the same colors twice, or the same *pictures*. I had one beautiful stone which I called 'The Art Gallery' because it always showed a different set of pictures. I hocked it to someone for $30 and he sold it before I could buy it back."

Minor and major tragedies like that are deeply intertwined in the fabric of existence on the opal fields. For the miners they provide a poignancy without which life seems barely worth sustaining. Billy's greatest reversal of fortune was the theft of his favorite stone — a harlequin (the most prized opal pattern) worth $4000. "I know who the thief is — or *was*," he adds cryptically, declining to elaborate. He never got it back.

On another occasion, Billy unearthed a



OPAL FEVER

red on black stone that he knew would have to be worth around $4000 if it would cut — but it had a sliver of sand running through it, and if it didn't cut it would be worthless. Desperate for a quid, he decided to sell it to a mate for $50. "He kept it for two years before he had it cut. It produced a $3000 stone, a $200 stone and a $150 stone — beautiful colors." The one that got away.

Those losses are more than compensated by the sheer spine-tingling excitement of a strike. "When you get down there you never know what you're gonna get — it's a lottery where every man has an equal chance. And when your pick pushes through the dirt and hits that stone, it *rings* — that's the thing."

Billy turned his back on the glamor of showbiz to spend his working days 50 feet underground. Why? He responds seriously: "Now I'm an opal miner, and I don't give a damn about anything."

CASTRO — THE ENTREPRENEUR

He looks like Castro but sounds more like Blackbeard. From a small caravan on the opal field at Glengarry, Castro surveys his domain and, in the thickest West Country accent imaginable, pontificates about opal while his mysterious Portuguese servant scuttles around preparing dinner. "I do everything, matey. I cut in Sydney on display, I've got three shops supplied with opal, I buy opal — not so much as I did — I talk on opal, and I've mined every way there is, from wet puddlers to dry puddlers, blowers to rumblers, jackhammers — you name it, I've done it." Apart from his outlandish moustache, Castro has a full set of teeth, and that in itself marks him as different around here. The ostentatious jewellery reinforces the image. Opal has treated him well.

Before making it to the Ridge, Castro went through 27 different jobs in as many countries. He sought adventure and found plenty of it on five continents. When he first heard the name "Lightning Ridge", it conjured up visions of jagged cliffs and a stormy night in Dodge City. Castro had to get there. "Where's the opal, then?" he asked an old-timer when he bowled into town at Christmas, 1968. "If I knew that I wouldn't be standing here," was the obvious reply. It was a disappointing introduction, compounded by the fact that the Ridge turned out to be as flat as a tack. But two years later the pace of events took a dramatic upsurge, and Castro had the smarts to get a piece of the action.

Prior to 1970, the Glengarry opal field was virgin paddock. Then came the rush, and for three years these few acres of uncharacteristically hilly ground supplied the world with the majority of its black opal. "There was more and better quality black opal than anybody had ever *seen* before. I got here a bit late because I was cut off by floods, so I never got a good claim. I was sort of on the fringe of it. But I remember seeing these three fellers sitting on their arses having a smoke at one o'clock in the afternoon, and I said: 'What the hell sort of time is this to be knocking off?' They told me to look inside this shit bucket they had with them — one of those big eight-gallon ones — and it was half filled with good-quality green opal . . . four *gallons* of opal. I said, 'Bloody hell, you haven't done badly' — and then I found out they'd filled another one that morning. By Jesus, they had 12 gallons of opal. That was worth a hell of a lot of money."

Just down the slope from the Glengarry Hilton, where the remaining dozen or so miners on this field ritualistically congregate at dusk to discuss anything other than how much opal they've found, there's a patch of ground called "Millionaire's Gully." In his role as a buyer, Castro wandered down there one day and asked a miner whether he had any good stuff to unload. The miner told him to come down the shaft and have a look. "He pointed to the wall of the drive — and on the top seam there was red opal, and just below that it was red and orange, then there was orange and green, and a bit below that was a big, thick bar of blue. It was the ultimate, really — the original Aladdin's Cave. And this old miner — he's still here — says to me: 'You tell me what you want and I'll dig it out for you.'"

There were only 14 good claims in Millionaire's Gully, but nobody could estimate how many millionaires it produced; stories of fortunes made and lost are thick on the ground at the Glengarry Hilton. One involved a miner barely out of his teens who left the place in the early Seventies with close to $200,000 burning a hole in his pocket. "He went away in a sports car which he pranged, bought two more in the next two years, was seen in Surfers Paradise with a girl on each arm and a cigar stuck in his face, and got back here after two years absolutely skint. But he had a bloody good time. Didn't regret it for a minute. That's happened a lot of times — you see their faces back at the pub and their noses are a bit redder and their guts a bit fatter, but they're back down the mine to do it all over again."

If unloading vast quantities of cash in record time is traditional among opal miners, there's one group in Glengarry who've taken the principle to a bizarre extreme. Castro tells the story: "These three young men — all country boys — came to the opal fields to find their fortune. They found it — more money than anybody I've ever *heard* of, enough to keep them in luxury for the rest of their lives if they lived to be 500 — and what did they do with it? Well, they didn't know what to do — so they buried it. And what are they doing now? Mining opal, living in humpies and an old caravan right here on this field. Jesus Christ, it's enough to make a man weep . . ."

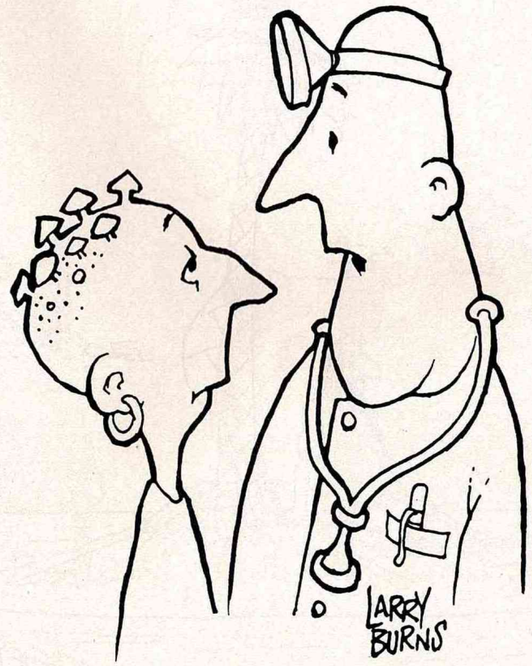
Castro has become a connoisseur of opal — that's how he made his quid — but he laments the fact that so few Australians appreciate what he calls "the gem of all gems." It was always thus. When the rare black opal first surfaced in the Ridge area at the turn of the century, it was shunned by puzzled buyers. Bewildered by that attitude, the early miners retreated into a world of their own, never relinquishing their reverence for the stone. The situation has changed little over the intervening years, and black opal still sells for far less than its real value; its rarity is such that top quality gems found today will soon become priceless heirlooms — and they'll be in the hands of Japanese and American buyers, lost to the country that produces 90 percent of the world's opal. "The paradox of it," says Castro, "is that black opal would be more precious if there was more of it. I mean, you can't even take a large selection of black opal to the States to show them and create awareness of the gem, because there just isn't enough of it."

The thing that most disgusts the opal aficionado is that the average Australian thinks of opal gems as cheap and nasty trinkets flogged to tourists for the price of a hot dinner. Those are "mug stones" and they *are* sold to mugs — but they bear no resemblance to the fiery magnificence of gem quality black opal. To prove the point, Castro once set up a stall at the Three-Mile Field at Lightning Ridge, flagged down a busload of tourists and, just for the hell of it, placed a $1000 stone in amongst a group of "muggies", offering it for a mere $15. Forty people saw that gem and no-one bought it. "They didn't even recognise it," Castrol fumes. "Still, I'd have been in trouble if someone did — it wasn't even my opal. But the sad thing," he adds, "is that Australians have missed out on such a fantastic investment. I mean, the price of opal multiplied 1000 times in the years between 1960 and 1980 — from a couple of pounds a carat to $3000. Now a top stone will sell for $5000 a carat or more, compared with $1500 for a diamond. See, you only get four or five large, quality stones in a whole year, even in a rush year — and nobody understands that except the miners."

WARREN — THE PART-TIMER

Warren understands it only too well. He knows all about the value of top quality opal; he just can't find any of it. Unlike most of his counterparts, though, Warren isn't on the bones of his arse. He makes a good living as a manufacturer back in Adelaide, but every year something draws him back to the $200 prefabricated garden shed he's set up on the edge of Carter's Rush, and to the mullock heap beside it that's grudgingly yielded him precious little: "It hasn't even paid for the petrol it takes to dig the stuff." Then the eyes light up as the fever takes over: "But it's that one chance you're looking for — you only need the one, you know. *One decent stone*. What we call a decent stone — ten carats, say — that's 40 or 50 thousand bucks. And it happens just like that — like winning the Instant Lottery. But you gotta be rich to be an opal gouger, because you've got bugger all chance of getting rich this way."

Nobody really knows where to dig for opal. On the fields there's endless talk of "faults", "slides", "blows", "potchlines" — all supposedly underground indicators of fortunes lying in wait — and there are even men who swear blind that since opal is largely water, it can be divined with a couple of pieces of bent wire. But the truth is simply this: opal is where you find it. Warren knows that; it's why he tossed a bottle of Southwark ale in the air and dug his shaft at the spot where it landed. But to illustrate the point he tells this anecdote: "When you dig a drive [a tunnel branching from the shaft at opal dirt level] you only dig it your height — so you can always tell how tall the miner in an old claim was. Well, this bloke called Super Len bought an abandoned claim alongside mine here three years ago. He's over six feet tall and every time he'd wheel his barrow past a certain section of the roof he'd bang his head on it. So he said bugger this, grabbed the bloody jackhammer and hooked into it. Bang — down she comes — 30,000 bucks worth of opal! That was the last decent



"They're magic mushrooms and what you're doing is strictly illegal."

OPAL FEVER

strike at Carter's Rush."

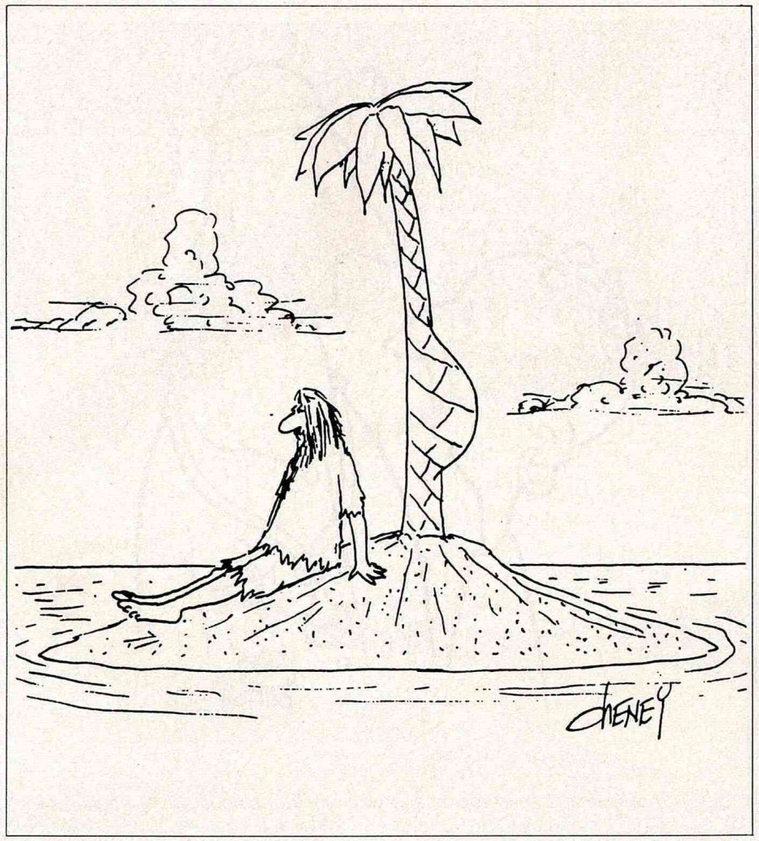
That's why no opal miner ever loses hope. Just as every opal in the world is unique, so is every claim and every shaft sunk into opal dirt — so there's never a good reason to believe that the next swing of a pick won't produce the sacred ring that spells money. Meanwhile, Warren is content with the tranquility of the opal fields and the smaller rewards that come from pitting his ingenuity against a challenging environment. "The biggest problem I've got out here is the stars," he grins. "You've gotta keep pushing the bastards out of your way."

Opal mining is an elaborate poker game in which the stakes can on rare occasions be impossibly high. When those cards finally fall his way, the miner remembers above all the credo: "Keep it dark." It's often observed that "no-one ever finds opal, but everybody's always got a beer in their hand."

The biggest threat comes from the "ratters" — the most hated of all men on the opal fields — who'd sneak into a shaft in the dead of night to snatch a man's fortune from under his nose. There are still plenty of ratters lurking about who prefer to work the "night shift" — especially in the Ridge — and for them the traditional penalty has been death by accident. But you have to catch them first, and according to Billy, "It's a lot harder to get at them now because you're not allowed to shoot them any more. You're likely to end up in jail for it." In spite of the increased presence of the law, however, frontier justice still prevails, especially on the outlying fields. "On a field like The Berlin," says Billy, "if you try any funny business you'll be down a shaft — and it won't be a Berlin shaft, it'll be somewhere else. They don't muck around out there. It wasn't that long ago when they found 12 dead ratters in the one claim. They put 50 police on that case, but it was never solved."

For a miner who's "on color", it's not easy to conceal the vital signs. He only has to break his normal routine — maybe by working strange hours down his claim, or seeing the buyer in the Ridge once too often — and speculation begins. Often a rush is based on nothing more than wishful suspicion: bullshit is the currency on the opal fields.

Another problem is the tax man. Opal miners don't pay tax. "The stuff is too bloody hard to come by," says Warren. "If the government paid me something towards my expenses, I'd be happy to pay tax on a big strike. But the way things are, why should I?" Billy adds: "Now the bastards are trying to make us pay for a mine management licence, but we won't pay it. Same goes with tax. They think we're all millionaires. If they want any money out of opal they'll have to come up here and dig it themselves."



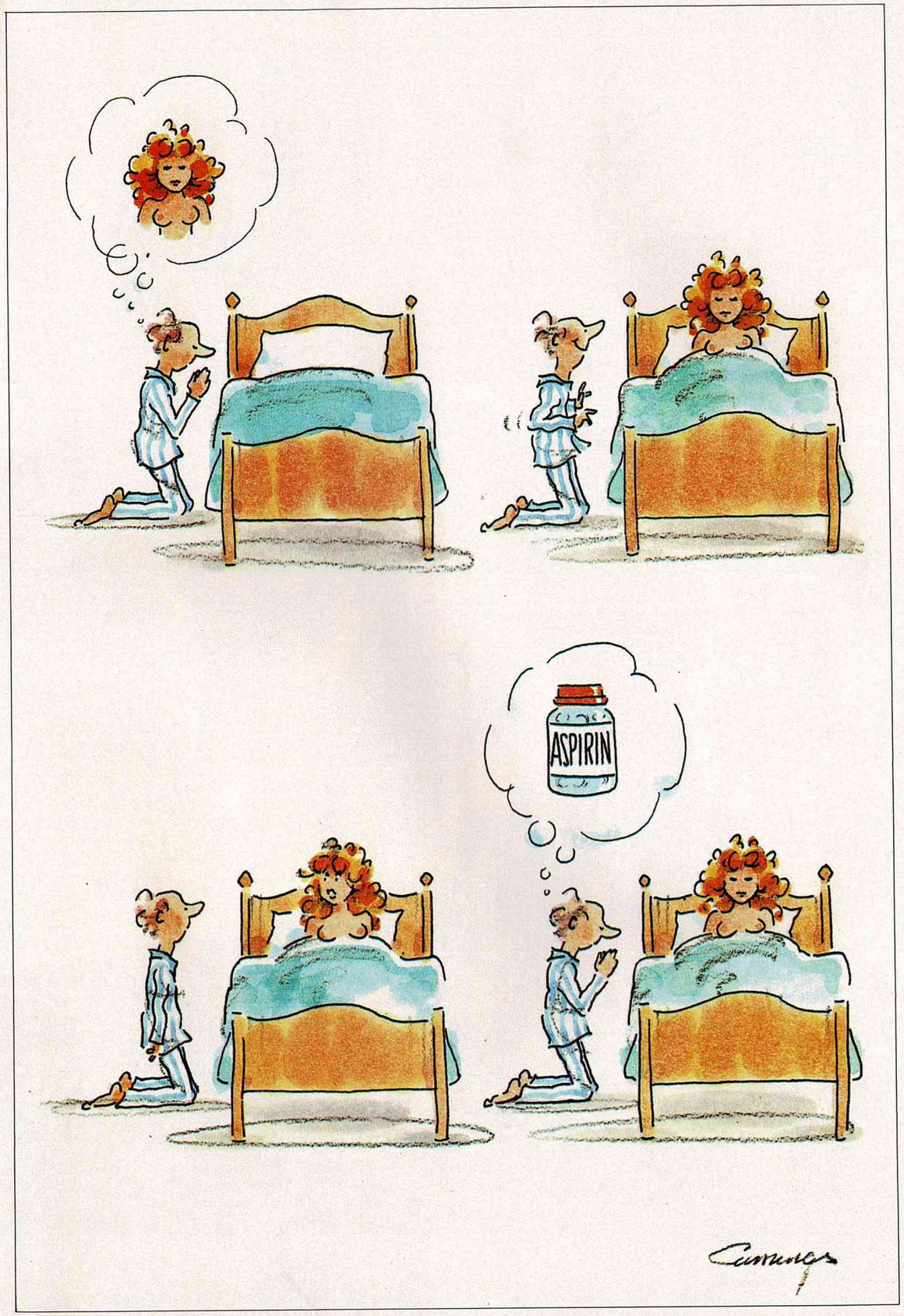
The real winners in the opal mining game are the buyers. A smart buyer will come into town and lie low for three or four days, gathering data from all over the fields. He ignores the miners who've got a quid, concentrating on those who are hungry enough to sell their stones for a fraction of their value. The price of opal is entirely dependent on the level of desperation of the miner who sells it. If opal is where you find it, it's also worth what you can get for it.

The traditional antagonism between miners and buyers is currently taking a back seat as controversy rages over the introduction of open-cut mining. An open letter posted on the Lightning Ridge noticeboard (the local paper refused to print it) urges: "Wake up, miners, before it's too late. I do have very good evidence that Lightning Ridge has very little future as an opal town unless we do something about it now." There's some support for that view — particularly the accusation that vested interests in the town are pushing for the removal of the independent miner to make way for big companies — but the bottom line, according to many old timers, is that opal is such a delicate gem it can only be profitably extracted with a jackhammer, a pick and a hoist: a fact of life which, fortunately, will preserve a way of life that elsewhere has all but disappeared into history.

"This is the land of the independent man up here," booms Castro, throwing down the challenge to those who would seek their fortune on the opal fields. "Where else in the world can you arrive in a country one day, have an opal claim registered by the evening of the second day and mine it for 12 months for practically nothing? It's a marvellous thing — and there's still a wonderful chance for people to come up here and find their fortune. There's more opal under the ground than has ever been found, that's for sure. The vast majority of people *can't* live this life, but there'll always be that one percent — the independent, adventurous man — who'll thrive on the challenge of opal mining."

There *are* fantastic riches lying in wait, but there is also difficulty and despair. Opal fever is best compared with playing a poker machine: every ten-coin drop is evidence to the deluded player that the next spin will produce a jackpot that never comes. "The really lucky ones," reflects Billy in a moment of insight, "are those who came up here, found nothing and pissed off back where they came from. The unlucky ones found opal and got hooked for life — like me. They'll be here till they die, and so will I."

And so will Les, who admits wryly: "You know, opal mining is all bullshit. That's what keeps everyone going — the bullshit." Yes, but as they say in advertising, it's good bullshit. Opal miners would rather not face the prospect of life without it.



CLOUDBURST

Hardy's target was a high-flying politician who brought his enemies down to Earth

FICTION BY PETER CORRIS

Everyone could remember the moment of the cloudburst the way they could remember what they were doing when Kerr sacked Gough. I was taking a walk to get a cup of coffee at the Bar Napoli in Leichhardt. I was halfway between home and the coffee, and I decided to go on. The rain fell as if it had been stored up there for ten years. The floor of the coffee bar was awash when I got there — the place crowded with people seeking shelter. We stood around, drank our coffee, looked out at the sheeting rain, and agreed we'd never seen anything like it.

That's what people kept saying.

"I've never seen anything like it," said the NRMA guy who finally came after a three-hour wait to help me start my Falcon.

"Yeah," I said.

"I've never seen anything like it." Helen Broadway said that night. Helen was with me for six months, on leave from her husband as per her arrangement with him and me. "Have you?"

ILLUSTRATION BY GLENN FORD

CLOUDBURST

I kissed the back of her neck. "That's what I like about you," I said. "You're different. Everybody's saying they've never seen anything like it — you're the first one to ask, 'Have you?' "

She turned away from the omelette she was making and looked at me. "Well, have you?"

"Not in Sydney. I've seen it as heavy in Malaya but there it lasts for half an hour; this has been going on for what — eight days?"

"Mm. It's a funny thing, you know. I was reading that this is common in Sydney; happens every year. You all just forget about it from one year to the next."

"Could be. We're a feckless lot."

She put the pan under the grill and waved at me to set the table. "This is the last of the eggs. We're going to have to go out again for provisions. You reckon the car'll start?"

"Worse than that. I'm going to have to go to the office. I need work."

"Nobody'll want anything done in this weather."

"They might. There might be a job for a senior swimming certificate-holding detective who rode the waves at Maroubra on a surfboard made of fence palings."

"You didn't, did you?"

"So legend has it."

"You can't go out. You haven't got any dry shoes."

"I'll dry some tonight, wrap them in plastic, go out barefoot and put the shoes on when I'm inside. That way anyone coming to see me will know I'm smart because I've got dry shoes."

"No-one will come. You'll sit there in your dry shoes all alone when you could be in bed with me."

Helen was wrong. I did have a client. She arrived within two minutes of me sitting down behind my desk and struggling into the sneakers I'd dried on top of the heater. They were stiff and cracked and looked wrong with the rest of my clothes. I was still wiggling my toes when she walked into the office. She came through the door after a quick knock and that took her straight to my desk. No anterooms, secretary's nooks or conversation pits for Cliff Hardy, the low rent detective with integrity and cracked sneakers.

"Come in and sit down," I said. "I'm glad of the company." I peered at her through the gloom which had settled over the city.

"The building did seem very quiet," she said. "I wasn't sure it was inhabited."

"It is and it isn't," I said. "What can I do for you?"

Adjusting to the murk, I could see that she was in early middle age, middle-sized and middle class. She wore a wide brimmed hat and a coat of the same shiny black material that shed water. She had on a long dark skirt and black boots — a trifle funereal but functional. She took off the hat and shook out a head of blonde-streaked, mid-brown hair.

"Roberta Landy-Drake gave me your name, Mr Hardy. She said you could handle . . . celebrities."

"Did you know she was joking?"

She frowned. Her handsome face creased and I got the idea that she'd been doing a good deal of frowning lately. "I don't follow you."

"I've been the chucker-out at some of her parties. I've handled celebrities — literally."

"Oh, I see. It doesn't matter. The point is, Roberta says you don't go selling gossip to the papers or blackmailing people."

I nodded. "You'll have to forgive me. If you're a celebrity I'm afraid I don't know you. Maybe it's a bore but you'll have to tell me your name."

"My name is Barbara Winslow. I'm not a celebrity but my husband is."

"Oh God," I said. Ian Winslow was the flavor-of-the-month politician. He'd been to the right schools, had the right degree and looked good on television. What he thought was anybody's guess; what he said reflected his deep concern. And he was deeply concerned about everything, particularly ethnic affairs — his current portfolio — but also health, police and any other headline-worthy subject he chose. To me, he seemed to care more deeply for his teeth and brushing his hair boyishly.

"You don't approve of him?" Barbara Winslow asked. "I'd be surprised if you supported the other side." She was looking at my sneakers. Fair enough, politics is class-based, or should be. My credentials were all around me — on my feet, on the pitted surface of my desk, on the grimy windows . . .

"It's not that. I just don't like having anything to do with politics . . ."

"This is a man in trouble."

"Politicians aren't men, they're networks of obligations and enmities."

"They have families."

So do axe murderers, I thought. I said nothing — she stood and walked over to the window. There was so much water pounding the glass that the window itself looked liquid and insubstantial. When she turned around her eyes were wet.

"You *have* to help me. Roberta said you would."

I nodded, took a note pad from the desk and offered her a cigarette from the office packet. She refused, which was wise considering they were stale. But she was comforted by the gesture; she left the window and sat down again. She was eager to talk, eager to see me write — eager to pay me money.

"Ian Winslow," I said and wrote the name in block letters. "By this time next year he'll probably be in charge of the department that licenses me. Self-interest suggests I should help you."

"The year after that and he could be in charge of the state."

"Well . . .?"

"He's behaving strangely, going out at odd times, not accounting for his movements. He's nervy and . . ."

"Off his food?"

"Roberta said you'd joke and not to mind. But this isn't a joke."

"Okay. Politicians have a million worries; people ring them up at all hours; they have to breathe other people's air a lot."

"I know. This is different. I want you to follow him when he goes out at night and find out what he does."

"I could just ask one of his security boys."

"He's called them off. He goes out alone."

That *was* strange. Politicians like a huddle — it helps absorb the egg or lead and makes them feel important. You rarely see one silhouetted against the sky like Clint Eastwood. As she put it, the job didn't sound so hard. At least I wouldn't be craning to look over the heads of a lot of guys with thick waists and short haircuts. But if she wanted an early start I'd have to wear goggles and a snorkel. She began taking hundred dollar notes out of an envelope.

"I suppose you want me to start when the weather clears up."

"I want you to start tonight."

At 10pm I was sitting in my car watching the exit to the car park of The Belvedere — one of the new, tall apartment blocks they've built overlooking Darling Harbor. Eventually, when a few hundred million dollars of taxpayers' money has been spent on beautifying everything there, the people who've spent big bucks on their apartments will have a lovely view — instead of scraped earth and stained concrete. The rain hadn't let up so that for now they had acres of pale mud to look at. Tough.

At 11pm a white Commodore carrying the number plate Barbara Winslow had given me roared up the ramp. It barely paused at the footpath and swung right past me with turning lights blinking brightly through the steady rain. I started the Falcon, indicated right as I pulled away from the kerb, and kept the indicators flashing as I followed the Commodore. We drove east, past the dark, silent department stores and the bottomless mine shafts they're sinking as part of the renovation of the Queen Victoria building.

The rubbers on the Falcon's windscreen wipers were lousy. I had to squint, rub the glass and drive closer to the Commodore than I would have liked. I'd caught a glimpse of the driver when the car first appeared and I could see the line of his head and shoulders as we sloshed through the city. It was Winslow all right, fair hair, chin up and no slouching.

We went up through Taylor Square, skirted Paddington, and swished into some streets near Trumper Park. The Commodore turned into a street lined with Moreton Bay fig trees. The rain had stripped many of the leaves and left them as mush in the gutters, but there was enough foliage left to hood the street lights already dimmed by rain. Nothing wrong with the Commodore's stop lights, though; they flashed at me brightly and early enough to allow me to drop back and pull in to the kerb well before Winslow parked.

Ignoring the rain, I wound down the window to get a clearer view. Winslow flicked the car closed and scooted through a gate to a deep verandah running the width of a well-kept, double-fronted terrace house. He shook water from his light raincoat by flapping it and jerking his shoulders. He looked nervous as he knocked. A light came on over his head and a woman appeared in the doorway. Winslow grabbed

"Her slender bare arms wrapped around him and I saw her face for a moment. Her black hair gleamed; teeth and eyes shone against skin the color of a ripe plum"

her as if his life depended on trapping her where she stood. Her slender bare arms wrapped around him and I could see her face before she buried it in his shoulder. Black hair gleamed under the porch light; teeth and eyes shone against a skin the color of a ripe plum.

The light went out — and with it a sour breath from me. Peeper Hardy strikes again. I waited long enough to be sure he wasn't there to hand out a how-to-vote card and then I drove home. The water was over the hubcaps in several places between Woollahra and Glebe, and the rain fell hard all night. I drank wine and watched Gene Hackman and went to bed with Helen and didn't hear the rain. Somehow I thought Ian Winslow wouldn't be hearing it either.

"Poor woman," Helen said as she buttered the toast. The rain had stopped but black clouds hung low over the city. We had the lights on at nine o'clock in the morning.

"Which one?" I said.

"The wife." She passed me the toast and I poured coffee for us both.

"What about the other one?"

"Hmm. He's the Minister for Ethnic Affairs, isn't he? God, it's like that Shirley MacLaine joke about Peacock. He was the Minister for Foreign Affairs so she gave him one to remember." She bit into her toast, dropped crumbs on her silk dressing gown and brushed them on to the floor. "I don't find Shirley MacLaine all that funny, do you?"

I shook my head. "I don't find Peacock all that funny either."

"He's funny compared with Howard."

"It's raining again," I said.

"What're you going to do?"

"Take another look at the place."

"What good will that do?" Helen pushed her chair back and reached for her packet of Gitanes. She smoked one a day, sometimes first thing in the morning, sometimes last thing at night. You could never tell which it would be. She didn't know herself.

"Hardy's Law," I said. "Put off doing an unpleasant thing if you can. Something worse might happen and then the first thing won't look so bad.'

Helen smiled and lit her cigarette.

I'd wasted most of the morning waiting for the rain to stop. It didn't, so now it was early in the afternoon and I'd been watching the house in Woollahra for an hour. In that time I'd seen four women.

One was the person who'd greeted Ian Winslow so enthusiastically the night before. She looked even more exotic in the daytime. She'd run down to the corner shop when the rain stopped briefly. She moved like a dancer, with long legs in tights, lithe body, and a loose jumper. Her hair was piled up on her head like a high, black turban revealing a long, slender neck circled by a white ribbon. Another of the women, who also ran a short errand, was almost as dark but had a different cast to her features — less African, more Indian. The other two were Asian or Eurasian, possibly Filipinas. Dressed for the wet weather, they left in taxis.

On a dry day I'd have felt conspicuous. The other cars in the street were younger and better bred than mine; the houses all had that heavily mortgaged but well cared-for look, and there was no soggy rubbish in the gutters as in Glebe. It wasn't a place for loitering. I had my hand on the ignition key when the door of the house flew open and a woman ran out on to the street. She threw her head back and screamed up at the leaking sky as she ran. A man charged out of the house but was checked by a passing car. The woman ran down the footpath towards me, still screaming, bare feet flying and one arm flopping oddly as she moved. I got out of the car and she almost fell into my arms. The blood on her rubbed off on me. The man came on; he was dark and big, but flabby. There was blood on his white shirt. He stopped and the three of us stood there in the rain.

"Come," the man said. He beckoned

"It seems like every man in this city is either gay, married, or has a penis that doesn't fit comfortably in my mouth."

CLOUDBURST

with an impatient flick of his fingers.

The woman shivered and shrank closer to me.

"She doesn't want to come," I said. "Why don't you go?"

"Wife," he said.

"No! No!" She gripped my arm. Blood dripped on to the wet footpath. He reached for her and I stepped forward and chopped at the muscle of his extended arm. He yelped and swung at me but he had to move his feet to do it. One foot came down on some Moreton Bay mush and he started to slip; I helped him with a shove to the shoulder. He slithered and crashed into the side of a car. His leg twisted under him as he went down hard.

The woman was small and light. I half carried her to my car, pushed her across to the passenger side and got behind the wheel. As we turned the corner out of the street I looked in the rear vision mirror; the dark man was lurching across the road towards the house and the African Queen was rushing out into the rain to meet him.

"You need a doctor." Blood was welling up from a slash across her right forearm; her left arm was giving her pain. She winced as she tried to straighten it.

"Yes." Her voice was just above a whisper, hard to hear with the noise of my old engine, old wipers and the hiss of traffic on a wet road. She was young and pretty, with delicate features and a pale amber skin. Her black hair had been held up by combs, one of which had fallen out so that she had a half disordered look that would have been very attractive if it weren't for the blood and the trembling spasms that shook her. Her thin dress was soaked.

A kilometre from the Woollahra house, I pulled up outside one of the 24-hour clinics that have sprung up around the city in recent times. She glanced out the window and shrieked. Her hands clutched for a hold on the dashboard.

"No, no, not here! No!"

Jesus, what is this? I thought. But I got moving again.

"Okay, okay, I'll get you to my doctor. All right?"

She nodded and slumped down in the seat. When I could spare attention from the treacherous roads I glanced across at her. She looked just half-alive.

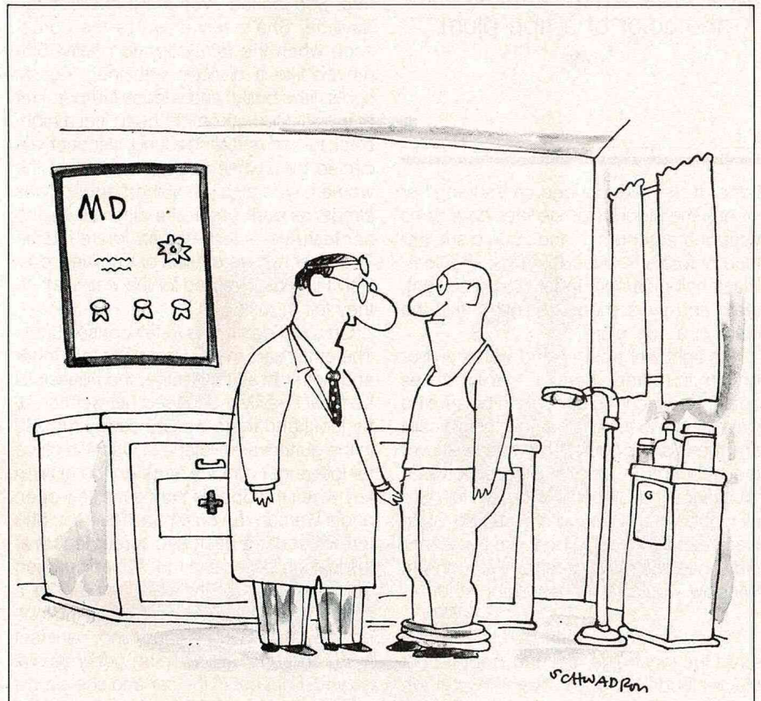
Dr Ian Sangster stitched the cut in the right arm and eased the dislocated shoulder back. He put the left arm in a sling. The woman took it all without a murmur.

"Bad cut, Cliff," Ian said.

"Dangerous place, the kitchen. Almost as bad as the bedroom."

Ian sniffed. "She's got some nasty bruises too. There was a big, strong man involved."

"He's limping now," I said.



"Cough up 75 bucks!"

She gave me a name on the drive home — Lela Somosi — and told me she was a Filipina. That's all — she was almost unconscious. Shock and exhaustion, Ian had said. I squelched up the path to the front of my house, half carrying her as before — great stuff for the neighbors. Helen let me in and didn't ask any questions. She put Lela Somosi in a warm bath, gave her a dressing gown and made her some tea. The woman clutched the mug and took a sip. She smiled at Helen.

"Thank you."

"We'll show you where you can sleep in a minute," I said. "But will you tell me about that house first?"

She nodded. "Women come there from overseas. We are not here legally. We work as prostitutes. For those who are most . . . happy, and the beautiful ones, it can be only three months. For others it can be six months or a year."

"For what?" I said.

"To get papers. Real papers. Legal papers for Australia."

"And what happened to you today?"

"I am not happy. The men do not like me. Richard tells me I will never get the papers unless I change. We fight."

"Richard?"

"Richard da Silva. He is the boss. He is from Brazil."

"And what about the black woman, the tall one?"

"She's tired, Cliff. Let her sleep," Helen said.

"No. I will tell you. She is Riki Marquand, also from Brazil."

"And that doctor you wouldn't go to?"

"He does things for Richard. I thank you for helping me. I would like to know why you do it, but I am tired now."

"It's all right," I said. "Have some sleep. More talk later."

Helen took her into the spare room and I made some sandwiches and got out the flagon. I put one glass down quickly and poured two more as Helen came in.

"Saw you," she said.

"I've earned it, wouldn't you say?"

"Mm." She drank and took a bite of tomato and cheese. "Your client's hubby's in the shit, isn't he?"

"Could be."

"What do you mean? A Cabinet minister in some sleazy girl immigration racket? This has to go to the police or the Crime Authority or something."

"Client comes first."

"Explain." She took a long pull on her wine and nibbled at a crust.

"I wasn't hired to blow the whistle on Winslow. I just have to report to his wife on what he's doing."

"That's passing the buck to her. *She* won't do anything."

I shrugged. "If I go around reporting to the authorities on everything I find out about people no-one will hire me. I'll be out of business."

"This is different."

"Yeah, it is. But the principle remains the same."

"*Principle*!"

We argued it back and forth for a while, drinking wine and getting nowhere. We got heated and exasperated. At about five o'clock Helen looked out the window; there was a fitful glow in the pale sky about where the sun would be — if it ever came back.

"I'm going to a movie," she said. "Want to come?"

"No thanks. D'you want the car?"

"No thanks. See you."

She went and I wandered around the house for a while. I put the wine away and had some coffee; then I got the wine out again and had some more. I looked in on Lela — she was deeply asleep with both damaged arms lying free and looking comfortable. At seven o'clock I walked along Glebe Point Road, stretching my legs for the first time in days and thinking about food and principles. The footpath was drying out in patches and the air smelled and tasted clean. I had some food in one of the coffee shops, bought gin and Gitanes as a peace offering for Helen, and came back with the same principles I'd started out with.

For some reason the gate to my place opens outwards so I always close it when I leave. As I turned into the street I could see the gate hanging over the footpath. I ran. The door to the house was open and banging against the splintered jamb. I raced up the stairs to the spare room. The bed was almost undisturbed but Lela Somosi was gone. I stood in the room blaming myself and building up a head of anger. When I got downstairs Helen had just walked in. I nodded to her, grabbed the phone and dialled Barbara Winslow's number. I was still carrying the shopping and Helen came across and took it gently from me.

"Mrs Winslow?"

"Yes."

"This is Cliff Hardy."

"Who?"

"Cliff Hardy. I have to talk to you."

"You must have the wrong number." She hung up. I looked stupidly at the receiver, shook my head and pressed the redial button. The phone rang and rang unti the connection was broken by the automatic cut-off.

I stumbled out to the kitchen and watched Helen pour gin over ice. I took the glass and drank half of it in a gulp.

"Don't say it," I snarled.

"I wasn't going to."

"No, you wouldn't. I'm sorry, love. I've been so dumb. Bastards!"

"Have you got her cheque?"

"Cash."

"What do you think happened?"

"Somebody's worked fast — put me in Woollahra and connected me with Winslow's wife. God knows how. Ian must've got a scare and promised her he wouldn't do it again."

"What about Lela? . . . What are you doing?"

I was getting my Smith & Wesson and the holster from the locked drawer under the hi-fi. "I'm gong out there to get that da Silva guy. I'll bend him until he gives me the girl."

"Go to the police."

"I've got nothing to tell them — no witness, no evidence."

"You're being dumb again."

"Probably."

I drove like a madman to Woollahra, at speeds that would've killed me and others just hours before on the wet roads. But the roads were dry now and the night sky was clear and starry. I held the gun in one hand and wrapped the other in an old sweater. I planned to go through the window and break anything else I had to on the way to da Silva. But Helen had been right. The house was dark and quiet. I let my pulse slow, put the gun back in the car and took

> The rain slashed through the dark night sky, while the quiet young Latin-American showed me how murder and disposal were done in Sydney in the Eighties

out some picklocks instead.

All that remained inside was a strong smell of perfume. There was no furniture, no books, no newspapers, no people. The cover-up had started and I knew how it would go on from there. The neighbors would know nothing; the estate agent would have dealt with intermediaries; the property would be owned by a company which was owned by another company, and so on.

I drove to the clinic and parked outside. Now that the rain had stopped and my windows weren't misted I could see through the plate glass doors. There was a statue inside — Michelangelo's "David." There was also white carpet and Scandinavian furniture — I wondered how David felt about that. Lela had said that the doctor here did things for da Silva. As I understood it, these places had a fluid casual staff. Did she mean the Boss Doctor or Doctor Smith who worked on Wednesday nights? Nothing here either.

"Nothing," I said to Helen.

"I found this in a pocket of her dress." She held out a scrap of paper which was still damp from the rain. On it was written: "Luis 818 2456."

"A friend?" Helen said.

"That's what she needed." I dialled the number.

"Yes?"

I covered the receiver. "How d'you pronounce it?" Helen shrugged. "Lewis?" I asked.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"I'm a friend of Lela Somosi; I'd like to talk to you."

"Is Lela there?" The voice was of a young male, quick and excited.

"No. Can we meet?"

"You are not the police?"

"No."

"Immigration?"

"No. I took Lela away from the house in Woollahra today."

"Where is she?"

I drew a deep breath. "I don't know."

"They have taken her back?"

"I think so, yes."

There was a sob in the voice. "Then she is dead." The sound of weeping, deep and raking, came over the line. I held on to the phone, feeling useless and guilty, until he composed himself. I told him what had happened. He wept again. He told me he had met Lela at the house where he had gone in the company of his boss. He named him — a union leader I had read about. Luis had tried to persuade Lela to get away from da Silva. She was afraid and had resisted. He'd written out his name and number for her.

"How do you know she's dead, Luis?"

"I know. I can show you."

He named a place. I met him there. The rain had started again and it kept up, slashing through the dark night sky, while a quiet young Latin American showed me how murder and disposal were done in Sydney in the Eighties.

The next day the harassment began. A cop stopped me and went over the Falcon with a microscope. He found the unlicensed gun and declared the car unroadworthy. I got a three-month suspension of my investigator's licence for the gun. I got unpleasant phone calls; the clicks and rattles that punctuated calls I made from my home and office phones practically drowned out conversation. Winslow was showing me what he could do. I hated it, but I got the message.

Halfway through the suspension I was sitting in my office writing out cheques of doubtful authenticity when Barbara Winslow walked in. I looked at her and so far forgot my manners that I didn't even ask her to sit down. She looked ghastly, pale and thin; her fashionable suit hung on her like an op-shop rag.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"For what?"

"I know that Ian has been giving you a bad time."

Continued on page 144

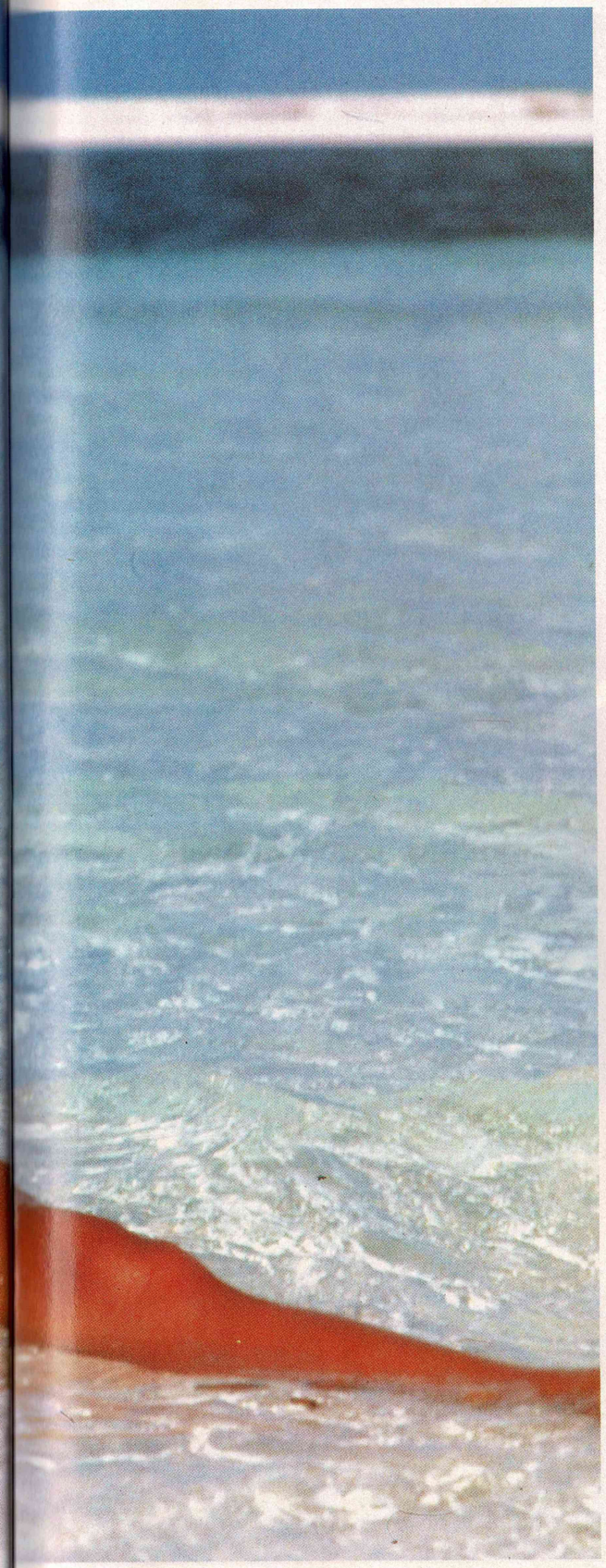
MAN OVERBOARD

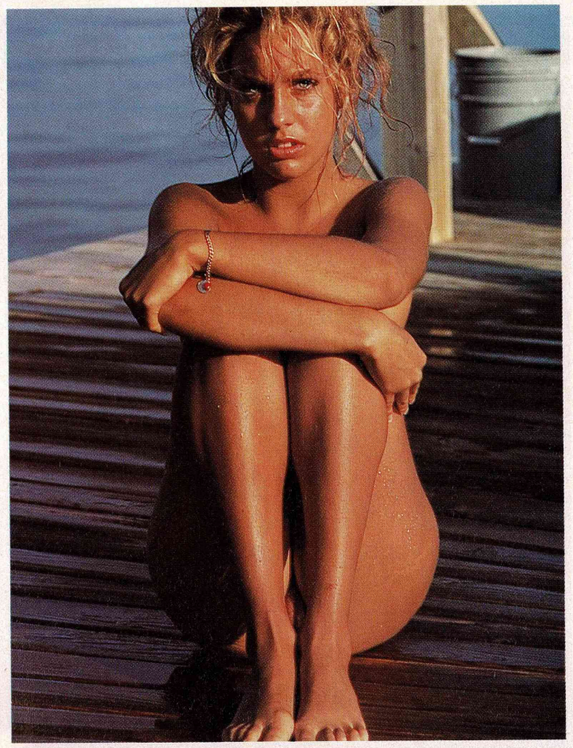
The story so far . . . When the call went up to abandon ship you gallantly gave up your place on the lifeboat to a woman with a babe in arms. It is a far, far, better thing, you thought, as you grabbed a styrofoam esky and plunged into shark-infested waters to strike out for that tiny pincushion of palms on the horizon. It was tough — damned tough — battling that treacherous current, and when you made the beach you passed out from exhaustion . . .

"That's my cue," says 19-year-old Andrea Nadler, who dreamed up the shipwreck scenario and insisted we photograph her on an island. "This bedraggled man, who looks uncannily like James Reyne, blinks into consciousness to find me straddling him naked."

"A look of bewilderment crosses his face as I abandon my efforts at resuscitation," Andrea continues, rapt in her own fantasy. "He thinks he's hallucinating, so he reaches out and touches my breast to make sure I'm real."

"'Don't worry,' I say, 'you're just suffering from exposure.' He looks me over and says, 'You call this suffering?' Then I help him to my hut and really work him over, because I haven't seen a man in a year. Do you like the story?" Like it? Point us in the direction of the next Russian cruise ship.





"As a human being, I feel hopeless sometimes . . . I end up being a prisoner of hope. Sometimes I hold on to that by the skin of my teeth"

BISHOP DESMOND TUTU

BY STOVIN HAYTER

Let us pray first," said Bishop Desmond Tutu before starting this interview with South African journalist Stovin Hayter. And he proceeded to ask God's guidance and help that only the truth might be spoken.

But, as always, the truth is in the eye of the beholder — and much of what the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize winner has to say is hotly disputed by critics inside and outside his beleaguered nation.

The bishop of Johannesburg, spiritual father to both white and black Anglicans in South Africa's largest city, has relentlessly campaigned at home and abroad against the apartheid system. He has become a symbol to the world of the struggle of black people in that country.

To many white South Africans, however, he is a man bent on destroying their land. They make the point that the bishop is actually proof that dissent and opposition are tolerated in South Africa — unlike in many of the other countries whose attacks on South Africa have made it a pariah nation. And even within the black community there, many regard him as naive and ineffectual.

Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, leader of the Zulu nation, for example, has criticised those like Bishop Tutu who call for other nations to apply economic sanctions against South Africa by "disinvesting" their assets in that country. In the December 1985 issue of US *Penthouse*, Buthelezi asserted:

PHOTO BY MARK PETERS

INTERVIEW

"Disinvestment in South Africa is counterproductive, because if the economic situation of black people is worsened, it doesn't resolve the problems."

And in the West, while many students and others regard Bishop Tutu as a hero, he is not without critics. Patrick Buchanan, who is now President Reagan's chief media adviser, has charged that "whatever his moral splendor, the Bishop is a political ignoramus. Should the Soviet-backed terrorists of the African National Congress [which has been publicly embraced by Tutu] ever seize power in South Africa, the bishop, if he is still alive, would likely enjoy the same accommodations his colleague, Bishop [Abel] Muzorewa, enjoys in 'liberated' Rhodesia: preventive detention."

Others have also found the bishop's view of international affairs puzzling, to say the least. In late 1984, for example, he stunned many observers when he called on a Jewish audience in the United States to pressure Israel to join a boycott of South Africa. Referring to the murder of Palestinians by Christian Phalangists in Lebanon, Bishop Tutu caused his audience to gasp when he said: "After Israel connived in the killing of the Arabs by the Gentiles . . . more than a half-million Israelis demonstrated against the actions of their own government."

But the bishop refuses to acknowledge any contradictions or mistakes and regards his disinvestment campaign, and international economic pressure on South Africa generally, as the last resort of a people deprived of every other means of bringing an end to the system they suffer under.

One tragic fact that everyone — black and white — agrees on is that the growing violence must be halted. South Africa has reeled under almost daily killings (more than 1000 people have died since September 1984), and Bishop Tutu has often spoken out against the violence on both sides. After a series of horrific burnings of suspected police informers, for example, he threatened to "collect my bags and leave this country that I love" if it happened again. "I am going to find it difficult to speak up for your liberation," he told a crowd of several thousand near Johannesburg.

Hayter interviewed the Bishop in his office, and by telephone, late last year. The interview was subsequently purchased by *Penthouse*. Only days before, Bishop Tutu had told the United Nations that South Africa should be made to face global punitive sanctions unless radical changes were underway within six months. There were four areas in which he said the South African government could show that it meant business: abolish the migrant-labor system; allow the unionisation of black workers; abandon the influx-control system, which determines which blacks may live in the cities and the conditions under which they may do so; and invest significant amounts of money in black education.

But his main target, of course, is apartheid itself. He is adamant that this racial separation system is at the root of the vicious cycle of violence and that it will have to be abandoned before there is any chance of real peace.

Penthouse: Just to set the scene, what is black life like in South Africa?

Tutu: Well, basically a life of deprivation, of being deprived of access to all kinds of things, deprived of access to the decision-making processes of the country and, consequently, you always end up getting the rough end of the deal, the thin end of the stick.

Penthouse: Can you be more specific?

Tutu: For instance, in terms of land resources, the blacks — who form the vast majority of this country, 80 percent of the population — have 13 percent of the land, and the 20 percent who are white and have political power, which gives access to all other kinds of power, have 87 percent of the land. You are told where to live, and you live in a ghetto. It hasn't got streetlights, usually, or all the other amenities that people take for granted in a well-planned suburb of Johannesburg — streetlights, tarred roads, pavements, electricity, waterborne sewerage, public libraries, cinemas, swimming pools. All those things white people take for granted, they don't have. One could go on giving a catalogue, but it boils down to the fact you are treated as less than human.

Penthouse: Are things getting better or worse at the moment?

Tutu: Things are much worse — much, much worse. In the past we were regarded as citizens of this country and it was an undivided South Africa. Even if we were citizens only in name — and what is a citizen if he does not have political power? — we were South African citizens, and whenever you got a passport you were described as a South African. Then the government came along with its policy of the Bantustans, balkanising South Africa into ten or so of the unviable monstrosities, the spawnings of race bigotry really gone mad.

Penthouse: Why have you called it apartheid's "final solution"?

Tutu: Because that was what gave rise to the horrendous policy of forced population removals, ending up with three million people being moved from their homes. Stable communities were deliberately destroyed, and people were moved and then "dumped." That is a word you don't use with human beings. You dump rubbish, you dump things, and this is precisely what was happening. Children were placed in situations where you knew they were going to starve. And the father would have to leave his wife and children eking out their miserable existence. We were being denationalised, turned into aliens in our own land.

Penthouse: Aren't certain things getting better?

Tutu: How can you say anything is getting better? They talk about reforms, and what do they do? They deal with little things that are of no consequence.

Penthouse: For example?

Tutu: They will say: "Oh yes, we will now repeal out of the kindness of our hearts the *Mixed Marriages And Immorality Act*", that portion of it which makes sexual relations between whites and non-whites a crime. They expect us to go on the rooftops and sing hurrahs. But who passed the law in the first place? What really has changed? Bantu education remains firmly in place, which the children are boycotting because they are opposed to inferior education. We have a new constitution, but it was set up to exclude 73 percent of the population of the country. How can you say anything is getting better?

Penthouse: What would be something that mattered?

Tutu: The *Population Registration Act*, which has caused so much anguish. I mean, you have had child suicides. They have said they will not change the group areas, that blacks must remain in their ghettos and whites remain in their affluent ghettos. They have done nothing about the things that matter — political power. They want us to sit around waiting for the crumbs the master is willing to throw us.

Penthouse: What are the political changes necessary for you to say apartheid has ended?

Tutu: Basically, it is being treated as a citizen. Influx control and discriminatory education must go. I must be free to live where I want to live. Group areas must go.

Penthouse: Is the present government capable of doing this?

Tutu: I operate on the basis that everybody is a saint until proven contrary. I still believe that they have enough intelligence in their heads to realise that their best interests are served when there is justice.

Penthouse: Do you think that President P. W. Botha is sincere when he says that he wants change?

Tutu: I assume that a person is a gentleman, and therefore I take him at his word. But anyone with power — it has nothing to do with color — will do all he can to retain that power. The thing is how they retain power. They retain it at the expense of the humanity of other people.

Penthouse: Are black people so angry that they will soon reject nonviolent leaders like yourself?

Tutu: Oh, but that is obvious. You remain a leader as long as you have the confidence of the people, and usually it is because you are delivering the goods, or they think you have the capacity to deliver the goods. But as time goes by you jettison a leader who doesn't deliver. My own surprise is to discover that they will still accept our leadership when we have nothing to show for our nonviolence.

Penthouse: Is peaceful change still possible?

Tutu: Well, we are in the business of trying to ensure that the level of violence and bloodshed is kept as low as possible. We can't talk about peaceful change. I talk about reasonably peaceful change. The South African situation is violent and the primary violence is the violence of apartheid. I would say, however, there is an outside chance of bringing significant change peacefully.

Penthouse: Since you were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, you are perceived as the chief peacemaker in South Africa. How do you feel about that role?

Tutu: It is an awesome responsibility. You find that you are moving against the current a great deal and end up being caught between two forces: those who think you are too moderate and those who think you are too radical. So you end up being chewed up.

Penthouse: Your opponents say a priest should stay out of politics. What do you say to them?

Tutu: That is only said by people who benefit by an unjust dispensation. Do you ever hear victims anywhere in the world say that?

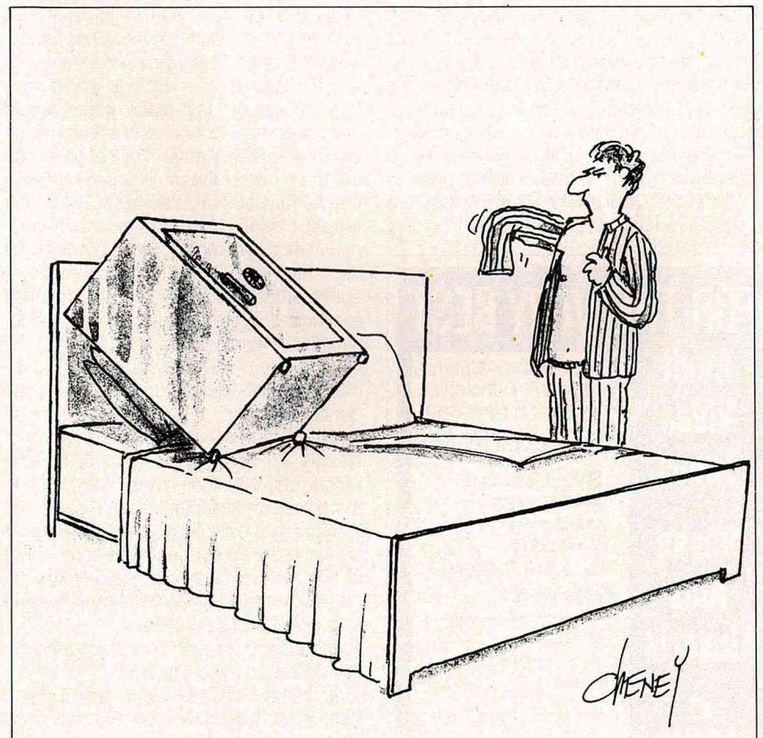
Penthouse: Why have you asked the United Nations to pursue a policy of disinvestment in South Africa?

Tutu: There are three ways you can change a political situation you don't like. You can vote the people out of power, but the blacks can't do that because they can't vote. You can overthrow it violently, but we are trying not to do so. And you can use peaceful ways and strategies instead of violence, and we call on the international community to help us with a peaceful strategy to persuade the government that it is time they went to the conference table.

Penthouse: Many whites believe that you want total economic war declared on the country. What is your reaction?

Tutu: It's up to them. You are saying that we don't need to have sanctions, but we must bring changes. We can't sit around and have our three-year-olds killed by the police while people expect us to have equanimity. We can't sit around and have other people decide for us where we should live. I don't want to see this country destroyed and I could have long ago called for sanctions. We went to the government five years ago, pleading — if you do one, two, three, four, I will be the first to say give the government a chance. They thought they could ride it out because the international community was dragging its heels, as it still does. Mr Reagan, Mr Kohl, Mrs Thatcher are Botha's greatest allies. He knows that they will protect him from the results of his vicious policies.

Penthouse: Are blacks aware that they may suffer the most with disinvestment?



"I take it you're not in the mood?"

INTERVIEW

Tutu: They believe that. They were asked, "Do you know you will lose jobs?" They have answered by saying that if that is how we are going to bring change in this country, what is the point of being a slave in paradise? White people think we have such a wonderful time. Would they change places with us?

Penthouse: Do you think the multinational companies in South Africa are trying to end apartheid?

Tutu: Well, they have suddenly become a lot more vocal.

Penthouse: Why do you think this is?

Tutu: We are not very suspicious creatures, but we note the coincidence between their sudden awareness of political and social responsibilities, and the step-up overseas in the pace of disinvestment, and the action of those banks which pulled the carpet from under the rand.

Penthouse: Do you think it is a fair comparison when people say that black people in South Africa are materially better off than in countries of northern Africa?

Tutu: People don't say things that are fair. People say things that score points. The answer is very straightforward: I am not a Mozambiquan. I am not a Zambian. I am not a Nigerian. I am a South African, and I think the fairest comparison is with my fellow South Africans.

Penthouse: Is there any African nation that can serve as a model for South Africa?

Tutu: Botswana is a land regarded as one of the few genuine multiparty democracies. It's interesting that the world did not notice when [Tanzanian] President [Julius] Nyerere stepped down without any upheaval. If there was a coup in his country, we would not have heard the end of it. It happened also in the Cameroons. These things are not played up, but played down. You only play up the horrible things.

Penthouse: Tribal conflict is a problem in many African nations. People fear that this will happen in South Africa. Can it be avoided?

Tutu: There isn't any guarantee that I can give. However, people have very short historical memories. There is no tribalism in the United States, but one of the first things that happened after their independence was the Civil War. There's no tribalism in Northern Ireland and look what they are doing there. It is the government that has tried to play up tribalism. We do have factional fights, but the people who fight are people who live under very unnatural conditions.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the issue of tribalism in South Africa is not real?

Tutu: I don't say it's not possible that large groups that know they have a numerical strength might not try to exploit it. But our history has been one where we have made great play of the fact that when people ask what you are, in fact trying to find out what tribe you belong to, people say, "I am an African."

Penthouse: Can you allay the feelings of many whites who believe one day blacks will take terrible retribution of whites in South Africa?

Tutu: You can't give them any guarantees, because what guarantee can you give them? Even if you put it into a constitution, whites have shown that even so-called entrenched clauses are not worth the paper on which they are written. I think they have to look at the things that have happened. You had a bloody struggle in Kenya — you had the Mau Mau — and you would have thought that the last place whites would have been able to survive in after independence would be Kenya. Yet Kenya turned out to be one of the most stable places in the world. Look at Zimbabwe. Hasn't Mr Mugabe done one of the most extraordinary things in his first government when he appointed two whites to his cabinet? He spoke of the policy of his government as reconciliation, rehabilitation, and reconstruction. Remarkable.

Penthouse: If there was a black government in South Africa, would you still speak out on injustice?

Tutu: I've done so. Last year, speaking in Nairobi, I referred to the fact that in many African countries there is less freedom than there was in colonial days. I can't say something is evil because it is perpetrated by whites, then suddenly the same thing is not evil because it is perpetrated by blacks. That is why I do not actually belong to a political organisation.

Penthouse: But haven't you supported the United Democratic Front?

Tutu: I have been a patron of the UDF and been in the National Forum, but basically, I think one has to be able to maintain what is called a critical distance, so that you can always say, "Thus says the Lord."

Penthouse: What do you say to people who claim that you want a Marxist government in South Africa?

Tutu: I am not employed by any political organisation. I have no political ambitions. I care about this country and I'm my own master, except that I owe allegiance to Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The things I say are based on his teachings. I have said I do not like capitalism. I would like to see a compassionate sharing, maybe a socialist kind of dispensation.

Penthouse: What is your vision of what you would like South Africa to be like in ten years?

Tutu: In a nutshell, I would like to be able to see a government where P.W. Botha could very well be state president and Nelson Mandela prime minister, and where we can make appointments to government based entirely on ability. It might take some doing, but when we look back we would ask, why were we so crazy for so long? Can you imagine the energies that would be released — energies that are presently locked up either in trying to defend something that is fundamentally indefensible or in opposing that system? Look at all the army units that are in the townships. These are man and woman hours which could be spent far more profitably in other things. People would be living where they could afford to live. There [still] would be the discrimination that came from wealth, education, and culture, but we would be asking, why did we impoverish ourselves so much, and not just materially? Apart from having spent so much money on defence, on police, we have impoverished this country by depressing the black community's earning capacity, and therefore its spending capacity, by artificially low wages which initially appeared cheap, but in the long run proved very expensive.

Penthouse: Does your hope for the future include blacks and whites living side by side?

Tutu: Can you imagine the enrichment that would come to many white people if they had known at close quarters someone like Steve Biko, Albert Luthuli, Robert Sobukwe? What makes a man of that type tick so that after 25 years he can still say he is not prepared to accept release on conditions that are unacceptable to him? What kind of person is that? And we can help to exorcise from one another the things that distort our humanity, because at the present time our humanity is distorted by hatred, animosity, and suspicion.

Penthouse: Yet are you optimistic about the future?

Tutu: As a human being, I just say, "Look at these guys. Do they have any sense at all?" And as a human being, I feel hopeless sometimes. But as a Christian I hold on to the belief that this is God's world and he is in charge. It may not always seem so. One also believes in the resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and I end up being a prisoner of hope. Sometimes I hold on to that by the skin of my teeth. OH

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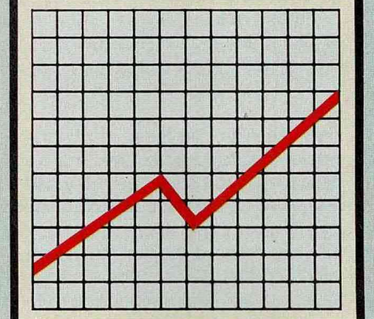
PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

IS SHE BUSTING YOUR BALLS?



If the woman in your life regularly chases you around the house with a dangerous weapon, there are two possible explanations: (a) you deserve it, or (b) she is a serious ball-buster.

Most male-female relationships contain a certain amount of ball-busting. Once the initial blush of passion fades a little, both partners begin staking out positions that will satisfy their physical and emotional needs. That's when the ball-busting can start. This psychograph is designed to give you an idea of how much of it may be going on in your relationship.

Of course, overt, aggressive hostility is easy to spot. A man and a woman who are always bitching and picking at each other don't need a test to tell them there's a robust amount of ball busting going down in their relationship. Often, however, the fighting is more subtle and harder to discern. It takes the form of what psychologists call "passive-aggressive behavior", and that's what the following questions focus on.

Passive aggression is a way of getting what you want while seeming to do nothing at all. People with passive-aggressive personalities are experts at manipulating the levers of emotional blackmail. They can maintain a facade of pleasant civility while they do things which they know aggravate the hell out of you. If these people were fighting a war, they'd be espionage agents, not front-line troops. Someone who gets his or her way by shouting and screaming is not passive-aggressive. Someone who sulks until other people give in is.

This psychograph is specifically set up to see if you are the victim of a passive-aggressive woman. We take this approach not for any sexist reason (men can certainly bust balls, too), but because, in male-female relationships, women often use passive-aggression to achieve their ends. This is especially true of women who have been brought up to feel that overt aggressive behavior is "unfeminine." Such women—and there are millions of them, despite the sexual revolution—quickly learn that there are more subtle but equally effective means of aggression.

While this psychograph is written from a male perspective, the woman in your life may also use it to rate *your* behavior. Almost all the items on this questionnaire can be made to apply to either sex simply by changing the gender of the pronouns.

1. True or false: "My partner tells other people about things I do that bother her, but she doesn't tell me."
   (a) very true
   (b) somewhat true
   (c) No, that's not true of her at all.

2. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
   (a) My partner may forget things that are important to her, but she rarely forgets things that are important to me.
   (b) My partner often forgets things that are important to me, but she rarely forgets anything that is important to her.
   (c) My partner is just plain forgetful. She overlooks things that are important to her and things that are important to me.
   (d) My partner rarely forgets or overlooks anything that's important.

3. With which of the following statements do you think your partner would be more likely to agree?
   (a) It's always best to express your anger; you shouldn't bottle things up inside yourself.
   (b) It's easy for anger to get out of hand. People who shout and scream when they get angry are often irrational.

4. Does your partner ever treat you as if you're an incorrigible child rather than an adult?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

5. Which of the following statements is most characteristic of your partner?
   (a) She has an opinion about everything. Anything you bring up, she'll be sure to have something to say about it.
   (b) She's not opinionated at all; it's almost as if she goes out of her way not to have an opinion on anything.
   (c) She's got opinions about some things but not about others. She's likely, for example, to have opinions about little everyday things that are important to her, but not about larger issues or world events.
   (d) She's got opinions about many things, but she's not strident about them.

6. How would you rate your partner's sex drive?
   (a) high
   (b) moderate
   (c) low
   (d) practically nonexistent

7. Does your partner ever forget to take bith-control precautions before going to bed with you?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no
   (d) Birth control is my responsibility.
   (e) We don't use birth control of any sort.
   (f) We share responsibility for birth control.

8. Does your partner talk to you as much as you'd like?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Is your partner ever too tired or too busy to have sex with you?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

10. Which of the following statements best describes your partner's attitude

> People with passive-aggressive personalities are experts at emotional blackmail

toward your sexual performance?
(a) She says she enjoys our sex together.
(b) I think she enjoys it, although she's never really told me.
(c) When she doesn't enjoy it, she tells me what to do so that she will enjoy it.
(d) She never says anything one way or the other, but I get the feeling that she really doesn't enjoy sex with me all that much.

11. Does your partner ever accidentally break things that are important to you?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

12. Does your partner ever accidentally lose things that are important to you?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

13. When you and your partner have to go somewhere important, is she usually ready to leave at the appointed time?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes yes, sometimes no
(c) No, she's usually late.

14. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your partner's attitude toward making decisions?
(a) She makes decisions quickly and firmly.
(b) She's a slow and deliberate decision-maker.
(c) She doesn't like to make decisions at all, and will go to great lengths to avoid making them.

15. How important do you think you are in the eyes of your partner?
(a) She's told me I'm one of the most important things in her life, and her behavior confirms it.
(b) She hasn't told me in so many words, but I feel as if I'm extremely important to her.
(c) She has told me I'm not particularly important to her.
(d) She has never come out and said it, but I get the impression that many other things in her life are as important or more important than I am.

16. Would you say your partner is a knowledgeable person who's aware of what's going on in the world?
(a) yes
(b) She is, but she pretends not to be.
(c) no

17. Who made the initial overtures that began your relationship?
(a) I made the intial moves; she played hard-to-get.
(b) She made the initial moves.
(c) It seemed like a mutual thing; we were both drawn to each other.

18. How likely do you think you partner would be to act in the manner described in this statement: "My partner would be the last person to break up our relationship. Even if she hated me, she'd find a way to manoeuvre things so that I — not she — would have to take the responsibility for leaving."
(a) I think she would be likely to behave like that.
(b) I don't think she'd be likely to behave like that.

19. How stubborn is she?
(a) very
(b) somewhat
(c) not very

20. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your partner's attitude toward being touched in a nonsexual context?
(a) She's a physical person. Even when we both know we're not going to have sex, she likes to hug, kiss, or just hang her arm over my shoulder.
(b) Basically, she's not a physical person. Too much touching makes her withdraw.

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

1. a-5, b-3, c-1
2. a-1, b-5, c-5 d-1
3. a-1, b-5
4. a-5, b-3 c-1
5. a-1, b-5, c-4, d-2
6. a-1, b-3, c-4, d-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-4, e-3, f-1
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-1, b-3, c-2, d-5
11. a-5, b-3, c-1
12. a-5, b-3, c-1
13. a-1, b-3, c-5
14. a-1, b-3, c-5
15. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-5
16. a-1, b-4, c-5
17. a-5, b-1, c-1
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-3, c-2
20. a-1, b-5

If you scored 74 to 100 points:

In short, there seems to be a lot of subtle but serious ball-busting going on in your relationship. Your partner appears to be the type of person who hides an iron will behind a benign facade. The important question now is: Why is she busting your balls? This may be her general approach to life, in which case there's not an awful lot you can do about it. On the other hand, she may be busting your balls because she thinks you deserve it. You may be doing things she strongly resents, and this is her way of getting back at you. It may help if she uses the questionnaire to rate you. You may discover that she thinks you're a big ball-buster, too.

47 to 73 points:

There appears to be some substantial ball-busting going on in your relationship, but it is not a dominating force. It's the type of ball-busting that's part of many perfectly strong, stable relationships. It's not your partner's normal way of relating to you. Instead, it's a strategy she uses from time to time to let you know that something you've done—or neglected to do—has pissed her off. If, between you, you can identify how your behavior bothers her, she'll have less reason to bust your stones in the future.

20 to 46 points:

You're lucky. As far as you're concerned, your partner exhibits virtually no passive-aggressive behavior. Of course, it's possible that she's an *overtly* aggressive wild woman, but if that were really true, you probably wouldn't have bothered answering these questions in the first place. That leaves one other alternative: your partner is a nice, warm, sensitive, civilised lady. The question is: Are you as nice as she is? Let her use this questionnaire to rate you, and you'll find out. OH—LR

"How was I supposed to know that real Irish Coffee is made with Irish Whiskey?"

It all started when I made a few Irish Coffees the same as I always had.

Black coffee, a dab of cream and a nip of Scotch. Served them to the party at table 12.

Then this big guy stood up and began abusing me. "That's not real Irish Coffee."

He says to make a true Irish Coffee, I should use a quality Irish Whiskey like Tullamore Dew.

Next thing, I'm facing a huge fine and a long time behind bars.

No one ever told me you make a true Irish Coffee only with a true Irish Whiskey, like Tullamore Dew.

True Irish Coffee is made with the true Irish Whiskey, Tullamore Dew.

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MOTORING

POWER PLAY

Millionaire revhead Paul Halstead wants the world to play with his new toy

BY PETER McKAY

A plaything? Yeah, kind of. This rakish fire engine-red cruise missile is called Giocattolo — "toy" in the language of the Romans.

Specifications of the two-seater coupe make the passionate motorist slaver and bay at the moon. Mid-engined, like a proper sporting car should be, it is propelled by a twin-cam 2.5-litre V6. Gearbox is the best in the world: the ZF five-speeder. Patented rear suspension owes much to racecar design. Fat low-profile tyres stick to the road like Tarzan's Grip. Huge disc brakes cope with its top speed of 210 km/h. Some toy.

Paul Halstead, initiator of the project, believes 100 Giacottolos could be sold annually in Australia. But the real money is in pitching them at the rest of the world at a rate of 1000 a year. Price: $45,000 apiece. The money sounds okay. This road rocket promises Ferrari performance and looks for less than half the cost.

Now for the first shock. This muscle-toting, rip-roaring, no-compromise personal sporting car began life as a front-wheel-drive Alfa Romeo Sprint, an honest yet modest performer wearing pretty sheetmetal and that vaguely mysterious label of Italian heritage.

POWER PLAY

To appreciate why this redefined Alfa could be a global knockout all the way from Milan to Long Beach, it's helpful to understand a little of the enthusiasm and acumen of the project's principal motivator.

Paul Halstead is a helpless and unabashed revhead with sufficient financial clout to take his auto fantasies and ideas from the mists of the mind and transform them into moving forms. High-rolling Halstead's extraordinary business success story is well known in the car industry, but bears an abridged retelling here. He made his bucks in the computer world, then sold up (for a seven-figure sum) to pursue his first love, cars. He purchased the ailing De Tomaso franchise and quickly jolted the car retailers by venturing into hitherto virgin marketing territory in North Sydney with his brilliantly conceived and executed "The Toy Shop" showroom, situated right in the line of vision of Sydney's ad agency gentry. He sold expensive pre-owned exotics too, alongside auto fashion accessories.

Then big Paul moved into importing Lamborghinis, hired a gifted Queensland racecar designer and constructor named Barry Lock to build him a fast piece of work modelled visually (but nowhere else) on a De Tomaso Pantera, and later added an Alfa franchise to his kit bag. Late last year he also bought an Alfa touring car racer for self-amusement, though to date he hasn't found time to pull on a helmet and take it for a blast.

Talk to Halstead and it's apparent he genuinely adores fine and fast motor cars. And bikes. He uses a Lambo Silhouette and a modified open-topped Countach (which he once raced) for personal transport. He's likely to appear at the wheel of anything that takes his fancy. Five motorcycles — similar only in their capacity to frighten and enthrall — also lurk in the darkness in his ample garage.

In a business where secrecy is second nature to its leading operators, Halstead is a disarmingly direct talker; he reveals facts and figures usually concealed from all but the accountants and the tax man.

The Giocattolo idea was born after Halstead decided to cease importing De Tomasos from Italy. Keating's belly-flopping Australian dollar had forced the De Tomaso price from around $80,000 to a likely $135,000. Halstead reckoned the market wouldn't cop the hike, just as it's having difficulty accepting the revised price tag of the latest Lambo Countach — it dropped on to The Toy Shop's polished chequerboard tile floor at $265,000.

With exchange rates so alarming, being an importer isn't a barrel of laughs right now. Coincidentally, the exporting business is becoming rosier by the moment. Halstead is a fortunate bastard. He can't take credit for making a masterful switch from importing to exporting: "We set this project in motion a long time before the dollar plummeted."

In the search for a De Tomaso replacement and Ferrari-beater, Halstead and his on-staff engineering guru Lock looked at every available car in search of one that promised maximum impact along with a minimum of engineering work. The Alfa Sprint beckoned. "It had a pleasant Giugiaro design, though it was a bit narrow gutted. It needed fattening, and what we had planned would do just that. Just as importantly, the Sprint's design was perfect for our needs and much of its existing engineering could be retained with little modification."

One year, a quarter of a million bucks and two butchered Sprints later, Halstead and Lock had their first Giocattolo prototype finished. Another two will be road-ready by August. "We always intended to have something tangible to show. It's a waste of time tossing sketches on a desk top."

Right. The man's a doer. The car is a reality. And a new company, Giocattolo Motori, has been incorporated in Queensland. Why Johland? "Because the Queensland Government is incredibly responsive and receptive. We'll be building the cars there." Giocattolo Motori is a manufacturing company presently owned fully by Paul and his wife Marcella. He intends to sell off 49 percent of the shares to raise capital.

The next phase in Halstead's master plan is to swing Alfa Romeo Australia in on his act. He's been monstering Alfa's local trump Ruggero Rotondo with his ideas and Signor Rotondo is listening. Paul wants Alfa to supply the essential Sprint parts and V6 engine. Giocattolo would add its go-faster componentry and then hand over the finished package to Alfa. In return for this co-operation, Alfa would get worldwide distribution rights. And the Aussie-Italo car would be sold through Alfa dealerships alongside the regular offerings.

The big question is whether Alfa Romeo will allow an outside company to manufacture under licence. A proud car maker, Alfa could be reluctant to give manufacturing approval to a small company in far-off Australia.

Alfa's insurance, says Halstead, is the distribution rights. Alfa directly controls sales to the public and is in a position to inspect every finished car.

Big Paul has a trump card. He reckons he'll seduce the Italians with the promise of profits. "I've done my sums and the Giocattolo can make Alfa a lot of money. The Alfa people are no exception to the rule — they like to make money."

The heavies from Alfa Romeo have already taken a look at the Giacattolo. They went ga-ga, although they didn't miss telling Halstead the company had also done a V6 version of the Sprint — a one-off — a few years ago.

One thousand cars a year isn't optimistic. Hell no. Figuring that Australia's 40 Alfa dealers would gobble up 100 units no sweat, Halstead believes 500 wouldn't see out the yearly demand in California alone. And then there's Europe . . .

"Remember, it's a genuine Ferrari competitor, with extraordinary handling, braking and peformance. And it is kitted out in luxury fashion with buffalo door trim and top-of-the-line Recaro seats, air conditioning and a special audio system." And you nominate the color . . . any color, any tone.

For much of 12 months, Barry Lock sat in a tiny room above The Toy Shop's service centre in suburban Artarmon, playing with sliderule and calculator and pencil and eraser. Finally he produced detailed drawings of the re-engineering of the Sprint.

The quiet and articulate Lock, whose credits include the design and construction of the Kaditcha race cars and The Toy Shop Pantera raced by Kevin Bartlett, has incorporated a lot of racecar technology into the Giocattolo. When you're gunning for the Ferrari market, fighting fire with fire is the name of the game. He's calculated 200 man hours will go into each car.

Lock hopes Alfa will agree to supplying the Sprint less seats, engine, transmission, radiator, and front and rear guards. This paves an easy path for Giocattolo Motori to remove the boot floor and the sheetmetal from under the rear seat.

New mudguards and shark-like frontal treatment give the Sprint a meaner, chunkier look. The new panels are moulded from a mix of carbon-fibre and Kevlar. Glass-fibre does a similar job but plainly is no longer good enough at the hi-tech end of the specialist car biz.

The V6 engine — the same currently employed in Alfa's GTV and 90 models — and a rear-mounted ZG gearbox sit behind the driver in a unique rubber-lined cradle designed to isolate high frequency noise and vibration.

The patented rear suspension, with twin coil-over damper units in each corner, inboard disc brakes, special cast hub carriers and hand-built tubular wishbones, would not be out of place on a thoroughbred racecar.

The Alfa's strut front end, built tough to combat the stresses of front-wheel drive, easily copes with the greater cornering loads with little re-engineering.

Lock and Halstead have dissected a Ferrari 308 and a Lambo Countach and they are adamant the Giocattolo's suspension is superior, offering a compliant ride in tandem with roadholding and handling to make a driver's eyes pop. Says Lock: "We have a car that will be as sensitive as any of the exotics now available, but will be compliant enough for Mum to take it shopping."

Mercifully, the long-legged Lock has recognised and remedied an Alfa failing. Appreciating that people of regulation height might want to own the Giocattolo, he's redesigned the hostile Sprint pedal layout, giving the driver a blessed five centimetres more leg room. The fuel-injected V6 engine is just the first bombardment of the Giocattolo's foray into supercar territory. In this form the car is quick — remember, it weighs under 1000 kilos. Later plans include bolting a twin-turbo version of the Alfa V6 engine. Halstead's a touch coy about talking turbos, but the huge air scoops forward of the rear wheels are not there for decoration. And Halstead has done some development work with Sydney firm Turbocharger Technology.

When will the Giocattolo swing into production? Halstead figures he should have the first customer cars trickling through by Christmas.

That's about long enough for us all to learn to pronounce that name. *Gee-o-catt-ol-lo?* Nope. *Jacatalow?* Close.

Are your tyres flat out keeping up with your engine?

Many low profile tyres are all show and no go. The Bridgestone Eager S330 and the Bridgestone S311 are two notable exceptions.

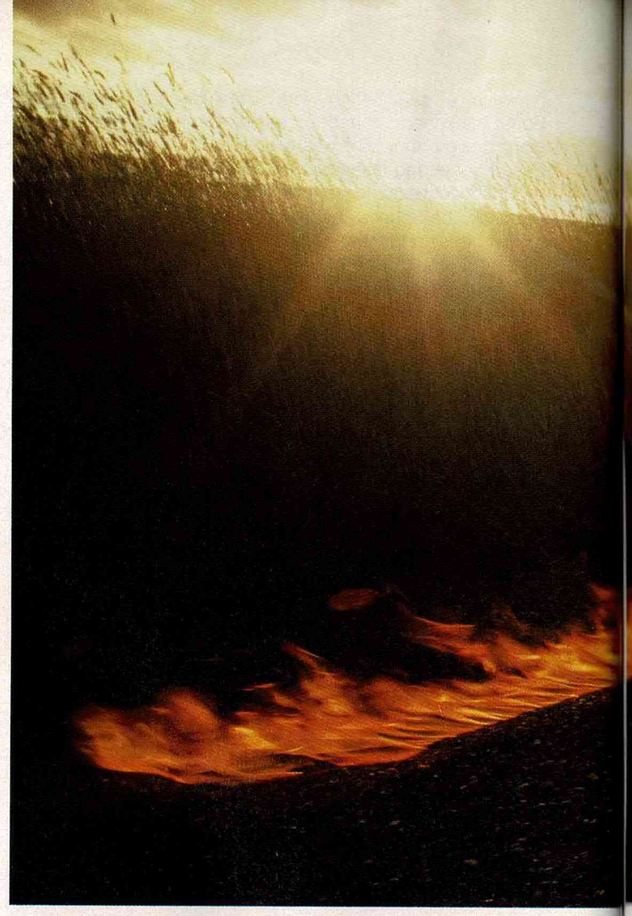
Bridgestone Eager S330.
This ultra-low 50 series steel belted radial tyre has been specifically engineered for customised street performance cars.

It is rated for speeds up to 210km/h, which means the competition doesn't rate a second thought.

The superiority of the Eager is due to Bridgestone's patented Superfiller, a super hard rubber sandwiched into the tyre bead.

This results in a wide flat tread, a rigid bead and a flexible sidewall: the perfect combination for a high performance tyre.

The wide flat tread gets a firmer grip on the road, the rigid bead transmits that grip to the car and the flexible sidewalls absorb shocks that would normally lift the tread off the road.



The aggressive tread pattern with its big thirsty grooves delivers precise handling and outstanding performance at all times.

Wet or dry, Eager leaves all the competition standing still.

Bridgestone S311.
This low profile 60 series tyre is rated for speeds up to 210km/h.

Developed through intensive testing on irregular surface highways, the S311 incorporates Bridgestone's exclusive Superfiller construction, for outstanding grip in both wet and dry conditions.

The low profile and wide track tread increases control and gives exceptional handling stability and responsive steering, especially in the fast lane.

You have a choice of dramatic white or plain black raised sidewall lettering, depending on how high or low a profile you wish to maintain.

A different breed of tyre.
Bridgestone high performance steel radials are the most technically advanced on the road today.

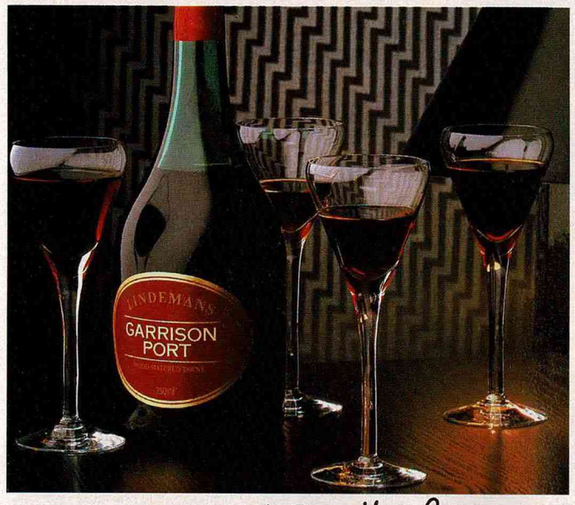
Whether you drive a European thoroughbred, a new breed sports coupe or a locally built muscle car, there is a Bridgestone tyre to help you to appreciate your car's capabilities to the utmost.

BAL 4006

BRIDGESTONE

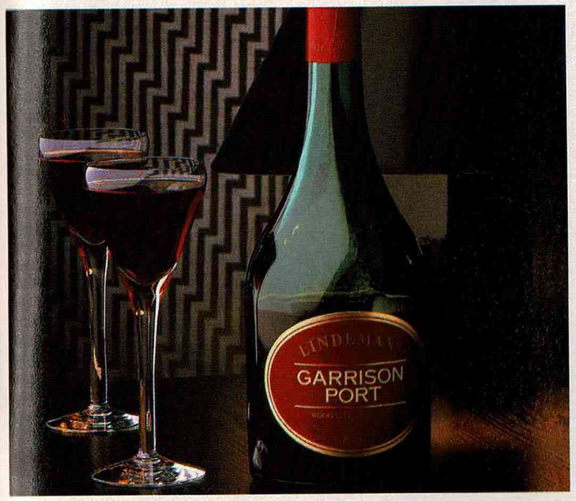
WIN A LINDEMANS CELLAR

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!



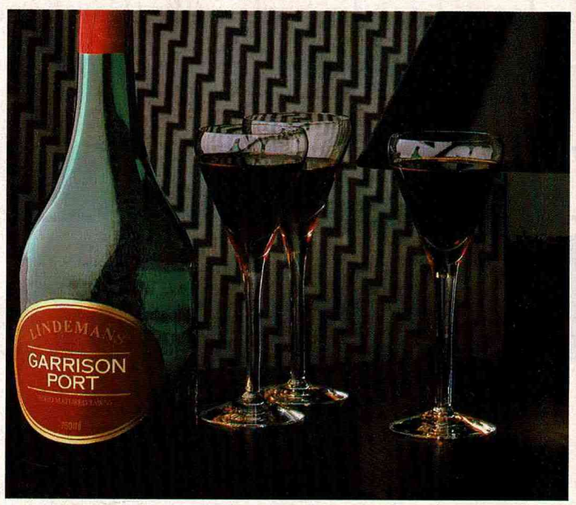
10.00pm Trivial Pursuit informs us that Bert Sachse invented the Pavlova.

10.30pm Laika, the Russian bitch, becomes the first dog in space.

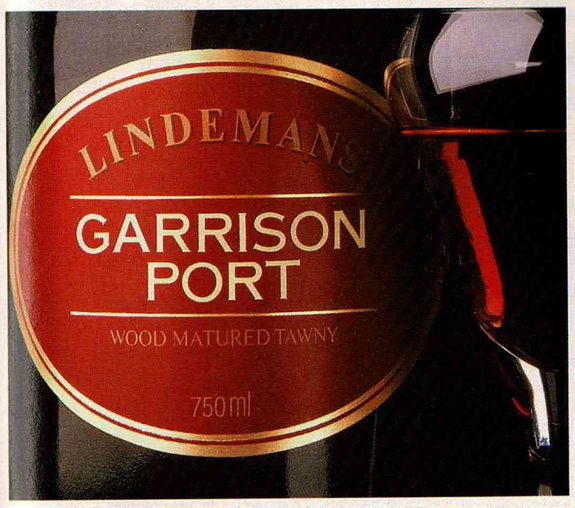


11.15pm Sammy Davis Jnr begins his career as Silent Sam, the Dancing Midget.

11.45pm Otto Titzling invents the brassiere.



12.30pm We agree that Trivial Pursuit was invented by two blokes who didn't want people to go home to bed.



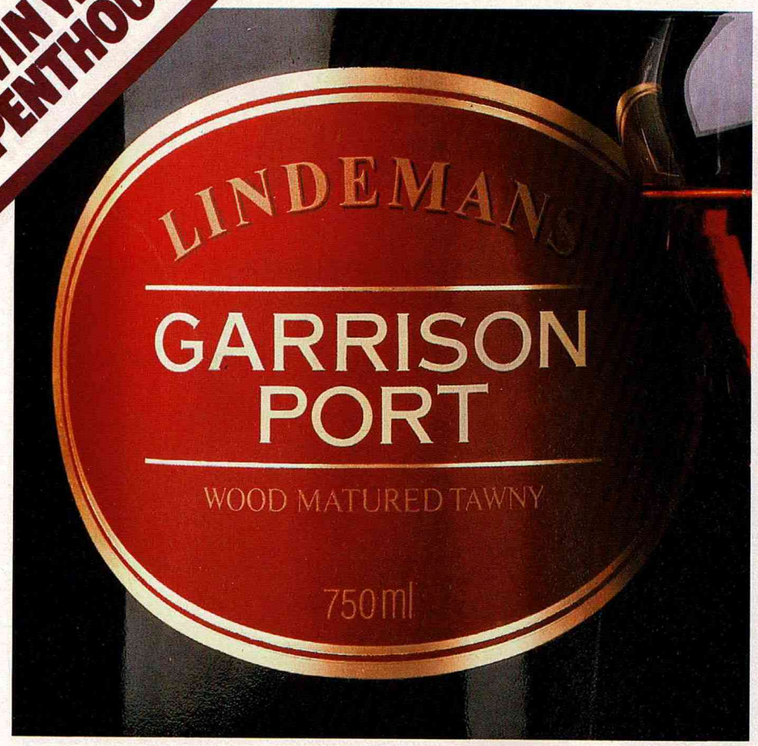
Once breached, there's no saving the Garrison.

The scenario for a perfect evening: upbeat conversation amongst intimate company, dim lights, great music — and a shared bottle of something *very* special. And with the onset of these chilly winter months, nothing comes closer to lip-smacking, taste-titillating, spirit-warming liquid wonder than a bottle of Garrison Tawny Port from Lindemans.

The saying, "Any port in a storm", may well have a ring of practicality about it, but for the man who only cares for plain sailing behind closed doors — and who takes that little bit of extra time to ensure an evening's safe passage — his choice of port is crucial. A recommended choice is invariably Garrison Tawny Port.

So *Australian Penthouse* and Lindemans have combined for this month's competition to not only give you the chance to enjoy a bit of light-hearted fun, but also to win a total of over $5000 worth of Lindemans wine — the name behind the magic of Garrison Port. You may have noticed variations of the theme appearing here in advertisements — all dealing with snatches or themes of conversation. This one is a slightly tailored *Penthouse* version. Think you can show us up? It's certainly worth it to have a go. Simply by turning the page and filling in the coupon — giving us your idea of a perfect evening's conversation/debate/rave/argument over a bottle of Garrison — you can be in the running for one of 13 prizes. First prize is a $2000 cellar from Lindemans, which of course includes a hefty stock of Garrison Port. So fortify yourself — and your cellar. Do it . . .

WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!



The winner of the *Penthouse* Garrison Port Cellar Competition — to be chosen by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* on a basis of wit and style — will certainly have the basic formula for many classic nights indoors. The prize consists of a $2000 Lindemans cellar. Included is, of course, the port of kings and conquests: Garrison Port. But part of the prize is also a selection of wines from the finest name in Australian winemaking — Lindemans.

Their wines are the culmination of years of wine'making refinement, the finished nectar of only the finest grapes grown in Australia's premium growing regions. Think of the Hunter Valley, Coonawarra and Padthaway areas — and then automatically think of Lindemans as the name that produces the most exquisite wines from them all.

But the competition certainly doesn't end there. Two runners-up will receive cellars of the same selection to the value of $1000 each.

The next ten most impressive entries will each receive a case of Garrison Tawny Port worth $95. That's still a lot of superb port for a competition that's all meant to be a bit of a giggle anyway.

All you have to do is fill out the coupon below. Beside each time gradation, write out — in only the available space, please — a series of hints as to the progression of an evening's high-spirited rave between four people. There's not much room, so remember it's just as important what you *don't* say. Frankly, we're not looking for graffiti-like slogans more suited to bus shelters, but something that's likely to approach the "class" of a bottle of Garrison. Remember, it's style and wit that will decide the winners.

So have a go. If you win, you won't have to rush out and buy a bottle to celebrate — that's for sure.

Clip and send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Garrison Port Cellar Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Entry instructions are in the above copy. Only one entry per person is allowed.

10.00pm — _____

_____

10.30pm — _____

_____

11.00pm — _____

_____

11.30pm — _____

_____

12.00am — _____

_____

12.30am — _____

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia aged 18 or over, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, and employees of Lindeman (Holding) Ltd and their families.

The winning entries for the competition will be decided by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* magazine on a basis of wit and neatness.

Closing date for the competition will be last mail on Friday, August 29, 1986. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends Section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require. All entries become the property of Lindeman (Holding) Ltd.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The competition is brought to you by Lindemans Wines.

For sale. Fully furnished bachelor unit, built-in stereo, air cond., remote control security system, panoramic views.

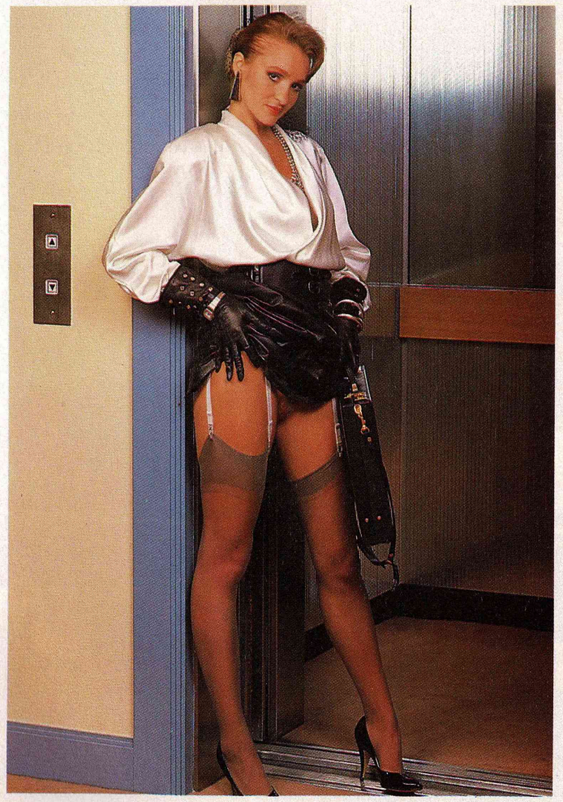
Fully optioned European luxury for under $21,000.* RENAULT FUEGO

For your nearest Renault Dealer, please contact your State Distributor. NSW: LNC Distribution (02) 888 0222. VICTORIA: LNC Distribution (03) 791 5888. QUEENSLAND: Annand & Thompson (07) 399 0999. SOUTH AUSTRALIA: LNC Distribution. (08) 519222. WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Eurocars Pty. Ltd. (09) 367 6699. CANBERRA: Corin Motors (062) 80 4409. Or call toll-free 24 hours a day on 008 226 643. *Price as at 20/5/86 and does not include statutory and dealer charges. Renault Importers (A member of the LNC Group). MN&C/DDB REN4277/NAT

The new Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse picks up where this one leaves off.

While you may have thought Australian Penthouse's pictorial content was provocative, the fact is the degree of explicitness in our pictorials is restricted by censorship regulations.

Which is why the copy of Australian Penthouse you're reading now is not



as raunchy as you might like it.

However a much more daring edition of the magazine is now being printed each month.

It's our Black Label edition and it's sold only through the mail to subscribers. The censorship regulations allow subscriber-only magazines to be far more raunchy.

So the Black Label edition will feature the same beautiful girls you'll find in our regular edition, however their pictorials will be far more revealing.

Far, far more so. And as a bonus, most issues of the Black Label edition will also feature a "couples" pictorial.

And that you won't find in any form whatsoever in the regular edition.

So if you prefer your reading matter to miss the heavy hand of the censor, this is your magazine.

For a full year's subscription (12 issues) simply complete the coupon.

And see what you've been missing.

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

It picks up where Australian Penthouse leaves off.

To Australian Penthouse Magazine,
PO Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062.
I wish to receive 12 issues of your Black Label edition.
I enclose a cheque/money order for $48.
Please debit my ☐ Bankcard, ☐ Amex, ☐ Diners

No. Expiry Date

Name

Address

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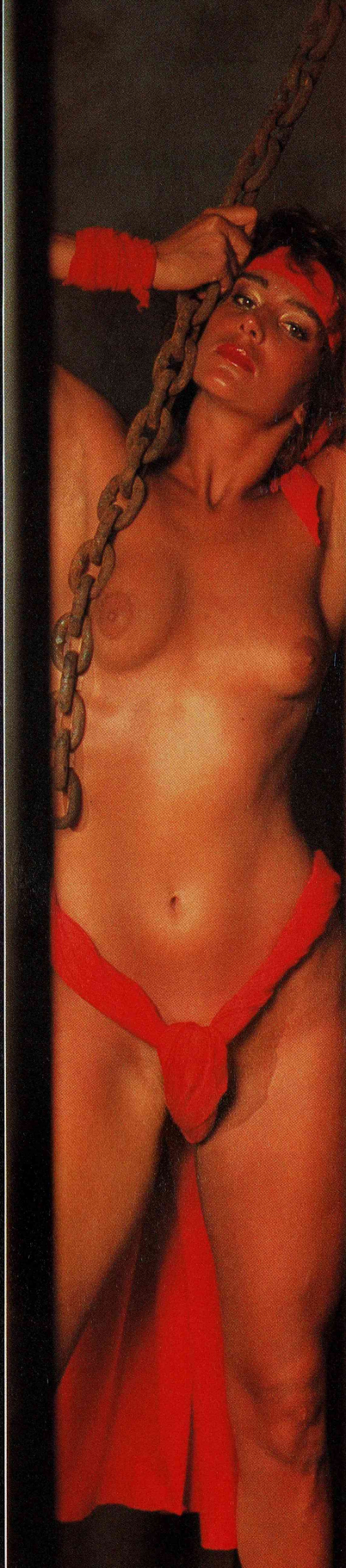
Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy. Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age.

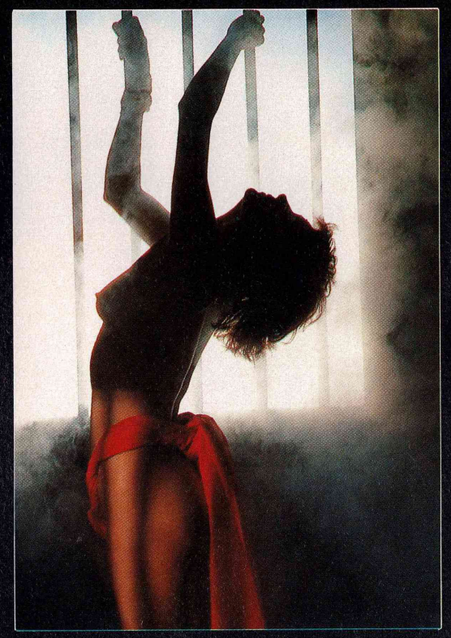
Jacka 1259

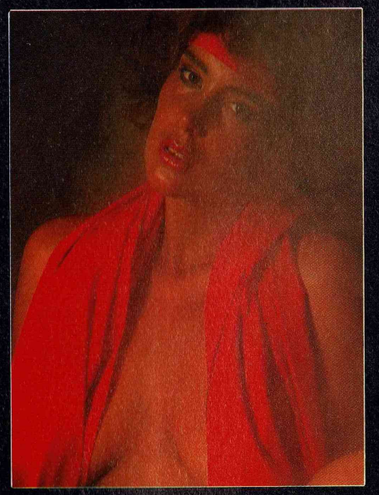
When *The Kiss Of The Spiderwoman* met *Flashdance* the result was a series of photographs so hot they're still smoking. You might say our woman behind bars was framed, but there's no way she'll wear the wrap. But still, she's a model prisoner and this celluloid-inspired pictorial explains at last why there's a riot going on down in cellblock number nine.

CAPTIVATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN VERTUE







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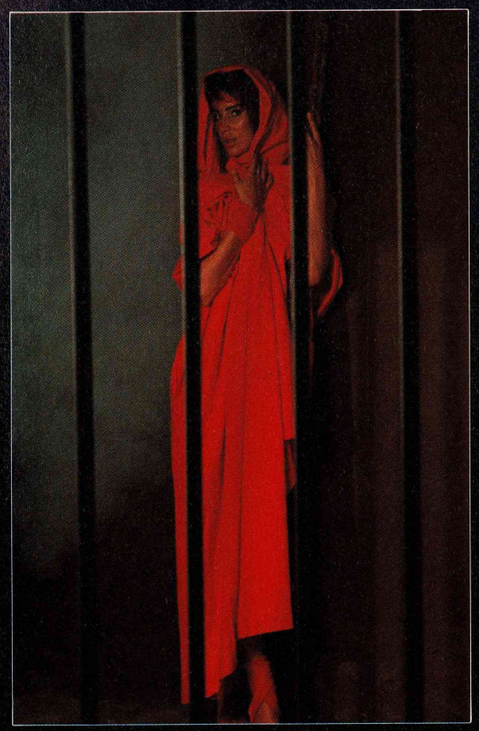

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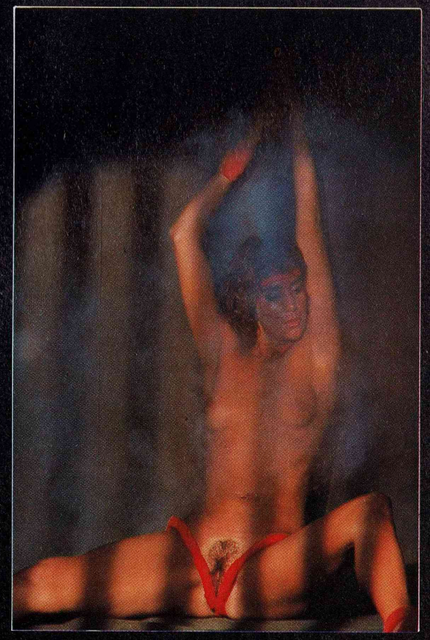

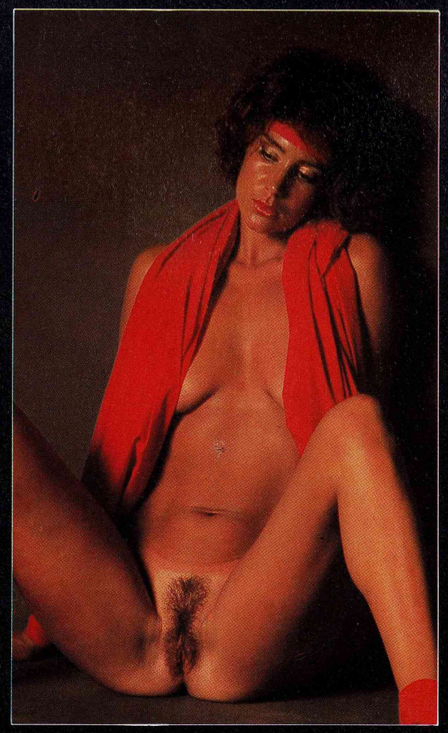

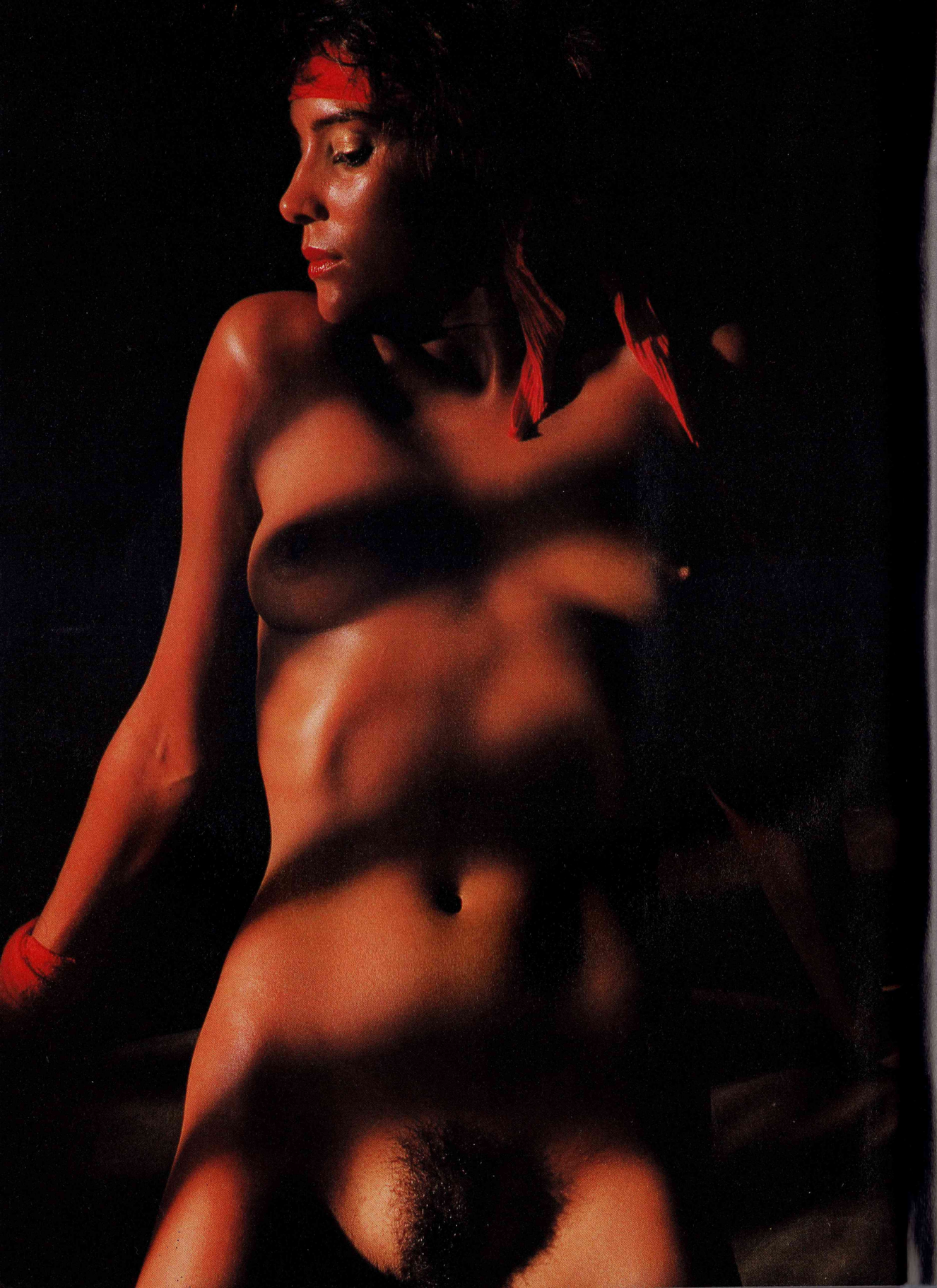

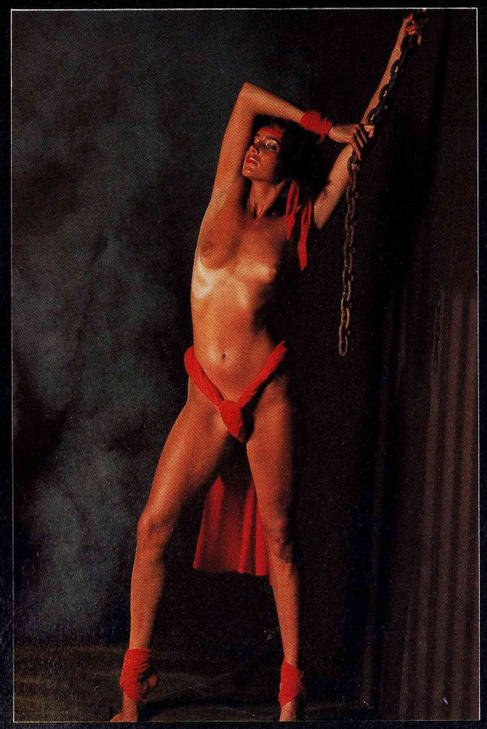

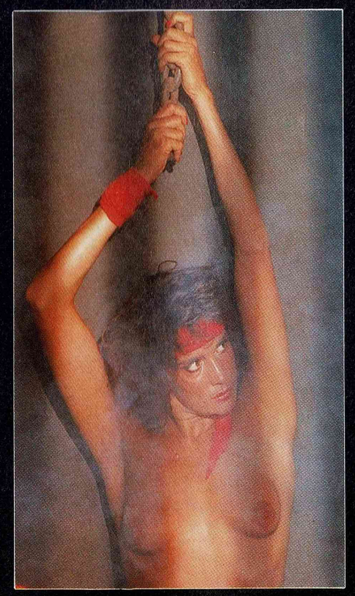

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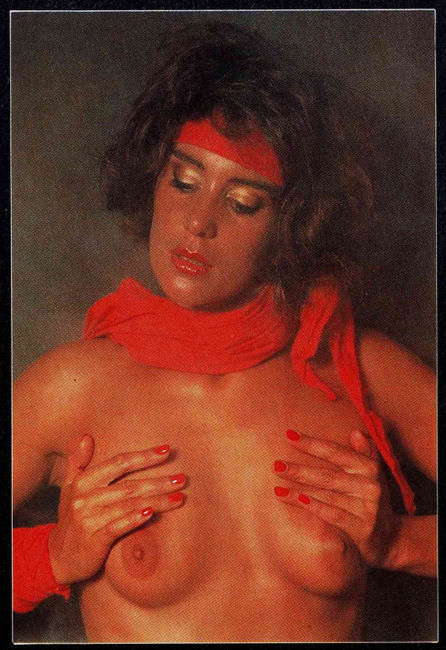


Sydney radio personality Doug Mulray has thrown botty and soul into his latest recording project

ROCK 'N' RAVE

PROFILE BY C.J. MACKAY

Doug Mulray likes his curry. None of your namby-pamby poofter stuff that involves chucking a bit of mild powder into the stew. Sydney FM radio's favorite son has tastes running to elaborately prepared chilli concoctions that let you know what it would be like to hop across burning coals on your tongue. *Penthouse* strapped on an asbestos tongue to interview the jock at one of his favorite eating houses. It quickly became apparent that when Doug Mulray likes something, his passion for it runs about as hot as one of his beloved bowls of lava.

Take his feelings for his producer and new live-in girlfriend Liz Yeoman: "The most extraordinary assistance comes from this woman. She is technically excellent, sensitive to my idiocy, reproving when she needs to be, supportive, and she's got a great arse.

"I mean, what more could a man look for in a producer? She even makes a nice cup of tea. She's the perfect woman. I don't want to sound sexist here, but she's got a flat head you can rest your beer on and her father owns a pub. She gives head for three hours then turns into a pizza . . ."

On his favorite sporting pastime of windsurfing: "It's the most exhilarating natural sport I know. Give me that sensation of ripping along the water with the rig howling above me. To be skimming at 15 or 20 knots, just me and the elements of wind and water. And in combination — shitfaced and windsurfing . . . We're talking Nirvana here. If you could root, windsurf and get stoned at the same time . . ."

ILLUSTRATION BY GRAEME DAVEY

RAVE

Here Mulray's mouth fails him. And that's something. For if there's anything the man does extremely well, it's talk. Maybe "rave" would sum up his talent more precisely. This jock could talk under water, and he's actually done so on a couple of occasions.

Back to curry. By his own reckoning, Mulray puts away Thai, Indonesian, Indian or Malaysian food about four or five times a week. It may be frightfully presumptuous to suggest that he consistently suffers the sorest arsehole in Australian radio, but the lyrics of *Ring Of Fire* could never be too far away as he sits contemplatively in his Seaforth home. Perhaps that's why he has lately developed a preoccupation with the *fundamental* things in life.

Speaking of arseholes, at the time of writing he had just completed work on his James Brown-inspired single "You Are Soul", and its flip side "Two Joints." Excited at the prospect of its release, he couldn't contain his praises for all those involved in making him sound good: "The song is hot. The music is tremendous. I can't believe the high calibre of Sydney musos. And the record is very funny," he says, smiling at the prospect of the song's double entendre chorus riding the airwaves.

"And it's totally defensible given the track's soul feel. But you know how Australians love smut."

Smut or no smut, Sydney likes Doug Mulray. His six-till-ten breakfast slot on radio station 2 Triple M reaches about 416,000 people a week. When he first started with the station in 1981 he was notching up a 2.6 percent slice of the cornflakes crowd. At last survey he'd won 11.3 percent over to his comic style, second only in the breakfast stakes to 2GB's Mike Carlton. And although his appearances on television these days amount to little more than the occasional guest spot, his face is instantly recognised by young people whenever his 4.30am starts allow him to get out and about in "normal" hours.

Anyone tuning into Mulray can expect to be served up a pastiche of current rock music, between-track banter including prerecorded topical and not so topical comedy sketches, more music, and the usual services of news, weather, traffic and surf reports. But in the hands of Mulray and his sidekicks, the "usual service" stuff has a tendency to take a rather humorous bent. His spots with roving surf reporter Mark Warren, for example, are big favorites as the state of the waves usually takes a back seat to the battle of the raves. The show overall is light and fun, just the way Mulray reckons morning radio should be. The way he sees it, his listeners should be tickled out of bed to face the prospect of another ugly nine-to-five grind. Reaching more than 400,000 pyjama-clad people a week as he does, Uncle Doug ranks up there with the more successful ticklers in the country.

Of course, Mulray's style is not everyone's morning cup of tea. And indeed, his lively patter which shines on radio may not always survive the translation to print — though it would be hard to single out another whose work translates better than Mulray's. His humor is fast, his wordplays clever, and his projected personality very much that of the self-deprecating, larrikin Aussie bloke. To his supporters, the only thing wrong with his show is that the station's high commercial content chews up their precious time with the jock himself.

If his irreverence doesn't please all of the people all of the time, Mulray says he prefers it that way. His flippant style has occasionally landed him in hot water. "I've never been sued, but I have had to write some letters of apology to editors and make a few amends on air," he says.

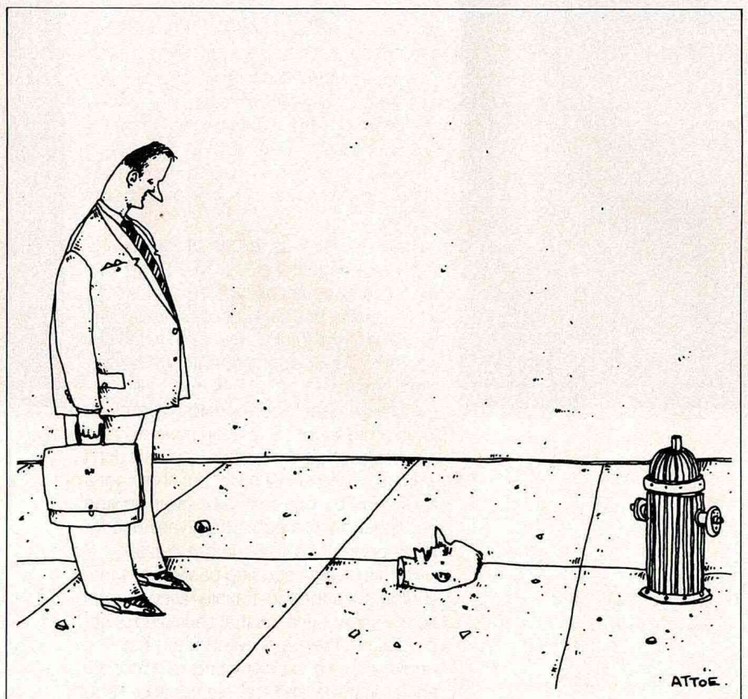
Then there was the time he and his longtime comedy writer Ken Sterling drew blood during their spell together writing for the *Mike Willesee Show*. It was back in the days when media reports would have it that women were dropping like flies to the dreaded Toxic Shock Syndrome. Sterling and Mulray cooked up a tampon joke that was delivered in prime time by a female announcer. It went: "Doctors say that tampons aren't such a problem, as long as you don't smoke more than two packs a day." Fairly mild stuff in retrospect, given what they might have done with a juicy AIDS story, but back then it hit the fan. The next day's tabloids had a field day condemning the piece as "obscene", "an insult" and "tasteless." Both Mulray and Sterling had few qualms in accepting the "tasteless" tag, no doubt taking it as a compliment, but Channel Seven didn't see it all their way. Not too long after The Tampon Incident, the pair took their ball and went to play over at Triple M.

They're still slinging it around together today. Two years back, highlights of their daily teamwork in writing and delivering comedy were collected in the records *What A Rude Album* and *2 Rude*. The former went gold nationally.

Doug Mulray grew up in Sydney's northern beach suburbs. He attended Manly Boys' High but never graduated due to a spectacular Year 12 incident that involved about a barrowload of twopenny bungers and the school dunnies.

The stunt effectively put the clappers on any chance of Mulray entering his father's profession of law. Mulray Senior still works as a solicitor and his mother, at 63, teaches at a local public school. "She's a legend in the area," says Mulray Junior, "just about as well known as the South Curl Curl Surf Club." With any reference to his parents, it's evident that he reveres them.

"They are wonderful people. They never forced me to do anything. My father never



"You should see the other guy."

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PW 9

made my brother or myself feel obliged to follow him into law. He never expressed any disappointment, though I know he felt it. Both my parents knew that their sons had talents and aspirations in different directions."

Mulray takes obvious pleasure in having proven himself to his parents. His brother Geoff also works in radio, managing Sydney radio station 2SM.

He says he inherited his talent for impersonating voices from his mother. "Both my parents are real wackos. My mother is great with voices. A typical Mulray family dinner was like a competition for space, because we all liked to have our two bob's worth. My parents both adore language, celebrate it."

Even today Mulray's father will occasionally ring his son at the Triple M studio to point out a mispronunciation or grammatical error. "I'll say, 'Dad, don't be silly. It's a moot grammatical point,' or somesuch," he says. "But the moment I hang up I'll say, 'Christ!' It's pathetic to be making mistakes after all these years." The disc jockey is deadly serious about his job. If he ever stumbles over a word or mispronounces a name, he's playing it back to himself, white-knuckled, as soon as there's a break. Beneath the carpet insulating the walls of the Triple M studio there are a couple of decent dents resulting from a Mulray kick when he hasn't got something right.

When Mulray's schooldays ended with the bunger affair, he embarked on the ship of commerce selling furnishing fabrics. "My job was to interest gentlemen of dubious sexual persuasion in the shop's wares. Not that I ever compromised myself, you understand, but I did take advantage of the fact that I was only 17. I soon learned to wear a cardigan without my arms in the sleeves."

From furnishing he went to a job managing a menswear store, but it was the traditional young Aussie's trip OS that set Mulray on the path to a radio career, albeit in a roundabout way. Instead of writing letters to his parents from digs in London, he opted to send them tapes he'd recorded while wandering the streets, the pubs and on one occasion the bathtubs of Old Blighty. His correspondence so delighted his parents that they would play the tapes to any of their friends who'd listen. One of these was a former radio man who suggested that young Doug would make a good fist of it on the wireless. Mulray grabbed the suggestion and on returning to Australia he enrolled at a radio school run by Rod Muir, now the boss of Triple M.

Having learned how to blow out a candle with a crisp consonant, he cut his teeth on the technical side of the business while working as a night announcer on 2AD Armidale. "It was a good place to be bad," he recalls. "At any given time there was only a sheep listening, and not a very critical sheep at that."

His career started to move when he talked his way into a job as a jock at 2GO on the NSW Central Coast. "This was very big time for me. The station has a listening audience of about 150,000 — people, not sheep — and when I first started there I'd get so nervous before I went on that I'd have to go and throw up."

A stint in Melbourne followed the 2GO days, a career episode Mulray prefers to forget. "I spent ten years in Melbourne in 1978," is the way he puts it. When asked why his memories are less than cheery he answers, "Quite simply because it wasn't Sydney."

His on-air comedic talent wasn't explored until he moved to Sydney's avant-garde 2JJ. "I'd really done straight radio announcing before that. A bit of talkback. I used to console people, advise them on the best places to get treatment for their veins." It was at JJ that he first worked with Sterling, cementing a bond that has seen them through the *Willesee* days and five years together at Triple M.

> "You know the hardest thing about working here?" says Mulray, flashing a smile. "It's trying to give the impression that we're actually having a good time."

There seems little doubt that Mulray's future is in television. At the time of interview he was negotiating with four production companies, but he is adamant he won't be rushing into anything. "Doing TV for the sake of getting your head on the box is counterproductive. We'll go to television when we feel our concept is perfect and we're 100 percent confident."

The confidence factor plays a big part. Mulray is at home with the intimacy of a radio studio. "I love radio. I breathe it. At the moment I find it extraordinarily satisfying and profitable. In the studio I can paint pictures that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars on television. I just say it.

"But there's the psychology of the thing involved for me now. Ultimately I'll have to quit this getting up at 4.30am, or I'll go mad."

At 7.30am in the 25th floor studios of Triple M, Liz Yeoman is running in and out and Mulray's doing his fun, fun fantastic black plastic bit with the words: "Here's a little something from Van Halen, and believe me it kicks freckle." Ken Sterling, coffee cup in hand, is joking while propping up one of the carpeted walls. It could be a bunch of the guys partying after a long day, but the rain and fog all but obliterating the studio's panoramic view spell cold, grey Monday morning.

"Something on Botham?" says Mulray to Sterling. The news that day is full of Botham's alleged exploits with the former Miss Barbados and more on his alleged capacity for illegal substances. "Ever tried drugs, Doug?" asks Sterling. "Can't say I have, Ken," comes the reply in best Richie Benaudese, "but you're acquainted with my short-term memory problem." Sterling parries: "Yeah, I may have too, but I was always too out of it to be sure."

Sterling retires to his cubby hole to give Botham the once over, as Mulray introduces a Stevie Wonder track for the breakfast brigade's listening enjoyment: "Such a sad little ditty, don't you think? There he is thinking he's singing to his beloved not knowing that she's walked out of the room and he's pouring his heart out to a pot plant. Triple M triples your music."

Announcer Stuart Cranney rocks in for a cigarette and a rundown of Mulray's weekend. "So how did it go on Friday night?" he asks of a live spot Mulray put in at a Sydney disco.

"Mate, what do you reckon?" says Mulray. "I had 16-year-old blondes queuing up to root me. Are you kidding? No-one's found me attractive in years. Even Lizzy never found me attractive. She simply got used to me." Mulray has always said he's got a good head for radio.

Cranney exits stage left as Mulray punches a recorded comedy sketch to air and greets roving surf reporter Mark Warren on the telephone. "So how's the prince of the surf and sexual legend?" Warren goes on air with a story about a citizen's action group calling themselves People Opposing Ocean Outfalls, or POOO for short. The story detonates an explosion of activity. Pieces of paper begin appearing from everyone from the mail boy up. Mulray sifts through the scraps on his desk and begins reading the alternative acronyms to air. "Further to Mark Warren's report, we have been informed of similar action groups fighting the good fight. Best of luck to the Tactical Unit Repelling Disgusting Sewage and a big hello to the Citizens Rebelling Against Poo," he grins. A little fishing around has resulted in a hearty netful of blind mullet.

"You know the hardest thing about working here?" says Mulray, flashing a smile. "It's trying to give the impression that we're actually having a good time. Such hostility all round . . ."

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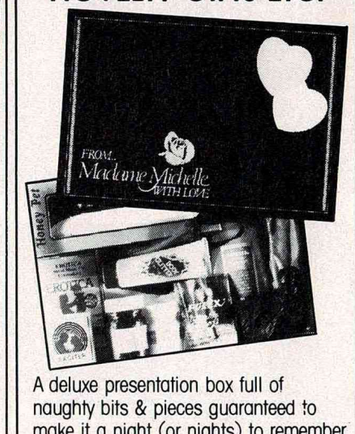

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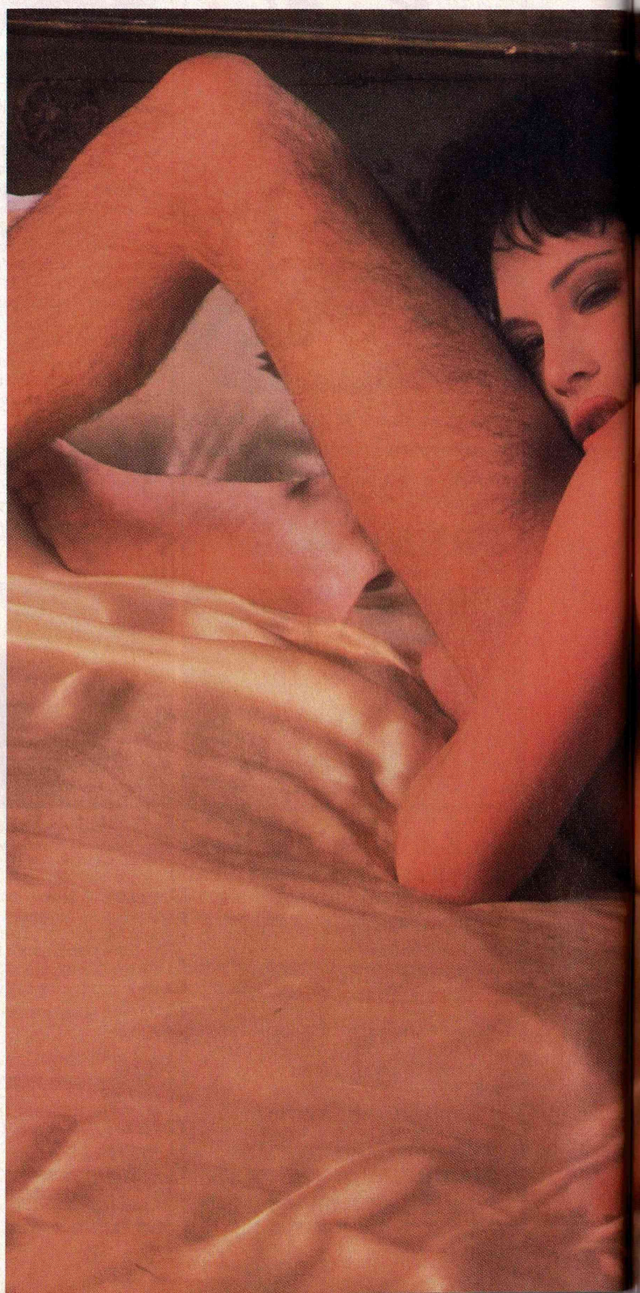

SEA FEVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

So you're the notorious terror of the seven seas?'' she quizzed. ''Well big deal, I hate sailing. It's so boring out here. And you don't even have a winged keel or a sponsorship deal to impress me. Just why do they call you Long John?'' ''Easy does it, wench. Loose lips sink ships. And this captain always has to go down on his ship.'' ''Hmm,'' she replied. ''Sounds like you've been at sea too long, sea-dog.''

"I must go down at sea again," murmured the captain in her ear. "So I'm not your first mate after all?" He shook his head. "Not the way you give orders, sweetheart. I hereby promote you to the rank of Rear-Admirable."

Day after day, day after day,
They stuck at it — hot breath and motion,
No idle moment, just making waves
On the waterbed of the ocean.

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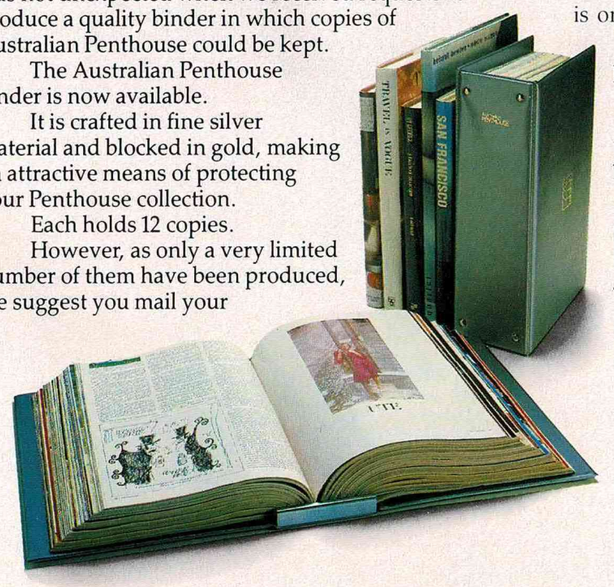

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LOOSE ENDS

POODLE IN MICROWAVE— TEEN TELLS

Have you heard the one about the vandals who broke into a waterslide fun park and taped razorblades all down the giant slide? No joke. When the first kids went for the big slide the next morning they ended up looking like fettucine bolognaise. The park tried to hush it up, of course — bad for business and all that. And the papers didn't go to town on it because they didn't want to give any more sickos out there ideas.

Chances are you heard it from someone who had this friend who had this friend who was actually there on that fateful day. That's the way it usually goes with urban myths. They're those stories we hear as "true" accounts that turn out, on closer inspection, to be the product of someone's overactive imagination.

So the SLIDE SLICE SHOCK never occurred and I was one of the masses who were sucked in. I could have sworn I'd read it in the paper, and I actually worked on a paper at the time. It wasn't the first time I'd fallen for a good gruesome folk tale. My teen years were tangled up in these colorful yarns, going back to that time at holiday camp in 1970 when I was taken, line and sinker, by "The Hook." That's the one where the couple are smooching in the car when they hear a radio report that a homicidal maniac with a hook for a hand has escaped from the local loony bin. They get scared and drive home to safety. What do they find when they get out of the car? A bloody hook on the door handle. Dead set. The girl who told me that one had an uncle who lived in the same street as the guy involved, so it had to be true. That scary story lived with me long after my Cottontails had dried.

The Double Bay Batman, the druggie babysitter who roasts the baby and puts the turkey to bed, the LSD freaks who go blind from staring at the sun — there's a million of 'em. The US even has a resident expert on urban folklore. Jan Harold Brunvand, an English professor at the University of Utah, can tell you just about all of them — the poodle in the microwave, the vanishing hitch-hiker, the Kentucky Fried rat, the alligators in the New York sewers, and so on. He has collected hundreds of urban myths in his books *The Vanishing Hitch-hiker* (1981), *The Choking Doberman* (1984) and *The Mexican Pet* (1986), published in the States by W.W. Norton & Co.

Brunvand says "The Hook" started in the States in about 1959 and quickly spread throughout the country and overseas, usually told by teenagers who had heard it through a "friend of a friend." After years spent cataloguing urban legends, Brunvand now refers to this third-hand, unnamed phenomenon as a "foaf."

A personal favorite foaf tale concerns the teenage couple who go back to the young guy's house and, finding no-one at home, decide to engage in some naked hijinks. As the naked boy piggybacks the naked girl into the home's darkened basement, whooping all the while with youthful sexual exuberance, the lights go on suddenly and his family and friends all shout, "Surprise! Happy birthday!"

I also like the one about the couple who take their dog to a restaurant in Hong Kong. They gesture to the waiter to take the dog to the kitchen to feed it some scraps. The waiter nods and takes the dog away. After half an hour the couple ask the waiter where their dog, and their food, have gotten to. The waiter goes to the kitchen and returns with a steaming plate of . . . fricaseed Fido.

Recent examples of Australian urban myths include the story that the matinee jacket found near Ayers Rock was not the one worn by Azaria at all, but a lookalike used in the filming of a telemovie about the Chamberlain case.

The classic Bargain Car urban myth has also been rehashed here recently. That's the story of the ad in a paper for a near-new luxury car for $50. It turns out that the woman selling the car is doing so on the instructions of her husband, who has just run off with a younger woman. He's asked his wife to send him the money — hence the low price is her revenge. In the latest local version the gentleman involved is a certain portly Queensland politician . . .

The beauty of these modern myths, according to Professor Brunvand, is that they are fables reflecting the fears and concerns of the people who tell them. "If people believe a story, it's important to them and that's a kind of truth," he says.

Indeed, the moral lessons I've learned from urban myths are manifold. You'd never catch me snogging in a car near a psychiatric hospital, for instance, and I'd make damn sure I checked all the rooms before running around the house in my birthday suit. Similarly I wouldn't drop acid without first putting on sunglasses and I'd leave my dog at home if ever I went to Hong Kong — and not in the care of a kooky old lady with a thing about microwaves.

I have yet to work out the moral of the razorblades on the waterslide story, but there has to be one there somewhere. And though as a mature, thinking adult I am now aware that the story is a fabrication, do you reckon you'll ever find me near a giant waterslide queuing up for my free clitorectomy? Not on your nelly. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

THE STONES ROLL ON

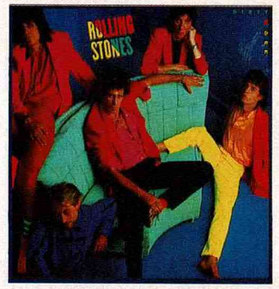
Cutting a swathe through the slick tones of commercial radio come **The Rolling Stones** on their latest piece of *Dirty Work* (CBS). For more than 20 years they've been churning out albums with more than their share of great musical moments, with this latest chapter in the Stones' catalogue seeing them spirited and loose. The Glimmer Twins plus one (Jagger, Richards and Woods) have penned most of the set. Not credited with songwriting but equally responsible for the mood of the album are Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman, who provide simple, sinuous feels in the R&B tradition — with just a touch of reggae dub on "Too Rude." Jagger has his way with vowels, peaking in "Had It With You" which in his mouth becomes "Hadidwitchoo!" — a finger-waggling, hip-swaying sneeze. This band of living legends are not shy about letting their eccentricities surface; from the often country-influenced guitar work to the more unpredictably loose drum fills they sound like a band having fun together in the studio, even if they can't get friendly enough to tour the music.

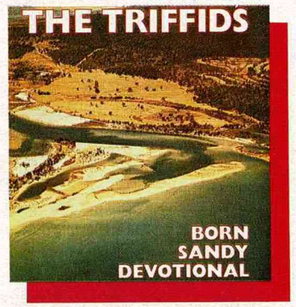
Tim Finn has a new record company and a new *Big Canoe* (Virgin). He is clearly captain of this fair vessel, but is ably assisted by first mate Jeremy Brock (playwright/lyricist) and English producer Nick Launay (INXS, Oils, Models) steadfastly manning the rudder. Brock has helped Finn avoid singing too many maudlin songs about himself by constructing scenarios for this born-again Kiwi to live through. Launay has provided a rich sonic backdrop with the atmospheric moments more than a bit reminiscent of very early Split Enz, while the funkier moments ("Spiritual Hunger") push in the direction that popsters Go West went in. Finn needs a collaborative edge to his material. The Enz had it in their own quirky way; Finn's studio comrades on *Escapade* didn't. *Canoe* has a lot of great elements but not a lot of supremely memorable songs.

Elvis Costello is dead, killed off by the name on his birth certificate — Declan Macmanus. *King Of America* (F Beat) still bears his memory, being attributed to **The Costello Show**. It includes one track from his former colleagues the Attractions, but mostly features American players and simpler song forms. Macmanus has never been at a loss for words, despite claims of having "dried up" — those are neatly scotched by this release. Many of the word games of his last two albums are absent, often replaced with anger, cynicism and straight story telling. His finer moments come on the more lyrical tracks like "American Without Tears", "Indoor Fireworks" and the rousing "Jack Of All Parades" where the grace and style of his wordsmithing isn't overpowered by the music nor unsupported by strong tunes.

London band **Talk Talk** were first noticed here with their track "Talk Talk" in 1982. Claiming the skinny ties and electric drums were borrowed from people they hardly even knew, they disclaimed being part of the then fading "New Wave" scene. *The Colour of Spring* (EMI) sees them opting for more "natural" music makers like piano, acoustic drums and paisley shirts. The songs are collaborations between singer Mark Hollis and keyboard player/producer Tim Friege-Green. Hollis has an anguished but often optimistic voice ("Life's What You Make It") and they've used some very sparse arrangements — "Chameleon Day" even reminds of Stravinski at his most delicate. It's good to hear a band who know that silence can be as loud as the biggest amplifier cranked up full.

Milking a genre more than minutes after the event is **Alexei Sayle** on *Panic* (CBS)... "Run round the room, be like a fly, bend over backwards and kiss your backside goodbye and panic" — it's a reaction to the Thatchers and Reagans of this world. Small screen addicts will know him as the landlord in *The Young Ones*, while if you're really lucky you may have caught him as part of the Comic Strip entourage of comedians that toured here four years ago. Rap is a style perfectly suited to stand-up comics, but by now the impact of joke-rap is as institutionalised as a pie in the face.





Clockwise from left: Talk Talk play on the sounds of silence; The Stones' latest Dirty Work; The Triffids celebrate isolation; Costello, the kingly wordsmith.

Hailing from Perth, perched on the edge of the desert, David McComb has developed a sense of epic wasteland. He and fellow **Triffids** pursue the notion of being *Born Sandy Devotional* (White Hot) on their second album. From being arguably one of the most tedious local live acts, a stint as darlings of the British music press seems to have invested them with necessary energy and much better production. Cello and viola are again added to Robert McComb's violin to add a sombre, austere mood while David McComb deadpans his way through lyrics about river beds and other lonely stretches, both geographical and personal. Jill Birt takes the vocal mike for a particularly bleak update on the "Talahachee Bridge" scenario — this time it's "Tarrilup Bridge." The Triffids at least capture the dour melodrama of isolation, and although being born children of a land of surf and sun they don't celebrate joyous frolics, but rather sweat, sunburn and flies — all the really good bits.

Melbourne duo **Not Drowning, Waving** have reared some beautiful wildflowers in *The Little Desert* (Rampant). It's all piano and acoustic percussion recorded mainly in an old church for suitable ambience — atmospheric in the best sense of the word. — *Jeremy Cook*

FILM

THE COLOR PUCE

All the warning signs were there. An avalanche of American hype. A lot of hopeful enthusiasm for a brilliant young director's first big budget excursion away from spaceships, kids, scary stuff and old time serial heroics. A swag of Academy Award nominations — none of them resulting in a big Ossie — simply fanned the flames of Steven Spielberg's **The Color Purple**. As anyone knows, those awards are so bound up in industry politics that sometimes the very best of films misses out on a gong. And, as the gossip had it, Spielberg simply hasn't been at it long enough to *deserve* an Oscar ...

So it was with naively high expectations that I sat down to two hours of *The Color Purple*. About half an hour into the film I began to develop an uneasy feeling that this film was ... silly. And through another hour and a half of emotional manipulation the feeling didn't go away.

Sure it's no fault of the film that anyone should look forward to it so, and thus court disappointment. But while a well-oiled publicity machine can get punters' bums on seats, it's not going to fool all of the people that what they've just gone and paid $7.50 for is anything more than a nicely cinematographed load of twee, sentimental codswallop.

As you may know from advance publicity, *The Color Purple* traces the turbulent emotional development of a black woman over about 40 years, beginning at age 14 in 1906. The character Celie is the film's heart, but the stories of her family and friends entwine with hers to create an epic of love, sorrow and endurance.

As Celie, Whoopi Goldberg is wholly deserving of her award nominations earlier this year. She is gentle and compelling to watch as the woman who, after years of submerging her identity, learns to respect her own worth. The beautiful Margaret Avery as jazz singer Shug Avery is worthy of note, as is the film's score by Quincy Jones. Oprah Winfrey must be given credit for managing to bury her ghastly TV persona of Nell in *Gimme A Break*, but Adolph Caesar, who plays Old Mr, is probably still in hiding from his role.

The Color Purple is a beautiful film to look at and, not to sell it too short, its sickly syrup will no doubt be lapped up by more sentimental types. Indeed, during a particularly soppy scene, my eyes wandered from the screen to a woman in the next row having a wail of a time with a Kleenex. Maybe I ain't got no heart.

Anyone who caught director Alan Rudolph's *Choose Me* in Australian cinemas last year will know what to expect from his latest film **Trouble In Mind**. This talented and innovative film-maker dabbles in a celluloid world where the cherubic mingle with the corrupt in blackly comic farce. His inevitably rain-slick streets reflect the blinking neon signs of seedy bars and diners where human flotsam congregates in an atmosphere of world-weary hopelessness. Fans of the director's work have come to expect his films to be excursions into a surreal underworld peopled by characters who are anything but run of the mill.

And so it is with *Trouble In Mind*, starring Kris Kristofferson, Genevieve Bujold, Keith Carradine and Lori Singer. Rudolph has gone to town on the decadence of his RainCity setting and its criminal characters, and laid on the black comedy with a slapstick trowel at times. Not the least of its appeal hinges on a hauntingly melancholy score recorded by Marianne Faithfull and its weird and wonderful costumes and sets — a trademark of Rudolph's films. Good performances all round, and for fans of the bizarre it's worthwhile seeing for the chance of catching Divine in men's clothing. For seamy underbelly laughs and decidedly different film entertainment this one is highly recommended.

To take us back to the straight and narrow — or middle of the road — comes **American Flyers**, directed by John Badham. It's the story of the relationship between two brothers and the achievement of personal bests in the high competition of professional cycling.

A decent script with a couple of good twists and creditable performances by Kevin Costner and David Grant set this in the fair-to-good category of family entertainment. However it's difficult throughout to divorce the feeling that you've seen this story many times before — be it in the competitive worlds of cycling, football, wrestling or whatever. The film's climactic racing scenes through some spectacular American countryside are pleasing to the eye, if not suspenseful enough to con the viewer that anyone but the hero is going to win. On a scale of one to ten it rates about five stars — all of them Malverns. — *C.J. Mackay*

From the top: Whoopi Goldberg, Margaret Avery and Danny Glover in The Color Purple; Kristofferson and Carradine dress for decadence in Trouble in Mind; Scene from American Flyers.

LOOKING THE PART

Nothing like looking the part when you're playing sport and these shades from Four Seasons make anyone look like they're moving when they're just standing still. They feature mirrored IFR lenses designed to eliminate 100 percent of infrared and ultraviolet light. Retailing for around $39.99, they're available in tortoiseshell, navy or black frames at leading optical outlets including OPSM, major department stores and selected boutiques and pharmacies.

A GRAND IDEA

Devotees of Grand Marnier — that delicious blend of old French cognac and extract of oranges — are no doubt aware of the liqueur's appeal when mixed with cream. Such is the popularity of the combo that the largest selling French liqueur in the world has decided to bottle Grand Marnier Creme. The finest cognac base is the same, as is the orange extract obtained by soaking the zest of wild oranges in pure alcohol, before blending and ageing in wood. To this Normandy cream has been added and the result is bliss — whether served straight, over ice, as a mixer and even in cooking. You may never go back to the straight stuff again.

HANG 'EM HIGH

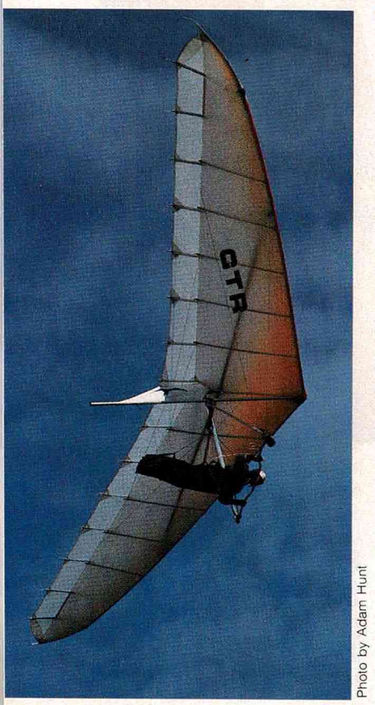


Photo by Adam Hunt

To call a hang gliding outfit the world's oldest and most respected may sound strange, given the newness of the sport. But that's just what Moyes Delta Gliders can lay claim to. The company was founded by Australian pioneer hang glider Bill Moyes and is now managed by his son Steve, the 1983 world champion hang glider and current Australian champion. The company has set the pace in design for more than a decade and their latest release continues the tradition by setting new standards of safety and performance.

The GTR, designed primarily to combine responsive handling with high performance characteristics, is already chalking up success in international competition and causing something of a sensation in the States. Moyes Delta Gliders is expanding its market and is currently the world's second largest exporter of hang gliders. The GTR, priced at around $2450, seems likely to continue the successful trend.

MATING RATING

The Ink Group turn the tables with their "Little Black Book" for women. Each one has a section under each name for the listing of such essentials as birthdates, assets and flaws ("gold digger, lusty laugh, married, motherly"). They also do an innovative line of greeting and playing cards provocatively posing a not unimpressive array of macho meat. Check them out in newsagents . . . just for a laugh . . . right?

SUPPORT YOUR BALLS

We pride ourselves in teeing-up anything particularly sublime or ridiculous for these pages. Backing up that notion . . . golf tees: possibly the most innocuously practical sporting accessory ever conceived. And now you can order golf tees with *your name* written on them. The product of Noveltees, a Sydney business, they certainly live up to their sales pitch of catering for the golfer who has everything.

NO WIMPS ALLOWED

Not for the timid — not for the tentative." Does that sound like you? Can't make up your mind? Better just skip this page, pal. Lagerfield fragrances are only for "the man who knows what he wants and gets it", so they say. But we can hardly imagine them refusing your money because you're not sure you've got what it takes. Remember, the meek will inherit the Earth (if that's okay by everyone else . . .)

POWDERBUFFS ONLY

If car fanatics are termed revheads and petrolheads, what do you call a ski fanatic? A slope-head? A powderbuff? Whatever, if snow's your thing and you're in the market for a new pair of goggles, take a gander at the current range from Carrera. The company is the official supplier to 35 national ski teams and all their ranges conform to the objectives of comfort, vision and fit. From super racing goggles, to fashionable brightly colored shapes to sophisticated interchangeable lenses for serious slopeheads, Carrera has everything for the skier to see his way clear. Prices start at $26.50 at ski stores nationally.

JUST DESSERTS

t not only tastes great, it's good for you!" has been one of the major advertising catchcries of the past two decades. And never has the line struck such a sweet chord as with the arrival of Tofutti in Australia from the US of A, where it has taken the nation by storm. Tofutti is a light and delicious non-dairy frozen dessert based on high protein tofu or soybean curd. It tastes great, it's low in calories, rich in vitamins and minerals, contains no cholesterol or lactose, nor butterfat, preservative, artificial coloring or flavoring. What more could the sweet-toothed health nut ask for as his just desserts? Tofutti is available in a variety of flavors including vanilla, chocolate supreme, maple walnut and banana pecan at department stores, health food shops and milk bars.

BRILLIANTINE, SIR?

If you can only spare five minutes for a quick scrape, forget it. But take half an hour and you'll be rewarded with a memorable pampering if you treat yourself to a visit to the Victoria & Albert Hair Saloon, at Town Hall Arcade in Sydney. The latest in shaving technology may well offer you a "smoother, closer shave with fast action blades" and visions of Porsches, but shaving wasn't always based on V8 principles. Rather, the traditional shave with a cut-throat razor, with soothing hot towels and head massage — midst pleasant *olde world* surroundings — is a chance to kick back and revive the tradition of the barber shop for its therapeutic value: for the mind as well as the whiskers. As they say, do yourself a favor . . .

CAR TALK

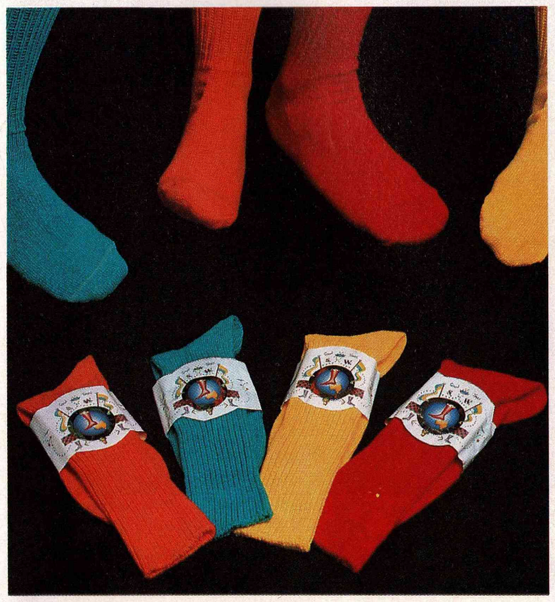
These are the talking cars that leave the Knightrider eating dust. All you have to do is stick your ear next to the oil sump and talk into the diff, and you've got a pseudo car phone. Even the headlights flash when a call comes in! The Jaguar XJS goes for $49.95, while the Mercedes (with rubber tyres for easy listening) retails for around $80. They're from Zap Electronics stores.

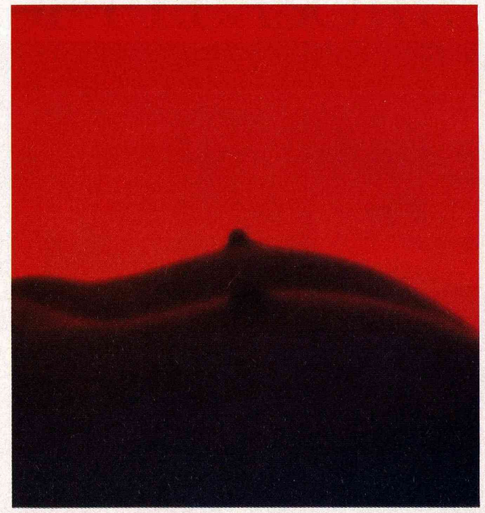
BACKCHAT

*E*veryone hates answering machines — but here's a model that's likely to redeem the species a bit. With it you get your own personal beeper. Simply ring your number from anywhere, place the beeper next to the earpiece, play a tone, and the messages left for you will automatically play back in full — meaning you don't even have to be in the same country to find out who's after you. It's the Callmaster TA150 — just $329 from Zap Electronics stores.

FEARLESS FEET

It takes a brave man to pull on a pair of brilliantly colored socks for everyday wear and Melbourne fashion man Simon de Winter is counting on an upsurge of Aussie bravery with his new electric-hued sock collection. SW de Winter socks are 90 percent cotton, making them great for sport, and the range of vibrant colors available will make you stand out in the crowd, to say the least. $5.99 in small and large sizes at department stores.





PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

This erotic view of body terrain takes the cake in this month's *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition. The photo was taken by Kevin Knight of Plympton Park in South Australia, featuring the other-worldly assets of Clare Knight. In this case, the brilliant lighting and unusual framing of the subject was the winning formula.

Future entrants could do themselves a favor and take head of the creative input into this shot. We're looking for highly imaginative views of the female form. Anyone can point a camera and click, but we'd rather reward those who take a little extra time setting up something extraordinary. The rewards, besides the satisfaction of giving it your best, more than compensate.

Kevin wins the choice of either the Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS camera or the 35mm AutoProcess System, which allows you to develop your own slides at home. Send in your photos on any film, Polaroid or otherwise, attached to the coupon below — and let's see if you can't go over the top with originality.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

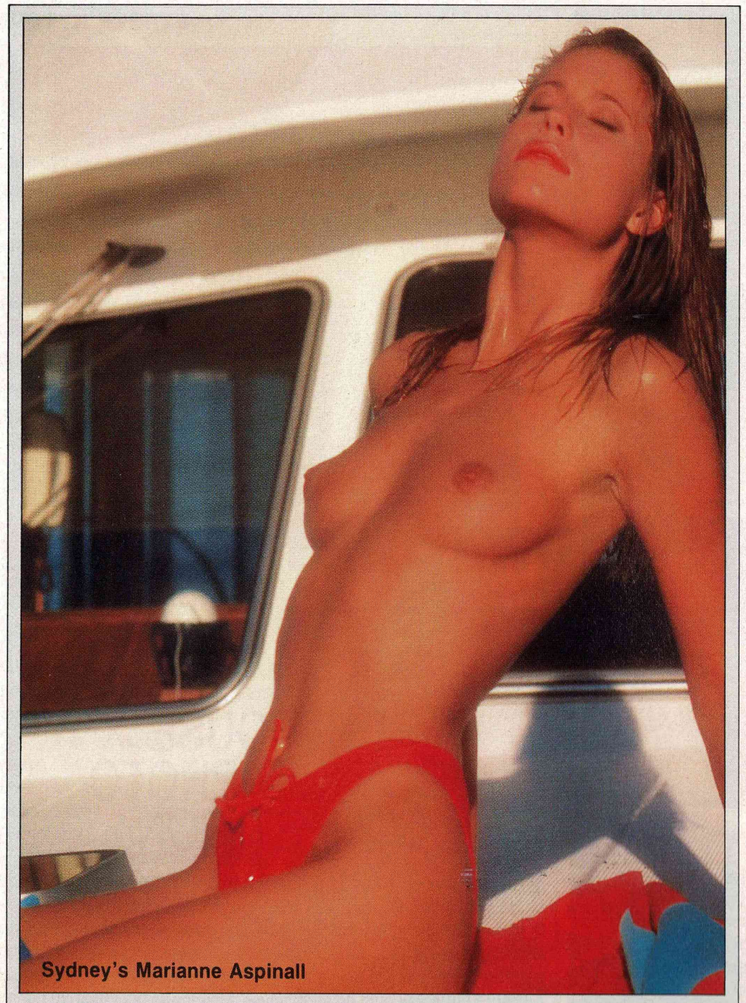
_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . .



Sydney's Marianne Aspinall

COMING IN SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Mengele's Children — Following the positive identification of the remains of Auschwitz's "Angel Of Death" the evil of Josef Mengele is told by those who suffered at his hands. Next month *Penthouse* tells the story of twins who survived the death camps and the infamous Mengele experiments. Author Lucette Matalon Lagnado describes her piece as "the untold story of the Holocaust."

Banned! — Records have been banned from airplay almost since Marconi invented wireless transmission. Rock brain Glenn A. Baker documents some of the totally absurd censorship of the Australian airwaves in this entertaining history of prohibited platters. You'd be mad if you missed it!

Goodbye Suzy Wong — The raunchy Wanchai bars of the China Coast boomed during the Vietnam War as soldiers, spies, journalists and other human flotsam took up their seats among the bar-girls, smoke and booze. Paul Dougherty reminisces on their sweet and seedy heyday.

Clive Robertson Interview — The sardonic and unpredictable radio man turned TV personality bleeds from the sleeve in September *Penthouse*. Politics, sex, media, money, suicide — all the juicy subjects are addressed in inimitable Robbo style.

Mean Cuisine — It's gotten so as an honest Australian can't turn around without getting lunched by a croc, a shark, a funnelweb, a snake or some other of our deadly denizens. This cartoon feature turns the tables by suggesting handy hints for cooking with fatal fauna. It's guaranteed to leave a bad taste in your mouth.

Pet Of The Month — Although 21-year-old Marianne Aspinall loathes cold weather, she could only have guessed the heat she would generate in September *Penthouse*. Appropriately, sun-soaked sensuality steams from her glorious pictorial. A must-see.

CLOUDBURST

Continued from page 87

I shrugged. "He's a murderer. It could be worse."

She shuddered and dropped into the chair. "He promised he would stop seeing her. He said he could get clear of all that . . . mess. He hasn't done . . . anything."

I put a cheque in an envelope and didn't speak. I searched the desk for a stamp and didn't find one.

"A murderer?" she said. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." I looked out the window. The sky was dark and threatening; by the time we'd get there it'd be raining for sure. I stood. "Come on, I'll show you."

On the way I filled her in on the Winslow-da Silva connection and what had happened the night she'd told me I had a wrong number. I took her to the building site on the edge of the Darling Harbor development. The rain started to slant down and the light dimmed. We stood where Luis and I had stood a few weeks back and I pointed things out to her. "See the crane there? You get the body, in this case a Filipino girl named Lela. She'd have been, oh, maybe 20. And then you attach it to this mechanism at the end of the crane. You can release it from the cabin." I traversed the muddy landscape with my finger. "See the dark smudges, beyond those mullock heaps? They're holes for foundations and underground installations. They go down a long way. Lots of water in them now. You can't approach them on foot; it's all honeycombed under there, not reinforced yet. Are you following me?"

Her face was wet with rain and tears. "Yes," she said.

"Okay. You swing the crane out over the hole and you drop the body. You have to be good at it but the men who do it get some practice, courtesy of animals like your husband. Eventually a million tons of concrete and steel complete the job." We walked away, both coatless and hatless and soaked to the skin. I hailed a taxi and Barbara Winslow got into it, moving like a shocked accident victim.

"I can divorce him," she said fiercely, "and pull the political plug on him."

"Do it," I said. "Please."

A month later the Winslow divorce was in the papers. Shortly after that, Winslow was sacked from Cabinet for misleading the Parliament. An election was coming up and one of the party bright boys, a favorite of the Premier's, nominated for preselection in Winslow's seat. The rain finally stopped and the patches of mould that had begun to sprout and spread on my walls retreated and dried out.

My suspension period expired. I went back to work.

EXPECTATIONS OF PLEASURE.

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AND THE UNMISTAKABLE TASTE OF GORDON'S.

WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.

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